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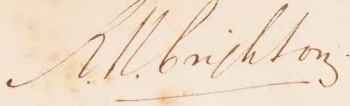

OWAIN GOCH,

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE CAVALIER," "KING OF THE PEAK,"

&c. &c.

And what a noble plot was crost,
And what a brave design was lost!

COWLEY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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OWAIN GOCH.

CHAPTER I.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."
Henry V.

With the calm order of a Cæsar or a Turenne, Monsieur Caillemotte drew out his troops to engage in the assault of Llancoch. They were stationed in several detached masses, so as to command all the roads leading westwardly from the village, each body having reference to the *point d'appui*, at a short distance beyond musket range; the forlorn hope, consisting of the Dutch troopers, dismounted, being pushed a little forwards. On this display of his forces, Monsieur Caillemotte still hoped the enemy would capitulate, and allowed a short time to elapse before he gave orders for the assault. He, however, found himself deceived; and having shown all the

lenity and generosity which his situation allowed, he now resolved to proceed with vigour. The soldiers were awakened to action, by the regular beat of the preparative, or signal to commence firing; and the action was commenced by a body of musketeers, who opened a heavy fire upon the garrison, under cover of which the Dutch troopers advanced to the assault, sustained by several companies of English grenadiers. The Welsh suffered their enemies to come within a few paces of the rampart, and then fired upon them with such rapidity that no single shot was spent in vain: two thirds of the troopers, and one half of the grenadiers, who bravely advanced to the support of their comrades, fell under the rampart, and formed a mound over which the survivors marched to the assault. In the mean time the foremost ranks of the Jacobites, which consisted, as we have before remarked, of the followers of Gwyndyr, were mowed down by the incessant fire of their enemies; and the

whole body of the Cambrians were much annoyed by the explosion and effects of the grenades, which to them were unusual weapons. Eager to take advantage of their confusion, Monsieur Caillemotte, who from his station reconnoitred the assault with his glass, ordered a fresh body of men forward to support their comrades; and the fight was renewed with threefold vigour. But the voice and example of Gwyndyr recalled his wavering followers to their duty. In their native tongue he urged them, by praises or reproaches, to remember the courage of their fathers; and accompanied his oration with action so suitable as to clear the rampart of a number of the enemy who had gained the top. The combat was now sanguinary: the space in which they fought, that is, from one end of the rampart to the other, did not extend above fifty feet; and in this narrow compass, a small arena for the combat of a thousand men, every shot was successful, every stroke reached its destination.

The veteran troops of Monsieur Caillemotte pressed forward with a determination to overcome every obstacle : accustomed to victory over disciplined soldiers, they perhaps too greatly despised their present enemies, and rushed to the assault indignant at the obstinate defence of the Welshmen. But they were outnumbered ; and as the foremost ranks of the garrison sank under the murderous assault, their places were filled by their comrades, equally brave and obstinate as themselves. Tactics and military skill were here of little value : there was no room for the display of either ; and it seemed as if those who possessed the greatest numerical superiority must eventually gain the victory. Monsieur Caillemotte with some indignation observed the little progress made by his troops, and ascribed it to some want of spirit on the part of his officers. Hastily he collected his reserve, and, putting himself at their head, advanced with true French gallantry to the attack. The

soldiers conducted by such a hero were invincible; and those who had already been engaged, ashamed to be surpassed by their comrades, strained every nerve to win the intrenchment. The Welsh were rolled back like a troubled sea; and the proud plume of Gwyndyr receded like the surge upon a refluent billow. But at this moment, when the French General thought the place was won, and the enemy must in a moment be scattered in flight, the fortune of the day again changed. The soldiers under the command of O'Regan, the veterans of Delafosse, who had hitherto stood idle in the market-place, could no longer brook to remain spectators of the combat, and demanded to be led on against the enemy. Their commander, whose infirmities prevented him from executing the duties of a leader, would willingly have restrained their ardour; but the Hibernian blood was in too high a flood to be checked: they persisted in their demand to be led to the encounter; and

O'Regan, commending himself to all the saints, brought them up to the intrenchment at the moment when the Welsh were about to give way. Their courage stopped the victorious enemy in full career, gave new life and confidence to the disheartened Britons, and gradually restored the fight. The veterans of Monsieur Caillemotte, even under his eye, and encouraged by his voice, could make no impression on the firm little phalanx of heroes which now combatted on the side of the Jacobites: repeatedly Monsieur Caillemotte, with the indignation of disappointed courage, led his soldiers to the charge; but they broke like the waves of the sea upon a rock, and rolled back upon the rear. It was in one of these charges that the heroic Frenchman encountered the giant Gwyndyr upon the top of the rampart. Monsieur Caillemotte was too intent upon his duties as a General, and leader, to think much of gratifying his resentment against Gwyndyr in a personal encounter; but

the latter, with the pride of barbaric courage, sought him out, and pushing aside all meaner adversaries, hailed and challenged him to the combat. The Frenchman still, however, took no notice; but with sword in hand stood on the rampart amidst the storm of musketry, cheering his men forward, and communicating new courage from his own breast to the most disheartened of his people. The pride of Owain Goch at once suspected that the French officer feared to encounter him, and the presumptuous thought lent him additional fury. He made a fierce blow at the General, which fell upon his beaver; and had not the edge of the sword been blunted by the carnage it had already wrought, Monsieur Caillemotte must have fallen under the weight of the stroke. But it only operated to draw his attention to the assailant, upon whose head, with the speed of lightning, he dealt such a blow as made the giant crouch under his sword, and covered him with blood: another

followed, and would have put a finish to his career; but the light weapon of the Frenchman shivered into a hundred pieces against the tough iron sword of his enemy, which was elevated to the guard for his protection. Gwyndyr, however, was oppressed by the blow; and, missing his footing, fell amidst the crowd of combatants, and rolled down from the rampart almost insensible. And in his defeat fortune favoured him; for the sword of Monsieur Caillemotte no sooner failed than he drew a pistol from his belt, with which he would unquestionably have despatched his adversary. The Welsh seeing their leader fall, concluded he was slain, and again gave way; nor could the courage of the Irish, who still maintained the combat with invincible intrepidity, induce them to rally and stand their ground. At this critical moment the ships of Monsieur Caillemotte's squadron sailed into the bay of Llancoch, and, to terrify the Jacobites, fired a few shot into the town; and the warriors of Merioneth no sooner beheld this alarm.

ing addition to the already superior forces of the Orange party than they gave way, and fled towards the castle.

"Allons! camarades! allons!" exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte, snatching up the sword of a deceased trooper, and leaping from the rampart into the village, "En avant, mes enfans — la ville est le notre."

His soldiers rushed forward and cleared the rampart of those straggling Welshmen whose superior bravery, or unwillingness to quit their leader, who was now again in action, prevented them from following their companions. The flood of victory could not be restrained. Owain Goch performed the part of a grim champion, and certain death almost ever followed the stroke of his weighty broadsword. The Irish brigade retreated step by step; but they did retreat, and Gwyndyr with them; and their foes were admitted to contend with them upon even and equal ground. But though Monsieur Caillemotte's victory was now certain, yet

he soon found that he must not expect to overwhelm the enemy, to throw him into disorder, or expect to reap presently the reward of his own skill, and the courage of his soldiers. The Irish, even in their defeat, formed an impenetrable mass, which the most determined attacks of their enemies could not penetrate; and in this order they retreated across the open market-place of the village, where they were most exposed, and gained the narrow and rough ascent which led to the Twr Vawr, and where, as not more than ten men could fight abreast, they were at least equal to their adversaries. And in this place the advance of the French met with an effectual check; for the Welsh had rallied under the walls of the tower, and occupied the wood with which it was surrounded; from whence they opened so destructive a fire, that Monsieur Caillemotte was obliged to sound a retreat and await the return of the flood-tide, when his squadron might render him assistance. The day was now fast closing; and the French General,

fearful of a sally from the garrison, which was still nearly equal to his little army, ordered watch-fires to be lighted in the market-place, and a slight intrenchment of earth to be thrown up, so as to afford protection to his people as they lay upon their arms. Provisions were obtained from the vessels which lay within the bay; and the careful leader was cautious to repair the fatigues of his soldiers by proper refreshment, in expectation of a renewal of hostilities on the morrow. Nor was the garrison idle in this respect: the followers of Gwyndyr, well acquainted with the country, made an excursion to the east of Llancoch, and in the course of a few hours returned with as much provision as each man could conveniently carry, the produce of a similar industry to that of Drwndwn on a previous occasion. All night the garrison remained in arms, and Owain Goch, as vigilant as a wild cat, maintained his followers in the wood. He would willingly have ventured a sally, but he found his men too much disheart-

ened with the events of the day; and O'Regan would not put his own troops to any risk, asserting that it was better to hold themselves on the defensive, than hazard their present security by disturbing the enemy. Watch, who, as having no immediate command, and as the least experienced of the Jacobite leaders in affairs of a military nature, for Watkin Pendarvis, though still with them, was too much suspected to be trusted with any authority, had been left in charge of the tower, an office little agreeable to his active and warlike spirit, by his example and exertions succeeded in raising a stockade all round the extremities of the wood, so as to render a renewed attack still more hazardous than before; and the morning light presented to the eyes of the French General the station of his enemies in a better plight for defence on the landward side than he had expected to find it. To the sea they were more exposed; and the followers of Gwyndyr, not without some disturbance, perceived that the vessels of

Monsieur Caillemotte's squadron had in the night's tide warped into the middle of the bay, and now lay within half cannon-shot of the shore, directly opposite the tower. But the assistance of the squadron was at once palsied by a message which was delivered to Monsieur Caillemotte from the enemy, that Monsieur Coquincourt, his brother-officers, and the soldiers under their command, who had been made prisoners when the tower was taken by Gwyndyr, were confined in the upper chambers, and would be exposed to the fire of the vessels; and the humanity and policy of Monsieur Caillemotte would not allow him to witness the destruction of so large a number of his friends, even though by their preservation the siege of the tower would be prolonged. But that he might not lose the entire benefit of the ordnance on board the vessels, he ordered a number of light cannon to be brought ashore, and fitted up a small battery which commanded the wood, and soon caused very

considerable annoyance to his adversaries. To effect this occupied a great part of the day; and Monsieur Caillemotte found that, in the presence of so strong and active an enemy, all his prudence and all his courage and vigilance were necessary. Several sallies were made by Gwyndyr and the Irish soldiers, who could not stand idle whilst the enemy constructed his battery; and in the severe actions which were the consequence, the ordnance was more than once in their hands. But though the Welsh fought with valour and obstinacy, yet they fought without discipline, and were unable to stand before the concentrated and well directed efforts of their disciplined enemies; and the Irish brigade alone maintained with any effect the fortune and reputation of the Jacobites. These, so small in their number and exposed to the brunt of every action, were in the course of the day much reduced; and O'Regan beheld with melancholy foresight the ruin of their cause in the de-

struction of his men. Several days, however, elapsed without producing any determinate result: the courage and discipline of the assailants, coupled with their cannon and other advantages, thinned the number of their enemies, and circumscribed their defences, until at length Owain Goch could no longer maintain his post in the wood; the stockade was carried by assault, and the Jacobites retreated to the tower. The wood now served to shelter the French from the fire of the besieged; and under cover of this defence Monsieur Caillemotte drew a line from the shore west of the tower to the shore east of it, so as to cut off all communication between his enemies and the town or country. In fact, he supposed they would be perfectly beleagured and insulated on all sides; for the lines would shut them out from land, and the squadron from any assistance by sea. But what was worse than all was the want of water in the tower, a necessary of which the besieged were now utterly

deprived, unless they could obtain it by a sally into the court-yard, where the well which usually supplied the tower was. Provisions were equally scanty; for since the defence of the tower had been undertaken, the besieged, expecting they should hourly defeat the enemy, lived from hand to mouth, and gave themselves no concern about victuals, except when they were in immediate want of them. At length, on the evening of the fourth day of the siege, Owain Goch thought it necessary to call a council of war, to deliberate on what was to be done in the emergency in which they were placed; and his colleagues, Colonel O'Regan, Watch, and Pendarvis, whom, though under surveillance, Gwyndyr still affected to recognise as a partner in their enterprise, met him in their usual place of private rendezvous, the closet. The brow of the smuggler was black as a thunder cloud; whilst the face of O'Regan seemed wrinkled with disappointment, and grim with hunger, thirst, and lack of the razor.

Pendarvis was more than usually cautious, and endeavoured to accommodate his strong features to an unnatural imbecility, that their tone might not reveal aught of the treason which lurked in his heart. Owain Goch, like a ferocious beast that has been foiled in its attempt to devour a prey, was sullen and fierce, and perhaps as dangerous to his friends as to his foes. Neither of the confederates spoke at meeting; but each showed his predilections and aversion by, perhaps involuntarily, approximating himself to the person he most confided in, and separating himself from him or them he disliked. Thus when Watch entered the closet, and found the chief of Benlyn accompanied by the lord of Plas Mawr, he made a circuit round the latter to avoid him, as he would have done to keep himself free from something dangerous or disgustful, and left Gwyndyr such a station as to be interposed between them; and when the Governor made his appearance, after eyeing the whole party atten-

tively, he marched to the further side of Watch, avoiding the other two; so that Pendarvis was abandoned by all. This conduct sufficiently expressed the dangerous suspicions they had of his faith; and he felt at once the awkward and fearful situation in which he stood; but he was possessed of too much presence of mind and courage to betray the least apprehension or dismay. The meeting, as we have remarked, was for a considerable time held in silence, with the exception of a few irrepressible grunts and groans issuing from the undercharged breast of the Irish colonel; but at length Gwyndyr, perceiving that no other person was likely to open the business of the meeting, broke silence, and said, "Well — what is to be done? We might as well never meet as stand like fools or images when we are met. I wot there's no time to lose, that we should spend it in this way."

"Och hone!" exclaimed the Hibernian, "I would we could spend it over a beef-bone and a rummer — some two or

tree hours only — I'd be the better man for it a hundred year to come. If something's not done speedily, by Saint Patrick, I'll make a clane expiry of it."

"What would you have done?" cried Gwyndyr. "Do as I would have you, and set the gates open to the wall."

"And what then?" cried O'Regan; "let the Orangers in? eh! The ould place is already too much like the heart of a woman under siege — there's an enemy without, and another within — what would ye have more? Don't be in such a hurry, my darling: the place will be carried soon enough, I believe."

"My followers are not used to be thus cooped up," said Gwyndyr: "whilst they remain here they will do King James no service. The heath or the glen is their field of action. What say'st thou, Watch? What is to be done? Provisions we have none — and we cannot fight upon air."

"Pull down your flag, and beat a surrender," replied the smuggler, sulkily; "I know nought else that you can do."

"We! why art not thou one of us?" said Gwyndyr. "Hast not thou a voice as good as any man's here?"

"Now, perhaps, I may," answered Watch, with a sneer;" but the wind late blew in another quarter. Had the counsel of O'Regan and myself been followed, instead of the advice of others — no friends to King James — we had not been weather-bound in this crazy old hulk of a building now. Half Wales might have been up by this time; but now our work's over — we may as well surrender: — they will allow us to march away on condition of not bearing arms again."

"Thou art jeering," said Gwyndyr: "I know thou wouldst never counsel in good faith such cowardly conduct. But if thou didst, I have still left force enough to make a sally, and to cut me a road homeward through the French dogs that surround us."

"And pray you, Master Greendoor," said the governor, "who is to cut a

road for me? Nigh the whole of the little division of my countrymen have been clane killt in defence of the fort, and because your dunghills couldn't fight but upon the heath, behind bushes and briars. Good counsel enough is it that Master Watch gives us to capitulate, if it could be done as he says — but devil a bit will the ould Hugonot hear of any such thing; for you well remember, Master Gwinder, that he threatened us with fire and sword, becase he said you had carried off his daughter, — and that's another nate piece of business."

"What! where is the young lady?" said Watch. "Gwyndyr! you have played fair in this matter, or I'll cut cable: you told us she was at the parson's with her mother."

"And so she was," answered the freebooter; "but they returned to Plas Mawr on the morning of the fight. Where they went afterwards I do not know; but I have heard they left with Delafosse, whose cloak was found by my follower

Drwndwn not far distant from the hall. While we were bewailing the traitor's death, he has abandoned us for a foolish woman."

"I will not believe it," said the smuggler; "Delafosse fought too freely to turn changeling. He knew Miss Caillemotte before he struck stroke here for King James; and if he had got the length of her foot, and intended to go off with her, the fellow must have been a fool to hazard himself in the attack."

"Arrah, jewel!" said the governor, shrewdly, "why should the lad fly at all? If he had the wench of his mind it made no difference to us. We shouldn't have thrown him by for getting married, or Master Watch must have kept him company."

"It is probable," said Watkin Pendarvis, who observed the confusion of Owain Goch, and in the hope of conciliating the fierce chieftain hastened to his relief; "it is likely that Mademoi-

selle Caillemotte seduced him from his duty after the capture of the tower. Might he not hasten to Plas Mawr when he saw the tower was won, to secure the lady; and might not her tears and entreaties induce him to renounce King James's party?"

The wily lawyer uttered this suggestion, not because he supposed there was any truth in it, but he knew that neither the smuggler nor O'Regan had been at Plas Mawr, nor seen the French ladies, and were therefore ignorant whether Delafosse had been at the hall or not. But his sophistry had no power over the ready mind of Watch, who, with a sneer, said, "A fine tale to build a brave fellow's treason on. Because Delafosse has disappeared, and his cloak has been found, he is a traitor to the cause. It is more likely that his body was stripped by some greedy devil after the action, and tossed into a stream or a pool to hide the deed. But this is beside the wind. If the women are clear off, so

much the better; and I'd rather know it to be true that Delafosse had slipped his cable and was still at sea, than that he had foundered, and was food for fishes."

"Ay, even though he had made his peace with the enemy by betraying us," said Gwyndyr. "There has been too much of that sort of work. Who knows that Caillemotte was not sent upon his instance—for his coming hither was wholly unlooked for. It seems as if we were bought and sold before we left Ireland. Julie Caillemotte confessed to me that Delafosse was their most near and intimate friend, and offered his name as a protection against the pillage of Plas Mawr and her own captivity."

"Say what ye will, you can't change my opinion," returned Watch. "I say, again, that if Delafosse was the traitor you suppose him, he would not have taken the part he did in the capture of the tower. Besides, he had many opportunities of betraying us to Coquin-

court before the tower fell into our hands."

"He had none," replied Gwyndyr, who had spoken so closely and warmly on the subject that he half believed the coinage of his own brain. "I ever had him in distrust, and you know well I refused to trust him with the hiding of my followers. Well was it I did so. My gentleman was haughty, and complained of want of confidence; and it was thou, Watch, that didst hold us from strife on this very matter. The traitor was too keen: he overreached himself."

"'Tis no matter at all now," said O'Regan: "here we are like so many half-starved donkeys in a pinfold; and Delafosse, dead or alive, won't get us out of the scrape. True it is that Master Watch and I recommended matters to be carried on smartly; and I've a notion that you are now of our mind when it's too late. Ah! by Saint Patrick, we should have been in Conwy before this,

and then we shouldn't have been pulling dismal faces here."

"Thou art right, old boy," said Gwyndyr, contemptuously. "If we were there we shouldn't be here. But here we are, sure enough; and, for aught I see, we must remain, unless you fall in to the only plan I can devise, that of making a way forth sword in hand."

"Hullabaloo, Master Gwyndear," cried O'Regan, retorting the chieftain's contempt, "and dear enough are you at any price. How is poor little Mistress Katharine to cut her way through the enemy? I suppose you're the gallant man to leave her to do it with the darts of her bonny black eyes — I mane blue. May I be frizzled into a pancake or starved into a weasel if I slubber her pretty face with a thought of the like."

"We might obtain leave from Monsieur Caillemotte for her departure," said Pendarvis: "he is not so barbarous as to refuse it."

"Avast there," cried Watch: "I'll thank you to leave the cargo to the owner. Whither must the poor wench go, and who is to protect her when I'm away? Is she to be turned adrift into the French camp?"

"By no means," answered the lawyer; "for what we can hear the French general has hitherto spared Plas Mawr, and perhaps is no better informed than to believe I am a prisoner in your hands. Let him enjoy his belief. Mistress Katharine may go thither and safely remain with Lady Pendarvis."

"But who is to ask Caillemotte's license?" said Watch: "I know nothing of these parleys."

"That task would I willingly undertake with the general consent," replied Pendarvis, "and perhaps I should be able to pick up some useful information."

"Bugaboo! not with my consent, Master Pendarfy!" cried the Hibernian, frankly. "Prisoner or no prisoner, I believe you'd be mighty glad to get away,

and the devil might fetch us for the grief it would give you."

"I am ignorant of the cause of your suspicions, Colonel O'Regan," returned the lawyer, with as much calmness as he could assume, "but they are neither worthy of you nor me. I very much fear that the bad issue of this noble enterprise, an enterprise so calculated to have served the interests of King James, is the consequence of the frequent bickerings and want of confidence between the leaders."

"Let him go," said Gwyndyr; "I know no one better fitted to procure Caillemotte's license; let him go, we have a pledge for his loyalty."

"My honour is surely sufficient," said Pendarvis.

"Ay, to be sure," said Gwyndyr; "or, if that should be doubted, I think no one will dispute that Lady Pendarvis is a sufficient surety for your being steady."

"Lady Pendarvis!" said the lawyer, somewhat surprised; but, recovering him-

self, he continued; "yes, to carry on the joke, and still further blind the eyes of La Caillemotte, Lady Pendarvis might be sent for. But it is not worth while; my absence would be but for a moment; I think you will agree that—"

"We shall agree that you may go on this service," said Gwyndyr, "and there is no need of sending for Lady Pendarvis, because—"

"None in the world," said the lawyer, triumphantly.

"Because," pursued Gwyndyr, "she is already in my hands."

"What?" ejaculated Watkin Pendarvis, aghast with astonishment.

"Lady Pendarvis is by this time safe among the hills of my country," said Owain Goch, "enjoying the breeze on the heaths of Ben Lyn."

"Then am I indeed a prisoner, and no party to your faction," replied Watkin Pendarvis, with bitterness. "I can no longer forbear complaining that I am

treated with jealousy and insult. Why solicit me to join with you if you remain doubtful of my faith? Why palsy that hand which you have sought to raise for your support? The policy is as absurd as the conduct is inhuman. You, Mr. Gwyndyr, knew the state of health of Lady Pendarvis, and that her death is like to be the consequence of this sudden and treacherous removal."

"Treacherous!" said Gwyndyr, fiercely. "It was only a little of the policy I had learned from you. While I hold Lady Elain I am assured of your steadiness; and what else would have bound you? your honour? your faith? I know thee, Watkin Pendarvis! I know that honour and faith are toys that fall to pieces in your hands. Did you think I would trust you in the enemy's camp without some pledge for your return? and not only for your return, but against your treachery? Your well-schooled wit may deem the Hillsmen rude and unskilful, and so, may be, we are, but seek not to beguile us

with a smile upon your lip; your scorn is too great."

"I have done nothing misbecoming a partisan of your faction, since it was your desire that I should join you," said Pendarvis, who by a vigorous effort had compelled his spirits to their accustomed sobriety; "and it is rather hard to judge me from the idle fancies of your own mind, and to set a value upon my unuttered thoughts, as if they were manifest and committed treasons. If I have been faulty it has been in being too frank, too candid and open in my opinions. By too warmly entering into your interest, it seems I have earned nothing but suspicion: yet still I will not fall away from the service of King James, of my old sovereign, whose welfare lies deep within my breast. I will devote every thing over which I have power to his service; and, notwithstanding the treatment I have now received, I am still ready to co-operate with you, heart and hand, in any plan

that can be devised to advance the good cause."

"Mighty genteel," cried O'Regan, over whose kindly disposition the rhetoric of the wily lawyer eminently triumphed.

"But you must now excuse me from undertaking the embassy we spoke of," continued Pendarvis; "because, should I have communication with Monsieur Caillemotte, and afterwards any occurrence of an unfortunate complexion should fall out, it would be a source of new suspicion against me."

"As you like," said Gwyndyr, carelessly: "let the governor, if it sorts with his dignity, visit the enemy's general; they jabbered hard enough when they last met. If any thing is to be done for the women, an Irishman and Frenchman can surely bring matters to bear."

"Thank you for your compliment, Master Gwyndyr," replied O'Regan. "It's true enough though, and is more by a deal than can be said of a Welshman. It would have been a long time, grah,

before an Irishman would have fallen on the happy expedient of making a man's faith sure by making a gentlewoman miserable. The device is worthy of your breeding."

"Stop, shipmates," said Watch, who perceived the wrath of Gwyndyr kindling into fury; "there is no time now to spend in quarrels. What Gwyndyr has done he did for the best; though, I will make bold to say, had he asked my consent to send Lady Elain off, he wouldn't have got it. But I'll warrant her from taking any harm."

"Promise me this, that she shall immediately return to Plas Mawr in safety, and that I shall be at liberty to depart, since here I am of no service," said Watkin Pendarvis. "Give me all of ye your solemn words to this effect, and I will discover to ye a way of escape which ye know not of; a way that shall liberate all from the tower, without discovery or peril."

"Ha! what way?" cried Gwyndyr: "reveal it instantly."

"Arrah! be speedy, jewel," said O'Regan: "one never hears good news too quickly."

"Be not so hasty," replied Pendarvis, resolutely: "I have yet to receive that assurance I proposed."

"Dally not with thine assurances," cried Gwyndyr: "be content, the thing shall be done. What way meanest thou?"

"Colonel O'Regan," said the lawyer, regardless of the chieftain's importunity, "have I your word of honour, as a soldier and gentleman, that Lady Elain Pendarvis shall be released, and that no further bar shall be set to my own freedom?"

"Ay, faith and troth, with all my heart," said the Hibernian; "with my will had your wife never been taken."

"Master Watch, I wait your assurance," said Pendarvis.

"As far as my word goes with Gwyndyr, who has the Lady Elain in his possession, I say she shall be set free,"

answered the smuggler, "and I see no good reason for detaining you longer."

"And you, Mr. Gwyndyr," said the lord of Plas Mawr, "answer me in good faith, yea or nay?"

The chief of Ben Lyn gnashed his teeth, and remained silent.

"Nay, then, sir," continued the lawyer, "we will live and die together. Tortures the most exquisite shall not force this secret from me, until I am satisfied of Lady Pendarvis's safety: so use your pleasure."

The resolution of Pendarvis at length wrung out the slow assurance of Gwyndyr, that his wife should be restored to him, and that he himself was at liberty; and he then revealed to his colleagues the secret passage through the dungeons, to the rocks beneath the tower, and thence to the open shore. By this road during the night, and under the shadow of the rocks, which rose to an enormous height, and formed a jutting canopy over the beach, the whole garrison would be en-

abled to decamp without beat of drum; and after holding a long and serious conference on the measures necessary to be pursued, the leaders parted to prepare for their retreat.

CHAP. II.

"It must be told;
Yet ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour, anvil'd in the shop
Of passive fortitude; the good Cleander,
Your friend, is murther'd." *Lover's Progress.*

The policy which actuated Pendarvis in thus affording an opportunity of escape, to those whom no doubt he would have been delighted to crush, not only lay in the recovery of his wife, which was indeed a main feature of it, but also in his desire of ridding the country, and himself especially, of friends so formidable, or enemies so terrific. And he was also in hopes that though they should make their escape in security from the tower, and even from the neighbourhood, yet that Monsieur Caillemotte, from the directions he should be able to afford him, and the exertions he was resolved to make in overcoming the local obstacles with which the

mountain-retreats of Gwyndyr were defended, that chieftain and his band would be entirely annihilated; an event which alone would give peace and security to Wales. And he was aware that, whatever might be the political opinions of most people, he should not lack assistance in the extermination of this gang of marauders, who had been used, as we have elsewhere remarked, to prey upon friend and foe. Besides, Pendarvis was not without other schemes from which he promised himself considerable advantage: he had it in contemplation to reveal to Watch and O'Regan the supposed murder by Gwyndyr of their young colleague, Delafosse, and thereby to incense their minds to such a degree as to induce them to abandon the chief of Ben Lyn. The cold blooded and deceitful lawyer hugged himself upon that dark and crooked policy in which every separate crime seemed a connecting link in the chain of his good fortune; and from the prosperous issue of what had gone before, Watkin Pendar-

vis augured a continuance of success, and final triumph in the career he had marked out for his pursuit.

To deceive the enemy more effectually, no duty was omitted by the garrison. The evening drum was beat as usual, the watch set, and the prisoners locked up in the room beyond the guard-chamber. About ten o'clock the followers of Gwyndyr and Watch, and the small remnant of Irish soldiers under the command of O'Regan, who had received secret orders to arm themselves, and prepare to evacuate the tower in silence, were assembled either in the guard-room or in the old hall beneath, properly accoutred, and loaden with such valuable articles of their booty as were most portable. Watch had sufficient employment to calm the fears of his pretty bride, upon whose hitherto gay and undisturbed mind the fearful situation in which she was placed, for the first time, wrought anxiety and terror. The governor, O'Regan, too, though glad to make his exit from the tower, did not

contemplate, without feelings of dismay, the great bodily exertion that would be necessary in effecting their escape from the enemy; and shame alone prevented him from making a request that they would leave him to their mercy. Rowna and Winifred Jones, whose masculine character disregarded any assistance from their companions of the other sex, interchanged glances of contempt as they beheld the distracted air and trembling fears of Katharine; and the Welsh maiden's pride would not suffer her to forego the opportunity of displaying her own superiority over her rival, by compassionately offering her services and support. The Amazon Rowna armed herself with an old sword, which had perhaps fallen from some slain soldier, and prepared to defend herself with the strength and courage with which nature had endowed her.

The leaders had chosen ten o'clock for leaving the tower, because the moon did not rise until several hours later, and they should thus be enabled to get among the

mountains before their flight could be known; and possibly they might gain seven or eight hours' march before it was discovered at all. The night was dark and autumnally windy; and every circumstance seemed to promise fairly for success in their enterprise. Soon after ten, Watkin Pendarvis descended to the hall, followed by O'Regan, Gwyndyr, and Watch and his bride; and it was now resolved that a party under the conduct of the lawyer should proceed first, and having gained the rocks beneath the tower, should there await the coming of Gwyndyr, who would remain to conduct the rest of the garrison. Among the first were O'Regan, Watch, and Katharine Van Dronk; to the first and last of whom it was necessary to afford every facility, and as much time as possible to get off; and at Watch's request, Rowna and Winifred, whose company he believed would afford some comfort to Katharine, even from the thought that women like herself underwent the same dangers, were

suffered to accompany this division. Watch seized a flambeau, and following the directions of Pendarvis, led the way down the common stair to the dungeons. Pendarvis came next, and was succeeded by O'Regan, who with great urbanity supported, or was rather supported by the bride of the smuggler. These were followed by about one half of the garrison; and nothing but the fear of death or starvation could have enabled so large a company to proceed with such silence and caution. In a short time they gained the lowest dungeon, where they found the secret door open to the wall, an indication to Pendarvis that Drwndwn had been there on his errand of blood. After reconnoitring the descent, the smuggler again proceeded, and arrived at the solitary abode of the gaoler, which was in exactly the same state as it had been left by Evans and Drwndwn. With evident signs of surprise, Watch and O'Regan beheld the tokens of the place's inhabitation, and the several articles of Shadow's

housekeeping were examined with attention.

"Mark this blood," said Pendarvis to Watch and O'Regan, showing them the broad stains of gore which had drained from the clothes and body of Delafosse. "Mark it well. I have somewhat to impart to you two, in secret, that will astonish ye. Keep near me as we proceed, and I will inform ye. Hark! I fear now being overheard — I think you will not betray me — Delafosse was murdered."

He spoke the last sentence in a whisper; but the sounds thrilled through his companions, and they stared upon him in amazement.

"Proceed!" he continued, raising his voice. "We must be circumspect, Master Watch; that door must be unclosed, but carefully, it is within one hundred yards of the enemy's outpost. Suffer me; I am better versed in the way of it than you. Hush, good folks, not a word. Colonel O'Regan! Mr. Watch! you will

guess at whom I point. Extinguish the flambeau in front, and keep the others back."

With great caution the lord of Plas Mawr opened the door, and the cold air of night, coming off the sea, streamed into the narrow ravine which led to the water. The smuggler, in company with Pendarvis, advanced to the mouth of the fissure, and listened eagerly, before they removed the brambles which covered it. All was silent; all dark: nothing to be heard except the wind, and the far-off murmur of the tide, which was at perfect ebb; or seen, except the ruddy light of the fires in the camp, and aboard the ships of the enemy.

"All is safe," whispered Pendarvis to his companions. "We must now get down to the beach: the descent is steep and dangerous; but when we arrive beneath the rocks we are secure from observation."

Watch now relieved O'Regan from his charge, and took Katharine under his arm. Pendarvis conducted them to the fence wall, whither at the flow the boat

which conveyed away Edward Pendarvis had been brought; but the tide was now out, and the beach was dry for at least a quarter of a mile below the tower. A rough shelving bank, rendered slippery by the washing of the sea, and mixed with huge pieces of rock, sloped down to the shore; but the smuggler and his crew, who were used to places of a similar description, and perhaps knew the identical spot itself, were soon enabled to reach the strand, and in safety to deposit there the most valuable part of Watch's baggage. But some of the others were neither so skilful nor so active; particularly the late governor, whose fat and fears were obstacles almost insuperable against his descent. Repeatedly he made efforts to get down, but his tendency to gravitation was so strong, that he seated himself near the top in despair, and with some impatience, and in a tone of voice that but little accorded with the caution that was necessary in his situation, bewailed his hard fortune, and the perils by which

he was assailed. And his manhood was much chagrined by finding that Rowna and Winifred Jones had descended without assistance, and now stood in safety upon the shore.

"Devil thank the hard-heeled b——s!" muttered the passionate Irishman; "they've elbows and knees, beside other parts as hard as flint or steel; but my body's made of other metal."

At length the smuggler despatched two of his men to O'Regan's assistance, and with their help he managed to reach the strand. Watkin Pendarvis was now the only person who remained above; and it was necessary for him to return to the cell to conduct Gwyndyr and the rest of the garrison. They were awaiting him, and in the same manner as the former division, Gwyndyr and his comrades passed the fissure, descended the rock, and stood upon the shore beneath the tower. By degrees, as their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, they could, though indistinctly, descry their path

eastward, and discern the huge outlines of the rocks which beetled over their heads, and effectually veiled them from discovery. The white track of dry sand, running like a girdle around the confines of the shore, assured them of the road they were to take; and they lost no time in pursuing it, fearful that the moon when she rose might betray their flight. The party consisted of more than three hundred people, most of whom were followers of Gwyndyr; about half-a-dozen remained of the gallant crew of the smuggler, and these formed a body-guard round Watch and his bride; whilst out of the two hundred Irish soldiers who made their *début* in Wales under Delafosse, not more than a score were left to receive orders from O'Regan. Half of these latter, with a like number of Welshmen, were dispatched onward to act as videttes; and the remainder, similarly strengthened, brought up the rear. Owain Goch, in consonancy with his impetuous character, pushed forwards, and speedily outstripped

the more tardy movements of Watch, who attended upon Katharine, and Colonel O'Regan, who, shod in heavy boots, made slow and painful way through the deep, loose, and shifting sand. Pendarvis, full of calculation upon the effect of the revelation he intended to make to the governor and Watch, of which, from his estimation of their characters, he was resolved to run the risk, though he thereby perilled the safety of Lady Pendarvis and himself, also kept behind in the escort of the smuggler's bride, and watched an opportunity when Gwyndyr had got far ahead to call them aside and explain at length the words he had thrown out in the cell. In this accusation Watkin Pendarvis, of course, used all the sophistry of which he was master to fix the blame and the crime of Edward Pendarvis's murder upon the chief of Merioneth; and so naturally did he connect one event with another, and so reasonably deduce his treason to his colleague from his love for his mistress, that even

Watch, who held him in the strongest suspicion and dislike, could not withhold his assent to the probability and veracity of his story. O'Regan was as much convinced as if he had actually seen Delafosse fall beneath the dagger of Drwndwn, and mingled lamentations for his fate, with threats of vengeance against his murderer.

"Ye will not betray me, sirs," continued Pendarvis; "I make this revealment to ye because I think the cause of King James more hurt than benefited by the alliance of this ruffian. My wife is still within his power, and should he know that I have exposed this secret to you, her fate would be no matter of doubt. Myself I hold comparatively safe. I have beheld your characters with some attention, and feel secure and confident in your hands."

"So you may, Mr. Pendarfy," answered O'Regan; "you are deserving of thanks to make us acquainted with the true character of the bloody traitor — sorry's the day when I consented to hold a com-

mission with such a vagabond. Poor dear jewel Delafosse, a lad that was worth ten thousand such thieves, to be done to death and then accused of desertion. Och blood and oons! the dirty-mouthed villain! But he'll come by his deserts. What did he say about the lad's cloak? He tould some thumping lie that his follower had found it somewhere near Mr. Pendarfy's house."

"Drwndwn found it in the vault," answered Pendarvis; "he tore it from the body he had slain. Heaven grant that, like the mantle of Cæsar, its rents, besmeared with the blood of its murdered owner, may rouse his friends to revenge."

"Mr. Pendarvis," said Watch, "you and I have not heretofore been over loving consorts, but I believe what you've said is true — I have myself kept an eye over Gwyndyr's reckoning, and noted from many a slip that he didn't stear a clear course — but I'd no thought of his being such a hell-fire grampus as you make him. Mayhap then he knows more of the French ladies than he told us."

"I would stake my life against the lowest coin of the realm that he has sent them off towards Corndochon with Lady Pendarvis," answered the lord of Plas Mawr. "I myself know that they were strictly guarded both at my house and the parsonage; it is impossible that they could have made their escape."

"Say you so?" said the smuggler; "the truth is, he got me to play under-governor and overlook the tower while it seems he was manœuvring for his own smoking."

"Faith, my darlings," said the Hibernian, "it seems to my fancy the son of a he goat has a mind to manœuvre us all one after another. I wouldn't be a dale surprised if he'd sell us all to Mounseer Callimot, that is, if he'd get more for us than King James will give him to carry on the war."

"Your suspicion is by no means imaginary," said Watkin Pendarvis, whose drift it was to increase the fears and distrust of his companions. "At the expense

of the brave soldiers commanded by Captain Delafosse and yourself, he has preserved his own licentious desperadoes, who are ready to commit any nefarious act at his bidding. In point of force we are all now at his mercy, and, if he should be hard pressed by Monsieur Caillemotte, I have no doubt he would make the best terms possible for himself, by sacrificing us to the fury of the enemy."

"Och hone, Master Pendarfy! and you awaken my sorrow," said the Hibernian, "to see so many gallant fellows — lads as brave as ever marched into the trench of a foe, sacrificed to save such a gang of savages as the followers of that Glumdear, its enough to make one cry like a crocodile."

"It was undoubtedly his policy to obtain the superiority and command of you," answered Pendarvis.

"The villains were only fit food for powther," continued O'Regan. "Burn me, but before he has his end I'll bate a capitilation with Mounseer Callimot, and

save my own bacon. I can but be prisoner as I was before."

"Avast, brother!" said Watch, "don't let us sink because one of us has turned traitor to his fellow. King James has nothing to do with the love squalls of Owain Goch and Delafosse. Gwyndyr may still be a good kingsman though a a bad comrade. However the wind blows don't let us turn cowards on it; let us keep our flag flying till it's shot away; don't let us haul it down ourselves."

"There are more reasons than one why I should surrender," said O'Regan. "First and foremost this campaigning on the mountains won't suit me. How is it possible I should march day after day up hill and down dale, over moors and mosses, through bogs and heath, across stony torrents that are big enough to wash a dacent sized man away, when, if I can take an easy after-dinner walk of a mile, I'll be baked into gunpowther. Teague O'Regan has had enough of this sort of fighting in his time, and has

no mind to follow the like exercise at his years, my darling."

"Say no more now," said Watch; "we'll have it up again some other time."

"Some other time won't do," replied O'Regan. "I'm as tired as a packhorse now, and we've not left the place a mile. I'll not be able to get to the mountains."

"At the first house we come to," returned the smuggler, "we'll beg, borrow, or steal you a horse."

"Steal you are more like than to beg or borrow," answered the Hibernian. "But do you think that any horse living or dead can carry a man of my weight over the high mountains yonder, or if he could, do you think me such a fool now as to trust myself on his back, when the first false step the crature made I should be picked up in ten thousand pieces."

"I am no horseman," said Watch, "but they tell me the nags here are sure-footed enough."

"Tell you!" said O'Regan, "ay,

they'll tell ye lies enough and hearken to 'em; but I'm too ould a soldier to believe every man's word. I'll have good assurance that my neck will be safe, or may old Belzebub run away with me if I lave the coast, jewel."

"It is impossible for a horse to take the direct mountain paths," said Watkin Pendarvis. "You would indeed be in danger of perishing."

"Ay, hear him, now!" said the descendant of the kings of Connaught. "Mr. Pendarfy's a man that knows the country hump and hollow. Not for all the Welshmen in England, and King James at the head of 'em, will I put my neck in peril — that's my mind on the subject. Owain Goch, as you call him, has a pair of long legs, and has been used to bog-trotting all his days; so may you both, for what I know, and ye may do it again; but I'll not follow; I'll be hanged, drawn, and quartered first."

"Hold on a bit," said the smuggler;

"don't stretch the rope too hard or it'll break; we've had enough talk this spell; let us now join the women."

"With all my heart; the dear cratures lighten the load of one's misfortunes," replied O'Regan.

The rear of the fugitives, of which the women, the smuggler, and his companions were a part, had now reached the point of the western headland, which formed one of the horns of the Bay of Craig y porth, where formerly stood the cabin of Watch. Their road ran close by the ruins, and O'Regan, ignorant of the lamentable history of the place, sat down to rest himself on the inverted boat which lay beside the house. Watch himself, who had not seen Plas y Traeth since Burdet and Ribaudier with their soldiers ravaged his cottage, stopped involuntarily, and by the dim twilight which the sky afforded, gazed upon the relics of his home. The smell of fire was still exceedingly strong, although the embers were extinguished; and the

Irish colonel, after snuffing up the air, said, "Faith, Master Watch, I believe the blessings of war have extended even here. I smell fire, and the little cot seems in ruins. Arrah, be easy now; this is perhaps your own cabin that was burnt one day. Is it so, honey?"

"Ay, ay," replied the smuggler, in a tone which intimated his desire to forget this cause of chagrin. "But no matter; in war every man must expect to win or lose, or he has no business to go out privateering. D—mme if I care a rope's-end about the place, only, you see, I thought of bringing Kitty here. Ay, Kate! this was to have been thy haven, wench; how shouldst have liked it?"

"Mrs. Katty hasn't the eyes of a cat?" said O'Regan. "She can't see in the dark, can she?"

"If I had time to explain the circumstances to you," said Mr. Pendarvis, who feared the sight of his burnt dwelling might cause an evil impression on the smuggler against him, "you would ab-

solve me from all blame in regard to this iniquitous proceeding. Captain Burdet was certainly charged to apprehend the inhabitants of the cottage, but not to burn it; neither do I think it was his act, but rather that of the French officer Ribaudier and his soldiers, who accompanied him. Be it as it may, as I was made the innocent instrument of their brutality, I will hold myself liable to make you full satisfaction for the property you have lost."

"Spoke like a jontleman," said O'Regan.

"The damage is nought to speak of," answered the smuggler. "A boatman has but little to lose. But I was fond of the birth; it was snug under the lea."

"Well, well, Master Watch," said Pendarvis, jocosely; "we'll say nothing of what you had to lose; we'll take the tale at your own reckoning, and if peaceable times come again, you shall have the cottage rebuilt and furnished withal at my own expense."

"Look you, Mr. Pendarvis," returned the smuggler, "I'm too old a hand to be above taking a present when it's offered; but how then? It must be offered by a friend; and though to-night you and I have been upon a smoother sea than formerly, yet somehow we're not friends enough for this, and it is not bribery that will make me like you the better."

"Bribery!" exclaimed the astonished and disappointed lawyer, "do not consider it as bribery. I am doing an act of justice, because your loss unfortunately arose through my act, though most innocently."

"Arrah now, Master Watch," cried O'Regan, "you're a dale too nice for the occasion. If Master Pendarfy will make you a present of a hundred pound, don't refuse it, my boy — bribery or no bribery — the money will not burn your pocket. I've made it a rule through my life never to decline the thing that's genteel."

"If Master Watch loves me not because I was one means of his cottage being destroyed," said the lawyer, "I here engage to make him recompense, though others were more to blame than I, and among the rest, the girl here, Winifred Jones."

"Speak not of Winifred Jones," said Rowna, who had hitherto in silence attended to the conversation; "for what the wench did hur had good cause, if it had to do again; Watkin Pendarvis had none."

"Yea, dame," answered the lord of Plas Mawr, mildly, "as a magistrate I was bound to respect the information laid before me by your daughter."

"And did hur not see that the wench was mad?" continued Rowna, "madder than the flames that brunned the spot. Did hur not ought to have been sure Winifred Jones wasna in hur right mind when hur wished to harm Will Watch."

"Good woman," replied Pendarvis, with as much complacence as he could

assume, "except from report I knew nothing of Master Watch. I have heard, since your daughter laid the information, that it was in consequence of some jealous irritation."

"Ay, let it rest," said Watch, "we are now all good friends, and so push on there. Jones, Taffarel, up to the woodhead. Winny and Kate, hold on together. Come, colonel, we've no time to spend in idleness; we shall soon have the moon up, and if our flight be known before we get to the hills, it 'll be all up."

"And how far may it be we have yet to go to the hills?" said O'Regan.

"Some three miles, isn't it, Master Pendarvis?" said Watch, "a mile and a half to Plas Mawr, and as much beyond, for I trow Owain Goch has taken that road?"

"It is near upon that distance," said Pendarvis; "but shall we not run some risk to approach Plas Mawr? the enemy may occupy the house."

This observation arose from the fear

which Pendarvis could not help feeling of his house being abandoned to the plunder of Gwyndyr's followers, whose natural licentiousness was now increased by that irritation felt by every beaten and retreating soldiery; and it appeared to the lord of Plas Mawr, that their leader had pushed forward towards the hall in order to get possession, and satisfy his own and his band's cupidity, before he and his other colleagues could get up; being, perhaps, apprehensive that his design would meet with opposition from them. His sentiments, however, were not adopted by his companions, and O'Regan seemed rejoiced that they were likely to call at Plas Mawr.

"Push on, march away, lads," cried the hero of Charlemont, rising from his seat, and striding onwards with renewed strength, and ponderous agility, "I've sat long enough for myself; longer than I would have done, but for the poor women, who must be tired enough with walking through this infernal sand.

We'll soon be on better ground, I hope, and then we'll be nimbler."

"Hur knows not the road through the Tull du," said Rowna Jones, with a sneer; "hur has been on a good flat yet; hur will na jump much in the glen."

And Colonel O'Regan found, before he had climbed the steep ascent above Plas y Traeth, that he had no reason to applaud himself on any improvement of the road. He was blown before he got half-way up, and would never have reached the summit, had he not been assisted by some of Watch's crew. On attaining the top, he again halted, and setting his back to a tree, awaited the recovery of his breath and spirits. The smuggler, however, would not allow him much time for this purpose. Impatient at fatigue which he did not feel, nor perhaps comprehend, Watch urged the Hibernian officer to continue his march, and at length succeeded in bestirring him. Again they advanced towards Plas Mawr, and if O'Regan had found the shore dif-

ficult to walk upon, he now experienced that to trudge through the gorse and bent that grew on the hills, to jump over the numerous holes, or plunge up to the knees in the finely pulverised sand, which was drifted into those hollows, was a task so much the more tedious and wearying, as in a short time to overcome the small remnant of his strength; and having fallen, on seeking to make his way through a broad bank or hillock, he did not attempt to rise again, but yielded to his fate.

"Good night; make the best of your way," said O'Regan, stretching himself out; "I'll not be able to stir from here these two hours, so leave me behind."

"Nay, brother," replied Watch, "I'll not leave a consort in distress — bear up, man — you're not done."

"I'm done as clane as a dead jackass," return'd O'Regan. "I cannot stir hand or foot; and if that's not being done all over I don't know what is, jewel! Away with you, and get the women out of

danger; if you've time to think of me after, mighty well; if not, I'll be made prisoner, that's all; so be off, and don't waste your time."

"Come, come," said Mr. Pendarvis; "we'll wait for you, Colonel O'Regan; we will not desert you."

"I tell you your waiting is of no use," said the Hibernian; "wait an hour and I'll not go; wait two, and it's doubtful still; the breath and the strength are clane bate out of my body, and that's the truth."

"Why, man! the women here will laugh at you!" said the smuggler, "to knock up with a two miles' walk on a fine frosty night. Thou'rt as nesh as my lady's lap-dog. Come, up; Taffarel, lend him a hand."

"And if he does, I'll lend him a foot," said O'Regan. "Get about your business; I'm snug enough here under defence of this bank; and I'll have a bit of a nap."

"Sink me if you sleep here," cried Watch, seizing O'Regan by the collar;

" if you'll not move without help, we'll carry you by the legs and wings."

" Hur wants a cur to hur heels," said Rowna, pushing him with her foot. " Can hur not walk a mile or two without fainting?"

" Ah, you b—h! keep your cursed big toe to yourself," cried O'Regan.

" Here, Winny," cried the wife of Jones, " grip hur by the arm, and I'll do the like."

" Will you ?" cried O'Regan, elevating his foot, "curse me then if you do, old vulture. Winny! keep off, or I'll punch ye, loath as I am to be other than kind to the fair sex. Keep off, Dame Grizzle; by the virtue of my oath I'll have no bowels for ye; I'll kick; I'll strike; trust me I'll not bate ye the whole strength of my limb."

" If hur has strength to kick, hur has strength to walk," said the wife of Jones; " get up, hur can kick too."

And without more intimation, the virago confirmed her assertion by the ap-

plication of several smart kicks upon the legs of the fallen warrior.

"Do, you mother of Satan," cried the sufferer vehemently; "do, do, you ould devil; do, you devil's dam; kick me again, you she mandrake! you ravenous hell-kite! Och hone, my shins are smash'd into shivers. Oh, you ould beast; you ould tar and turpentine witch; I'd like to see your burning."

"Will hur get up and not keep us here all night?" said Rowna, with an elevated and threatening voice; "will hur get up and walk? or hur will bury hur living in the sand; look hur there."

She accompanied her threat with two handsfull of sand, which she discharged full at the face of O'Regan; and who, unfortunately having his mouth open at the moment, received into it the fine and pungent particles, and was nearly choked. Covering his mouth with his hands, the Irish colonel sprang upon his feet, and after disgorging the repast served up to him by the Welshwoman,

bestowed upon her a new volley of apellations. "Oh, you petticoated homicide!" exclaimed the unfortunate Teague, "I'll have you hang'd for an attempt to murder me. Bear me witness all of you that saw the wretch do the deed."

"Did hur na say but now that none but cat eyes can see i'the dark?" cried Rowna.

"Oh, you filthy owl," answered O'Regan, "I felt if I couldn't see: my mouth and throat are like the highway — a troop of horse might have march'd through and kick'd up the devil's own dust — half a crown, if I had one, for a cup of water. Oh, you miserable wretch; you've clane destroy'd me — there's not half an hour's life in my body."

"Get along with hur," replied Rowna; "a little farther on there's water enow to drown fifty such lubbers. Will hur have a little more sand?"

"No, you mother of evil," answered the colonel, striding forward with more activity than he had hitherto shown.

"Was ever man of my rank so treated before by an ould harridan of an ale-house keeper? Master Watch and Master Pendarfy, you do me wrong to suffer me to be so intreated by this blackguard ould woman."

"How, you are not hurt," answered the smuggler; "beside, Mother Rowna would be rounding the same knot on me if I stood between ye. Come, let us push forward and get out of the sand. We shall be on the turf presently."

"We are within a quarter of an hour's walk of Plas Mawr," said Mr. Pendarvis. "Gwyndyr is by this time at the hall."

"Well; if I must, I must," said O'Regain, with a sigh. "Watch, lend me your arm, or I shall never get through."

"Taffarel! Jones! bear him a hand," said the smuggler. "I've Kate to take in tow, and little Winny here; so you must excuse me, colonel."

In a few minutes the party arrived at the entrance to the glen we have before spoken of, the Tull du; and the waning

moon just then rising from the sea, cast forth a pale and tender gleam over the expanse of sand, and the dark abyss below. The huge trees which overshadowed the glen, creaked beneath the blast of the stiff northern breeze, which whistled shrilly and fearfully in the upper branches; and the roar of the Rhaiadr du booming up the narrow valley, seemed almost a sound unearthly to Katharine and O'Regan, who were strangers to the place. The colonel for a moment made a halt, probably fearing he should fall into some new danger; but his old persecutor Rowna was behind, and by main strength pushed him forward. Katharine clung to her protector, and even Winifred Jones, whose mind was imbued with the national superstition, and who did not feel herself at ease so near the grave of the widow Ogwen at this witching time of night, forgot her jealousy in her fears, and crept close to the other side of the smuggler. In this order they passed the

glen, the water-fall, and the wood of Tull du, emerged into the road leading to Llancoch, and, turning off, pursued the private road to Plas Mawr.

CHAP III.

"Why how now, Panims? Fighting like two sea-fish in the map?"

Cutter of Coleman Street.

We shall now return to the tower, where, when the moon arose, all was still safe, and the flight of the garrison undiscovered. Monsieur Coquincourt and his comrades, except when disturbed by certain nimble little creatures, which the numerous and uncleanly inhabitants of the tower and the straw had introduced, slept profoundly, and even the increasing splendour of the moon, whose rays darted in at the open window of the room where the prisoners lay, and shone upon their faces as they lay asleep, could not disturb their slumbers. But they did not long remain in this tranquil enjoyment. A single shot, a heavy firing, and the uproar of battle, speedily awoke the soldiers of Coquincourt and Burdet;

and those officers were presently on their feet and dressed, eager to learn what extraordinary sally, or other manœuvre, had occasioned this nocturnal combat. A death-like stillness reigned throughout the tower, and the noise of the combat, which they could note distinctly through the open window, came from the town. The fight for half an hour appeared sharp and heavy; and from the renewed cheers and firing the victory seemed alternately to incline to either party; but at length the shot was more intermitted, loose, and spattering, and the cheering more distant. One party was routed and pursued; and as the flight seemed beyond the town, the prisoners had a melancholy apprehension that the forces of Monsieur Caillemotte were beaten, and driven from Llancoch.

"Quoi donc?" said Coquincourt, with sad equanimity, "c'est fini."

"Ay pull up and cry whoop — we're in at the death," said Burdet; "a fine

job yonder fellow has made of it, to be surprised by the wild Welshmen."

"Fine job!" said Ribaudier, who was jealous of the French honour. "Et quoi donc? Has no other person made fine jobs? Oui, vraiment. It was a fine job when the wild Welshmen surprised you at the public house."

"And what was the reason of that?" answered the Englishman. "I was lurch'd, because you made a pitiful defence. Hold hard, my fine fellow, don't tell us of your own slips."

"Slips! que le ciel te confonde!" cried Ribaudier, in a passion. "Pitiful defence!"

"Tenez, messieurs!" said Coquincourt, interposing; "this is not at all time to quarrel."

"Slips!" ejaculated the ireful lieutenant, "je l'enverrois au diable."

"Non, non," said the pacificator, "il me semble —"

"Il me semble!" interrupted Ribaudier, furiously; "que diable!"

"Monsieur Burdet is weary of captivity," said Coquincourt, pushing a word in by force, "and is chagrined at the retirement of our friends."

"Que m'importe?" answered the lieutenant. "Monsieur Caillemotte is better soldier than any Englishman living."

"It's a lie — an impudent lie," cried Burdet; "there's John Churchill knows more of the art of war than Caillemotte, or his master Schomberg."

"Ha! monsieur le capitaine!" exclaimed Ribaudier, with a grin of rage; "vous souffrirez que cet homme nous joue de la sorte!"

But Coquincourt only shrugged his shoulders, having before had experience of the intractability of Burdet's temper, and being unwilling to engage a second time in any contest with him. The ire of Ribaudier, however, would not so willingly listen to the dictates of prudence, and he was perhaps the more earnestly pushed upon quarrelling with Bur-

det, because the number of Englishmen who would lend countenance to their countryman, was much inferior to that of the foreigners, who would undoubtedly espouse his party. He therefore, though unarmed, advanced to the front of Burdet, and said, "Eclaircis-moi ce point."

"What!" said the Englishman, who perhaps prided himself on not understanding the language of his opponent, "speak English."

"Grand diable d'enfer!" exclaimed the enraged lieutenant.

"Fair!" said Burdet; "fair enough, because I am ignorant of your gibberish."

"Tout de bon" cried Ribaudier, grinning with indignation.

"Bon — that's good," said the Englishman; "what else?"

"Vous m'entendez bien," cried the French lieutenant, whose passion would not allow him to use any English.

"Ah — very well!" replied Burdet, carelessly; "it's all right; when a horse neighs one may tell what he means, but

curse the bit of this stuff I am master of."

"Poussez votre cheval, chien maudit!" cried Ribaudier, stamping his foot furiously; "veux-tu m'entendre?"

"What the devil do you mean?" cried the Englishman, whose passion began to be excited by that of his adversary. "Speak plain English, and then I'll answer you."

"Vois tu le fer prêt?" said Ribaudier, forgetting he had lost his sword with his captivity, but suddenly recollecting himself he continued, "Ah non, non, faquin! demon!"

"Demon!" replied Burdet, whose ear recognized this appellation, "you impudent son of a ——, do you call me a demon?"

"Oui, chien d'homme! chien de poltron!" cried Ribaudier.

"Poltroon!" cried Burdet, accompanying the word with a sound English buffet, which prostrated his antagonist, "I'll teach you better manners, my fine fellow;

I'll soon see whether of us is the greater poltroon."

"Ha, messieurs!" cried Coquincourt, interposing; "cela n'est pas honnête; have done, je vous prie, retirons nous, Monsieur Burdet! Ribaudier!"

But his intercession was of no avail. The French lieutenant sprang from the ground, and endeavoured to close with his adversary; but Burdet was too well versed in the gymnastics of his native country to suffer this; he allowed Ribaudier to approach, and then dealt him a blow on the ribs so heavy as to make the Frenchman double and pant for breath. Still, however, he pressed forward, and being much taller than Burdet, seized him by his peruke, which came off in his hand, and which he converted into a weapon of offence. The powder nearly blinded the Englishman; but with true bottom he gave himself no care about it; busying himself alone in demolishing his adversary. And at length Ribaudier, finding the blows of the Englishman too

thick and heavy to be borne, for he was quite ignorant of the science of defence according to the English school, and his passion having been pretty well thumped out of him, suffered discretion once more to take him under her protection: he ceased to assault Burdet with the wig, found his knowledge of semi-English return, and cried, "Hold, diable! I am not a fighter after your English fashion; I will fight with my sword. Ah! bons dieux! je fremis—

"Oh, very well," cried Burdet, whose calmness and temper returned, when he saw his enemy beaten; "if you've had enough, I'm satisfied."

"For de present," answered Ribaudier; "when we are in liberty, I will call on you for a little more satisfaction with my sword."

"I shall be ready," replied Burdet, "any day."

"Tant mieux," said the Frenchman.

"Any place," cried Burdet, with indifference.

"Je suis tout vôtre!" said Ribaudier.

"Any weapon," continued the Englishman, putting on his peruke, and shaking his head; "sword, if you like."

"Ainsi soit il," answered Ribaudier, "tres humble serviteur."

"You're at your cursed lingo again," said Burdet; "it's beastly stupidity, you know, to talk in that way, because one can't tell what you mean. If you're not afraid of my knowing what you say, speak out in plain English."

"Afraid!" repeated Ribaudier, with a grin.

"King William himself must speak English now he's come among us," said Burdet, "or he may go home again; and why should not a petty officer like you?

"Grand merci!" replied the Frenchman.

"Grant mercy!" said Burdet "very well, for this time I'll use my advantage with lenity. And well is't for you, lieutenant, that you bethought yourself of crying quarter; I'd just got my hand in for giving you the soundest drubbing that

impudence could provoke and a stout arm inflict — but it's over. I grant mercy at your request."

"Au diable soient tous les Anglois!" muttered Ribaudier between his teeth.

"You're at it again," cried Burdet. "Anglois! ay, that's English. Ay, I'm an Englishman, true blue; you never see an Englishman crow over a beaten enemy; no, hang it, we've too much mettle for that — we know we can beat 'em, and it's no use talking about it; we leave talking to our enemies who can't fight."

The egotism of the English officer was interrupted by the sudden sound of the approach of the victorious bands to the tower. The prisoners could hear the tramp and murmurs of the advancing soldiers, intermingled with many a cheer, and at length with a few shot fired towards the fortress. A short time elapsed, and then it appeared as if the fight was renewed at the gate of the tower: the attack was heard distinctly; the cheering was universal.

"Bons dieux!" exclaimed Monsieur Coquincourt; "Caillemotte is victorious. Tenez — hear the cries of the French, tue — tue — the foe is beaten to his gate. King William for ever!"

"Let us burst prison, and aid him," cried Burdet, running against the door which communicated with the guard-room, and whose ancient timbers gave way before the strength of his powerful kick. "Forwards, lads, now's you're time. Tally ho, yoicks, hark forward; go hark."

With the spirit of a thorough-bred fox-hunter, our military sportsman dashed through the door, followed by many of his fellows, intending to assail the garrison, and to his inexpressible astonishment found the place deserted. The guard-room was littered with arms, accoutrements, and booty of little value, which the garrison had not time to carry off. By these means the prisoners were more or less able to furnish themselves with weapons, and prepared to set upon

the rear of the enemy, whom they still supposed to be engaged below. In fact Coquincourt, Burdet, and the rest believed that the garrison had made a sally with the intention of evacuating the place, and that the vigilant Caillemotte had detected, and cut off their retreat. How great then was their surprise to find the gate of the tower still closed, and the defences in their usual condition, whilst not a man could be seen! The attack was still continued upon the gate, which being plated with iron, resisted the endeavours of the assailants, either to burst it open, or break it up; and the prisoners, although confident those on the outside were friends, feared to open the gate, lest in the darkness and tumult they might be mistaken for the enemy and slain. At length the experience of Coquincourt suggested the expedient of putting a flag out of a window, situated in the western face of the tower, and immediately over the gate; and this indication of a desire to parley on the part of the

supposed garrison presently put an end to the assault. Finding that their signal met with attention, the officers proceeded to the gate, which they unbarred, and threw open, as much to the surprise of the assailants as to their own satisfaction; and delivered up the Twr Vawr into the hands of the officer commanding the storming party. Information of the capture was instantly sent to Monsieur Caillemotte, who was still in the town, and he forthwith removed his head quarters to the fortress. He received Monsieur Coquincourt and his brother officers with great kindness, and informed them that his camp had been attacked about midnight by Owain Goch and his followers, but that being on the alert, in order to take all advantages of the enemy, he had given them a warm reception, and finally driven them with considerable loss to the mountains, where, having no guides, and being ignorant of the country, he feared to follow. But he professed a determination to pursue the enemy, and

continue hostilities, until not a Jacobite durst raise his head in the principality.

"And for that service," said the general, "your companies will sufficiently reinforce me. I have got the fox out of his hold, and I'll now run him down."

"Perhaps he may earth again," said Burdet, "there are so many holds and covers for a dodger in this country, that you can never make sure of your game."

"Pray, Monsieur Caillemotte," said Coquincourt, "from what quarter did the enemy make his attack upon you? We found the place abandoned, and yet the gate and other defences made sure."

"He assailed the south rampart of our camp," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "how the garrison evacuated the tower, I know not; they did not sally by the gateway, for our outpost was pushed to the foot of the hill, and must have noticed their advance."

"Then there's some sly hole that we've not found," said Burdet; "but I'll spy it out."

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "we will take the liberty of reducing the tower; and in its destruction, if there be any secret outlet, it will be discovered. This little castle is of no service to his majesty, and for the future it shall not afford any shelter to his foes. Monsieur Coquincourt, I confide to you the task of instructing the engineer in its demolition. Captain Burdet, as a native of the country, and therefore better versed in the habits of the people than foreigners, I leave it to you to find us guides through the mountains."

"I'll soon find you guides, general," replied Burdet, "if there's a poacher in the country. I've had my nose in for that sort of vermin before to-day. I can tell a poacher a hundred yards off by his casting eye and crooked walk. Leave it to me; I've shot over the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moors many a day, and these are little worse. We'll beat up yon game in no time; you could not have had a

better man than myself to cast his eye over the country."

"We will put your sportsmanship to proof," said Monsieur Caillemotte, smiling; "but now I will retire for an hour. I have not rested during two nights, but under the guard of my old friend Coquincourt I can sleep an hour in confidence; keep strict watch against surprise until day break."

Monsieur Caillemotte was shown to the closet which the leaders of the Jacobites had occupied; and when he had retired, the English officer turned round to his old enemy Ribaudier, and putting out his hand, cried, "Give me your hand, Ribaudier, we shall have some fine sport; you shall see me knock the Welshmen over like grouse; we'll squander them, my boy; in a day's shooting you shall see they'll pack, they'll be as shy as a debtor of a dun."

"Ha!" ejaculated Ribaudier, "je crois you have been shy of a dun many times."

"Eh! what?" answered Burdet, "that's

another thing; but you shall see these mountain goats, these sheep-skinned fellows scamper away like a fox before the hounds. But as Monsieur Caillemotte said, we'll run 'em down, we'll not leave a Welshman in arms between Conwy and Bristol."

"Tout de bon," said the French lieutenant; "and now Monsieur Burdet, being in liberty, and provided with a sword, I take leave to say you are a dog, and a rascal, and I will beat you."

"Why, what maggot bites now?" replied Burdet in great surprise; "I thought I had thumped you into a good temper."

"Thump'd! ha! chien maudit," exclaimed the Frenchman, drawing his sword; "my cheek was red with shame to be struck by a ruffian; now I am thy equal; vois tu le fer?"

"Are you in earnest?" said the Englishman, still delaying to unsheath his weapon, "because I can use a sword as well as my fists, if that's your wish."

"Jouez bien vôtre role, pendard," cried Ribaudier, flourishing his rapier; "I will repay you the blows you lent me; draw coquin, draw demon, draw poltron."

"Don't be in such a hurry to have your throat cut," replied Burdet to the passionate exclamations of his adversary; "you'll not get it sewed up again."

"I will cut you up as a surgeon dissects the corpse of a felon," cried the Frenchman; "I will anatomize you, rascal."

Burdet smiled contemptuously, and drew his sword; but before they had commenced hostilities Monsieur Coquincourt returned to the court, and put an end to the affray.

"Ha, messieurs! arrêtez vous. Ribaudier, avez vous perdu le jugement?" cried the veteran; "drawn and duelling in this place when the general has given strict orders to preserve careful watch! Fie, fie — let it not come to his ears, or you may suffer heavily for this lack of discipline. What! to squabble now when

we are awaiting an instant attack? to scare the minds of the soldiers by a private combat!"

"Mon honneur est blessé—il faut qu'il meure," replied the French lieutenant.

"Bien vrai," said Coquincourt, calmly; "but a better time and place might have been chosen; you are sure not fearful of growing faint-hearted by delaying your revenge a few days. Would you fight now in the dead of night and in the watch of a post newly taken? you would be shot; c'est tomber d'un mal dedans un pire. You remain dishonoured a short time; it will give your sword the keener point; put up—put up, messieurs; well was it I came to part ye."

"I'm glad you did, captain," answered Burdet, sheathing his sword with great calmness. "I have no desire to beat the poor devil again, although the names he has called me deserve it. But they were in French. I didn't understand them perfectly, and I forgive him heartily."

"Ha! traitre!" cried Ribaudier.

"Monsieur Burdet," said Coquincourt, "you speak too arrogantly. The victory you obtained over Ribaudier by your knowledge of fisticuffs, does you little honour as a soldier or a gentleman; such combating is low, very low, indeed."

"Ay, ay," replied Burdet, "and it laid him low enough too—he'll remember the lowness of it as long as he lives."

"I am not in doubt but he will humble your pride," returned Coquincourt. "Ribaudier is ignorant of your stable-boy buffeting, but he is a brave soldier, he can handle a sword."

"So can you," replied Burdet, "and if you need a little exercise when I've dispatch'd my business with your friend, I shall be ready to accommodate you."

"At present you have enough on your hands," said Coquincourt, with a smile; "we can talk about my accommodation afterwards. — Ribaudier, go with me."

The two Frenchmen left Burdet somewhat dissatisfied with himself, that he

had not bestowed a little manual castigation upon the captain; but he took comfort from the thought that Coquincourt was almost too much his elder to be beaten with any honour, and at length forgot his chagrin and quarrel in his anxiety to execute the commission confided to him by Monsieur Caillemotte.

At day-break the general found himself in quiet possession of the town and tower of Llancoch; and lost no time in pushing forward a body of light infantry, aided by the Dutch horse of Boggerman, in pursuit of the fugitives, charged however to proceed no nearer the mountains than the park of PlasMawr. The bold attack of Gwyndyr in his retreat, and which had been of a sanguinary character, taught the French leader to respect his enemy; and he was aware that, on their native mountains, the wild followers of Owain Goch would enjoy many advantages over his soldiery. On the peak of a mountain, which, from its great elevation, was among the first and

last of the neighbouring highlands to be capped with snow, and thence had obtained the appellation of *Moel aelir*, or the frosty hill, could be seen at sunrise the crowded band of Welshmen looking down upon Llancoch, and seemingly awaiting the attack of their enemies. Moel aelir was not more than three miles distant from the town, and overlooked the gradually swelling hills above Plas Mawr; but the ascent was rough and dangerous, and the common hill paths were frequently crossed and intersected by deep glens or hollows, which were in most places impassable. Without guides, and such as he could rely on, Monsieur Caillemotte deemed it madness to attempt to bring Gwyndyr to action: the lives of his men must necessarily be sacrificed, and the present prosperous turn of affairs put in jeopardy by such a proceeding; and he resolved to remain quiet in Llancoch, until despair or famine should dislodge the enemy from his inaccessible post. But in order to

ascertain the manœuvres and intentions of the Welsh with more accuracy, Monsieur Caillemotte determined to change his quarters, and remove to Plas Mawr, leaving Monsieur Coquincourt in command of the tower. Before he went, however, he called at the house of Mr. Lloyd, deeming it but decorous to visit Delafosse. He found the minister and his friend, the invalid, at breakfast, and without invitation, in his usual frank manner, begged to join in their meal.

"I am glad, Captain Delafosse," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "to see you somewhat recruited. I hope my surgeon has exerted himself for your recovery. I would have waited on you earlier, but this mountain leader has found me other occupation."

"I am bound to your humanity and courtesy for the attentions I have received," answered Edward Pendarvis, who, though still pale and feeble, was now enabled to use some exertion; he

continued, with a sad smile, " your kind surgeon has patched me up again, though the task was scarcely worth the pains."

" Chut, chut," cried Monsieur Caillemotte, " this despondency comes of drinking water porridge, and panada. You shall have some Burgundy out of my private case; I have a little that you will like, Delafosse ; I brought it from Margny."

The youth did not reply, but covered his face with his hands, and threw himself back in his chair.

" Be calm, be tranquil, Master Edward," said Mr. Lloyd, shaking him by the arm, " do not let bitter feelings destroy your health."

" Captain Delafosse should be able to think of Margny without bitter feelings," said the French officer, seriously; " the campaigns he has served should have schooled him to better things than the remembrance of boyish follies."

" True," answered the youth, uncovering his face, which now burned with proud

resentment; "true, but humiliation is not soon forgot. The lesson you gave me I have still by heart."

"I have erred widely in my judgment of you, Delafosse, if you are vindictive," said the cool veteran, with a smile; "you cannot condemn a man for doing what he will with his own; but be all differences buried in oblivion. I came hither to return you my thanks for those exertions which saved Madame Caillemotte and her daughter in the storm; how warmly I take your services, I cannot express in words, but I feel them as a father and husband."

"Monsieur Caillemotte, do not thank me," returned Edward Pendarvis, "I have my reward."

"But nevertheless you deserve my thanks and my gratitude," replied the French officer, unwilling to take offence at the angry words of the invalid; "I wish any thing worthy your acceptance was in my will to bestow."

"With all my heart I believe your ex-

cellency," said the minister with affectionate earnestness; and with his accustomed absence and innocence he continued, "I wish mademoiselle was now safe in your hands, you would doubtless be glad to bestow her upon her deliverer, and you could not do a nobler piece of work, for they love each other beyond all my inexperience could have conceived possible."

At this broad interrogation, the ears of Edward Pendarvis tingled with shame; whilst Monsieur Caillemotte, after some moments of study, turned to the minister, and replied, "Reverend sir, it appears that you are indeed the confidant of Captain Delafosse, and he has doubtless informed you, that he sought Mademoiselle Caillemotte at my hands, and was refused her."

"Nothing of the kind, verbo sacerdotis," answered the minister; "what I know my ears have heard, and my eyes have seen; he has told me nothing in private. When Owain Gwyndyr brought Madame

Caillemotte and her daughter here, they both believed Captain Dela — Delafosse, yes, Captain Delafosse dead. He was brought hither secretly to save him from the dagger of Gwyndyr; your daughter heard his voice, or he heard her's, and their mutual transports revealed the state of their hearts. I tell a plain story, Monsieur Caillemotte! there is nothing dishonourable, nothing to conceal."

With triumphant loquacity the good vicar unfolded his narrative, and was rather disappointed at perceiving Monsieur Caillemotte pinch his lips together in a way which certainly did not indicate perfect satisfaction.

"Monsieur Delafosse!" at length said the general, "I still believe, however appearances are against you, that you have held no correspondence with Mademoiselle Caillemotte since our last parting. And I trust therefore that the ecstacies which our worthy host took for the transports of a warmer passion, were merely the evidences of that satisfaction which

every Frenchwoman feels at the sudden escape from danger of a worthy and tried friend."

"How's this? how's this?" cried the disappointed, but not chop-fallen divine; "What is there against Captain Delafosse? what's the matter with him? in what is he deficient? Is he not of a fair character, honourable, upright, brave, a gentleman?"

"If he was, I would bestow Julie on him to-morrow," answered Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Was what? a gentleman?" cried the minister.

"A gentleman," answered Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Be silent, Mr. Lloyd, I entreat you," said the invalid, fearing the pastor was about to expose his history.

"Be silent!" replied Mr. Lloyd, with great impatience, "silent when your title to gentle blood is questioned. No, Edward Pendarvis; scion of a gallant stock, heir of a noble race, I will proclaim

your gentlehood even against your desire. For blood and pedigree you are not unworthy of this gentleman's fair daughter."

"Pendarvis!" said Monsieur Caillemotte, "why, that is the name of the family of Plas Mawr.

"Yes, sir," said the minister, "and here sits before you Sir Edward Pendarvis, of Plas Mawr, a gentleman of as ancient a family, and as considerable a fortune as any man beneath the degree of a lord in North Wales. Stop, sir, I have here a tree of the house, the genealogical arbor brought down to the late Sir Jorwerth, this young man's father. Look here, sir. It begins with Pendarvius, the companion of Brutus, the son of Æneas, who first settled the country of Britain, who was succeeded by his son Galwigius, who was followed by his two sons, Cornubius and Hilbracius."

"Very well," interrupted Monsieur Caillemotte, with a smile, "I do not wish to give you the trouble of reading over this ancient muster roll."

"Musty roll! ah, Monsieur Caillemotte, you are no antiquary," said the minister, with a serious and reproachful shake of the head; "you are no antiquary, or you would not term so finely a drawn tree as this is, a musty roll."

"But if, as you say," said Monsieur Caillemotte, somewhat impatiently, "and I cannot suspect so respectable a divine of deceit, this is Sir Edward Pendarvis, why is he not in possession of his right? why does he bear another name? and why was not this explained to me before?"

"Why, sir," answered the minister, "as I have gathered from the confession of the young gentleman since he came hither, for before I did not know him, some little romantic notion of making his fortune by merit *per se*, restrained him from either claiming his right or revealing it; beside, our laws have of late been evilly administered; and the usurper of his property, Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, his kinsman, and the husband of his mother, is powerful and subtle, both wil-

ling and able to wrest justice from her seat."

"Where is the lady his mother?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"With the lady your wife," answered the minister. "Owain Goch borrowed the family coach, and sent the lady Elain Pendarvis off to his mountain holds, to secure the fidelity of her husband."

"I congratulate you on a title," said Monsieur Caillemotte, holding out his hand to Edward Pendarvis, "of which I think you entirely worthy. Believe me, Delafosse, Pendarvis I should say, that your want of birth alone, and not of merit or fortune, was the only thing which stuck with me in refusing Julie to your desires. Of an old noble family myself, I could not so much descend from my feelings of aristocracy as to bestow my daughter on a nameless youth, however worthy; glad am I that this bar is removed, and I now rejoice that I shall not only be able to give you Julie, but to restore to you the house of your fathers,

which by this time is in the hands of my advance."

"But Julie is still in the hands of a ruffian!" cried Edward Pendarvis, in despair; "defeat may make him desperate; let me get to horse; let us pursue the traitor without delay. He is no friend to King James; he is an outlaw and a robber."

"Fear nothing," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I have seen this brigand; he will hardly dare to use Julie uncourteously after the warning I gave him; every man of his name or race, of his following or friending, should pay with his blood for wrong done my child. But these thoughts are idle. Yon fellow is of a spirit too bold and free to do a woman wrong; let us not wrong him by supposing it. I am now going to Plas Mawr, whither the horse and light troops are gone before for the purpose of taking in the enemy's stragglers; you shall ride with me, if you are capable, and I will invest you with your paternal domain."

"Monsieur Caillemotte, understand me aright," said Edward Pendarvis earnestly, "though the villainy of Gwyndyr has made me his foe, yet I do not thereby abandon the cause of King James. Whether right or wrong he is still my king, and for my own private gain it shall not be said I deserted the interes of my sovereign."

"At present you are Captain Delafosse, a prisoner on parole," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "I do not urge you to abandon your unfortunate master, but in this case we are joined against a common brigand, who sets at nought the laws of war and nations."

"Agreed!" said Edward Pendarvis. "But it would perhaps be still better if my existence remained a secret. If Gwyndyr and my false kinsman learn that I live, the former will be more vigilant and determined upon his prey, the latter more subtle and more persevering in my ruin. He has friends near the Prince of Orange."

"But none, however powerful, that can arrest the mind of King William from truth and justice," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "there are few who durst attempt it. But as you please; Plas Mawr shall be protected from pillage; discover yourself when you like. Now to horse. Good sir, you must lend our sick friend your pony; its paces will be easy for him; wrapped in a cloak he will pass undiscovered."

In a few minutes Edward Pendarvis was clad in cloak and beaver, the latter of which he wore so much slouched over his face that his recognition was not at all probable. Mounted on the parson's pony, he jogged away beside the charger with which Monsieur Caillemotte had provided himself, surrounded by a number of mounted officers, the aides-de-camp of the French general. The ride was short, the morning beautiful, and the youthful spirits of Edward Pendarvis once more became light and buoyant when he came within sight of his paternal towers.

CHAP. IV.

"Ride! ride!
Strike spur and ply the scourge; the felon fox
Hath mounted yonder height; and our bold dogs,
Gallant as ever did Saint Hubert breed,
Strain at his brush — Spare not your steeds —
Young men, ride on like devils!"

The Law of the Forest.

EDWARD Pendarvis, as might be expected, felt himself sensibly touched on once more crossing the threshold of his paternal mansion; his heart rose, his breath thickened, and his eyes glistened when he stood in the hall, which still contained so many objects of his remembrance. The old pictures of Sir Jorwerth and his fox-hounds — breaking cover, full cry, and the death, objects of his infantine admiration, which decorated one side of the hall, greeted him as ancient friends; and the man in armour, and the various antique weapons which had excited his youthful awe and wonder, presented

themselves with all the familiarity of bye-gone intimacy. In fact the general appearance of the house and grounds was little altered since he left Plas Mawr; for Watkin Pendarvis's parsimony was too great to admit of much change in decorations or furniture. Even two or three straggling dogs, which had been suffered to remain about the house, although their sporting properties were seldom called into action, seemed much to resemble those he had left; and the hair of Pierce, the house steward, a sight of whom he caught as he entered the hall, had grown grey over features he well remembered. His only task now, when assailed by so many temptations to reveal himself, was to preserve his disguise, to restrain those yearnings of soul which he felt to discover himself to the old servitors of his family, and those signs of recognition which he frequently found himself betraying at the sight of every familiar feature of the place, and which would infallibly have exposed him, had

not the bustle of warlike preparation drawn the eyes of all to the contemplation of other things. On their arrival at Plas Mawr, Monsieur Caillemotte found a small detachment of infantry in possession of the house; Boggerman's horse and the light troops having pushed forward across the park with the hope of drawing down the Welsh to an attack. But he had now, as we have seen, altered his plans, and he therefore dispatched one of his aides-de-camp to recall the advance to Plas Mawr. In the mean time a brigade of infantry arrived from Llancoch, and, by Monsieur Caillemotte's direction, pitched their tents in the park immediately in front of the house. In this division was Burdet's company; and that officer no sooner reached the hall than he applied himself to the discovery of some man acquainted with the country, although he knew that Monsieur Caillemotte had at present given up the idea of exploring the mountains.

The hall of the mansion was instantly turned into a council chamber. Monsieur Caillemotte and his officers there met to confer on the steps necessary to be taken, to examine the imperfect maps of the country, and to receive any intelligence relative thereto which might be brought before them. The servants of the house were examined upon their knowledge, but none of those brought forward displayed any information on the subject.

"I have lived in the family of Pendarvis fifty years," said the grey-headed butler, "and never was beyond Moel aelir. Sometimes, to raise a good field, our old master Sir Jorwerth would make us follow the hounds, but we never got up the hill; it is too wet; horses would be mired."

"I have him—I have him," exclaimed a voice outside the door, and presently Burdet came forward, pulling after him a tall raw-boned fellow of a dark com-

plexion, clad in a fustian dress; "here he is, general."

"Who is it?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, with some surprise at the earnestness of the English officer; "what man is this?"

"Pendarvis's keeper, Tom Jones," cried Burdet, "a good fellow, and a dead shot, they say—I'll stake fifty he knows every hole, clough and cranny within twenty miles round—he has the eye of a hawk and the legs of the devil. Now, Tom! what d'ye call this black edge here above—this snipe and plover land on the hill side?"

"What! where the water comes down from Moel aelir?" replied Jones.

"Ay, Moel aelir—that's the name of the hill where the hawks are gathered," said Burdet.

"The falling land is part of the park of Plas Mawr" answered the keeper.

"Well—but how d'ye get up the hill?" said Burdet; "any road but through the heath?"

"Not straight up," answered Jones; "you may follow the water."

"I know that," returned Burdet, hastily. "When you get up, what sort of ground is it?"

"It's good ground enough to shoot over," replied the keeper; "you need never lack a day's sport on Moel aelir."

"Is there black game on the mountain?" said Burdet.

"Black game!" exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte, with great impatience; whatever have our present enquiries to do with black game, Captain Burdet?"

"I beg your pardon, general," replied Burdet, "only a word by the way, in case I should pass this country in time of peace — Well but, Tom! how are the paths on the top, sheep-tracks plenty?"

"Yea, and goat tracks too, perilous enow," answered the man.

"You're a fool!" cried Burdet; "you know the ground. How will this thief Gwyndyr get away over the moors?"

"Get away!" replied the keeper, staring at the querist, "why, he'll walk."

"Walk! you jack ass," replied Burdet, in a great passion, "do you think I didn't know he wouldn't fly — I mean which way will he take, he and his troop?"

"How should I know, unless I know'd where he was going," answered Jones, sulkily.

Burdet turned with an enquiring look to Monsieur Caillemotte, who smiled at his disconcerted countenance, but hastened to his assistance.

"It appears, my good man," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "that you are not very willing to give us the information we want."

"I answer your questions," replied Jones, doggedly. "It's no business of mine to hunt down Owain Goch, nor put others on the scent."

"Why, thou hang dog!" cried Burdet, "didst thou not say thou wouldst lay us on? Is not thy master a friend to King

William? General, hang the rascal up, I'll soon find you another beagle."

"Nay, if ye'll be civil," said the keeper, who trembled at the suggestion of Burdet, "I'll say all I know."

"Answer speedily then, and to the purpose," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Suppose Gwyndyr takes to the mountains, and pursues his way homeward—for he cannot subsist so many people in so wild a situation—in what direction would he move towards the town of Bala, here on the map, which I understand is not far distant from his chief hold?"

"Why; he may go many ways," replied the keeper. "By Llanwrst, Nant Conwy, and across Arrenig, or he may keep the mountains down to Corwen; he knows every bwlch * in the country; or down to Denbigh the plain road."

"The mountain roads you have mentioned are not passable by soldiers," said the French general.

"I know nought of soldiering,"

* Pass.

answered Jones; "the ground between here and Corwen is as rough and broken as any in Wales, and miry by places. Beside, without guides you'd soon be lost; it's many miles over the moors, and there are hollows and stones enow, where Owain Goch and his men would lie and shoot you down unawares, and there'd be no catching 'em after; they'll run like goats or sheep."

"Thou'rt an honest fellow after all," said Monsieur Caillemotte, giving the keeper a piece of gold; "there, thou mayst go, I've done with thee."

Jones received the money with avidity, and, making a bow to the assembly of officers, withdrew.

"There is no chance of our getting up with these mountaineers," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "on their native hills; we must wait patiently until famine drives them down into the Low Country; and, if I am not deceived, that will not be long. The while let us keep a strict eye on their motions."

Whilst he was yet speaking, a loud noise, the tramp of horse, the jingling of arms and accoutrements, and voices of men were heard, and presently the Dutch officers, Boggerman and Hogenberts entered the hall, having in their company our old friend Colonel Teague O'Regan.

"Good time of day to you," said the Milesian to Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Bon jour, bon jour," replied the Frenchman; "I thought Colonel O'Regan had been far away by this time."

"I'd been farther, but for this ugly fellow here," said O'Regan, pointing to Hogenberts. "That bloody thief, Gwyndyr, after falling upon your lines, would force my ould bones to a retreat, and the devil's son might as well have whistled jigs to a mile-stone. So ye see he fetch'd me one of Pendarfy's team horses out of the stable, and mounted me to go up the mountain yonder, and sure enough I was bog'd in no time, as I was like to be, and if this dragoon hadn't come up and pulled me out, I'd soon have been

over head and ears in the swamp. There was ould Teague O'Regan kicking and thumping like a horse in the cholic, and the thieves left me to finish my days there widout as much as saying rest your sowl."

"Well, well, Monsieur O'Regan," said Caillemotte, "it's as well as it is; you're better a prisoner with me than at large on the mountains; Gwyndyr and his ruffians are bred to this hill-work, but you would soon have been tired of it."

"Tired!" ejaculated the late governor of Llancoch; "I was tired enough before I left this place three hours ago; but Gwyndare had no more pity than the heart of a cauliflower. I'd have surrendered to you twenty times over, before we crept out of the ould pig-sty yonder, but he wouldn't hear of it; he feared, mayhap, some further question about ma'm'sel."

"Perhaps he might, colonel," answered Monsieur Caillemotte, "but as I have no fears about my daughter, he

would still have met with soldier-like usage."

"Right glad am I to hear you say so," returned O'Regan; "for to say true, I had some doubts about my own reception."

"It is our duty to soften the horrors of war?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Faith I know nothing about that," replied the colonel; "all I know is, that a man of my years and my size can't run over the ground like a greyhound. With walking from the tower to this along the shore I was as tired and sore as if I had been doing penance barefooted on the flints. I would have even stayed here in possession of the porter's chair, but Gwyndyr and Watch between 'em forced me forward. I wouldn't tell a word of a lie if I said I got my horse into a bog on design, for we heard the troopers behind us, there was no time for ceremony, and I was tired of my ride; not but I didn't expect I was getting into such a cursed swamp as I got fastened in. I'd like to

have paid dear for my little bit of policy."

"It wouldn't have sounded well after your life of fame," said Burdet, mischievously, "that you had been lost in the mire; people would have said you had died dirtily."

"How's that? I've seen your face before," said O'Regan, turning upon him a scowling brow; "I'd like to see you bogged in the same way."

"Me! I've been mired many a time," answered Burdet; "but I'm no stick i'the mud; when there's a way in, there's a way out."

"Oh, you're a mighty clever fellow with a silver spoon in your mouth," returned O'Regan, with a sulky sneer; "you'd get in and get out widout dirtying your stockings."

"Is it Gwyndyr's purpose to remain on the mountains?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, endeavouring to divert the colonel's chagrin.

"I know nothing about his purposes,"

answered O'Regan; "I'm heartily sick of him and his purposes too, and so are many others. If Teague O'Regan mustn't fight in a civilised way, he'll disband, that's all. Let King James and his counsellors look to it. I'll not kill myself wid hunting partridges on the mountains, for the best man living. I'm nigh worn out in the sarvice, and I'll have my post in ould Ireland or no where; so let 'em look to it; they'll lose somebody, when they lose me."

"Body enough," said Burdet, pulling a face, "but little spirit."

"Who's that talks of spirit?" cried the colonel; "I'd give all the coin I have, if I had any at all — for a dram. Is there no such thing as a bottle of brandy in this big house?"

"Whom do you take for the butler?" said Burdet.

"Not you, grah!" answered O'Regan. "Brothers of that order are commonly good looking jolly-faced fellows. The tapster of an ale-cellar wouldn't shake

hands with such an acquaintance as you."

"There, Burdet, you will have it," said Monsieur Caillemotte, to whose active and serious mind this badinage was unpleasant. "At present, Colonel O'Regan, we will not further trouble you; we will take the liberty of allotting you an apartment in this house while we remain here; and you will be on parole."

"I'll bail him that he does not run away," said Burdet laughing.

"There's no need to give bond to the devil for your appearance," said O'Regan, with great bitterness.

"If you should still be in the mind to quit King James's service," said the English captain, "I'll engage to find you better employment. My father, Ralph Burdet, of Shireoaks Hall, in the good county of Stafford, Esquire, is at this present in want of a butler; he's a staunch Whig and no-popery man; so thou'lt have to swear thou art no Jesuit. Good living, good wages, plenty of ham-

pie and strong ale — a-gh — thy double drum there would soon be as tight as one hard braced — thy pitiful aspect would become as ruddy as the rising sun on a frosty morning."

"You wasn't a cock of so high a crow twelve hours back, jewel," said O'Regan. "Don't flutter your wings too soon; the tail you lost hasn't yet grown again."

"Game cocks never carry the curl'd feather," answered Burdet; "but I'll take your ghostly counsel, Father O'Regan, and not crow so loud."

"Oh you devil's darling, good morning to you," replied O'Regan, quitting the hall; "I'll see what the house is made of."

The council of officers soon after broke up; for no better intelligence respecting the country than that which Jones afforded could be obtained; and Monsieur Caillemotte was determined to abide by that plan of awaiting the decampment of the Jacobites, which

seemed to him the only one capable of being pursued with security and final success. An advanced party of infantry was stationed in a small tower, which had formerly been used as a hunting station, but now was occupied as a fold for cattle, within half a mile of the base of Moel aelir; and the Welch could not stir from their post without being exposed to the eyes of the videttes. About noon Monsieur Caillemotte returned to Llancoch, and found that, in obedience to his orders, Monsieur Coquincourt had prepared materials for the subversion of the tower. A quantity of powder sufficient to throw down the walls without scattering them abroad, had been placed in the ground story, and a train laid to a secure distance from the building. Monsieur Caillemotte himself superintended the firing of the train, and in a few minutes all that remained of the ancient pile was a heap of stones and rubbish. The walls had been uncommonly strong, such as were fitted to encounter not only the

tooth of time, but the assault of weapons such as were used when they were built, and the no less destroying winds which swept from the sea over the eminence on which they stood. The tower fell towards the town, very few stones going over the cliff seaward. The explosion drew forth all the population of the village, who mourned over the work of destruction, and lamented the ruin of the tower as the loss of the last badge of their antiquity.

Before he returned to Plas Mawr, Monsieur Caillemotte again called upon Mr. Lloyd, and requested him to lend his assistance at a council which would be held in the evening, for the purpose of explaining the common and direct route to Corwen and Bala, whither, he had no doubt, Gwyndyr would direct his march. Having perfect confidence in the minister, both as a friend to the revolution and King William, and a man of integrity, he believed no one would more readily, and

no one could better give the requisite information on this subject; and Mr. Lloyd made no difficulty in promising to attend, and render all the service in his power. But the hour fixed by Monsieur Caillemotte for the pastor's attendance arrived, and found him sitting at his ease before his study fire with a leg elevated on each hob, and holding in his hand some treatise of the *dæmonographi*. His engagement was forgot — Monsieur Caillemotte, and the soldiers of King William, the topography of North Wales, and Owain Goch, had passed from his remembrance; his mind had alone space for the phantoms of the air and the shadows of hell. He was profoundly immersed in lucubrations of this nature, when a messenger arrived from Plas Mawr, bearing a billet from Monsieur Caillemotte, which stated that officer's disappointment at his non-appearance, and expressed his hopes that no accident or illness prevented the fulfilment of his engagement.

"What engagement?" said Mr. Lloyd, hastily closing his book; "now then, what scrape are my addled brains getting me into? where is the bearer?"

"At the door," replied the servant who brought the note into the parlour; "he has brought the pony back."

"Very well; I am coming. Tell the man to return to Plas Mawr, and inform Monsieur Caillemotte I will be with him speedily. This defection of memory is very troublesome. I must have made some engagement to visit, perhaps to dine with Monsieur Caillemotte, but his goodness will forgive me."

He put on his cloak and hat, took his cane, and mounted his pony, which the general's servant had left at the door, and as the shades of evening were deepening around, he put his nag to a smartish trot, which bade fairly to carry him soon to Plas Mawr. But, as usual, something fresh caught his fancy, the design of his ride grew less apparent, he ceased to pat the side of his pony with his cane,

and the trot immediately became a walk. Phantoms were again floating before him. All the shadows of which he had been reading rose in the twilight between him and the horizon, and he stiffened with horror on hearing his name pronounced by a figure which, at the same moment, placed itself at his side.

"Mr. Lloyd," repeated the figure, whose savage appearance increased the terror of the worthy pastor.

"Devil, spirit, or man," replied Mr. Lloyd, making an effort to speak; "in the name of Heaven what art thou? and what is thy business with me?"

"A friend," answered the figure, "no devil, nor ghaist, but a man."

The figure looked carefully around, and then drawing close to the pastor, who shrank backwards in his saddle, and involuntarily raised his cane, he said, "Knows hur not Drwndwn?"

"Ha! thou rogue! is it thou?" replied the overjoyed minister; "I thought thou hadst been some devil or evil genius.

I am right glad to see thee — what brings thee back so soon? Gwyndyr, thou seest, is beaten from his hold."

"Hur has run some danger in seeing hur worship," said Drwndwn; "first to keep clear of Owain Goch and hur band, and then of the Orangers. Hur has watch'd hur door for two hours."

"Why did you not come in?" answered Mr. Lloyd; "my house is my own, and free, now that Gwyndyr has taken to the mountains. But what news of the ladies? where didst thou leave them? are they in health?"

"Hur will answer in two words," replied the son of Ogwen; "they are at Llanwchlyn, with the mother of Gwyndyr. Lady Elain is but sick, the others well. But where is Jorwerth Pendarvis? Is hur recovered hur hurts? Is hur again afoot? The house of Pendarvis was ever valiant. The son of Ogwen is no longer the follower of Owain Goch."

"I am on my way to Plas Mawr to attend Edward Pendarvis and his friends,"

said the pastor; "wilt thou go along with me?"

"Hur is here to see Edward Pendarvis," replied Drwndwn; "hur life is in hur hands."

"Come on then, and stick to me," returned Mr. Lloyd; "I will get you admission."

They pushed on rapidly, and in a few minutes arrived at the great gates of the mansion, where they found a sentinel, who, after reconnoitring, suffered them to proceed. At the bridge and on the terrace, they were also stopped, but at length found themselves in the hall of the mansion, where Monsieur Caillemotte impatiently awaited the minister's arrival. He was surrounded by officers, who were busily engaged in the examination of maps, and in starting conjectures about the practicability of passing the mountains, their general bearing, and other enquiries of a like nature. The general rose on the entrance of Mr. Lloyd, and advanced to receive him;

and at the same time Drwndwn touched the elbow of the minister, and in a low voice said, "Be silent here."

"Bon soir, monsieur le prêtre!" said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I see gentlemen of the cloth are no more punctual than men of the sword to their engagements."

"Engagement!" said the minister; "I have received your billet; it astonishes me; I recollect no engagement; but my head is weak, and perhaps —"

"No apologies, reverend sir," said Monsieur Caillemotte, interrupting him with a smile, for by this time he had learned something of his peculiarities from Edward Pendarvis; "you and I were to have had some conversation together here at three o'clock, that is all; the present hour will serve well enough. I am glad to have your company at all."

"I have some information for your private ear," said the minister; "I had not forgot my engagement for nought."

"Follow me," answered Caillemotte; "we must make free with the house."

He led the way to one of the parlours, and was followed by the minister, and by Drwndwn, who stuck close to the latter; but in this movement Owain with the broken nose had nearly been discovered, for Burdet, who happened to be in the hall, and had not seen him enter with Mr. Lloyd, laid hold upon his cloak, in which Drwndwn had muffled himself, and tore it from his grasp, saying, "Hollo, fellow, where are you pushing your nose?"

"Hur is with Master Lloyd," answered Owain, again disposing his cloak so as to conceal his face.

"Master Lloyd I think has little to do with such fellows as thou," returned Burdet; "I remember thy face somewhere, and, as I think, among the hill foxes yonder."

"He is with me; he follows me, sir," said the minister, turning round in alarm; "Monsieur Caillemotte is satisfied; be good enough to release him."

"To him then," said Burdet, with a

sneer, and Drwndwn followed his spiritual guide into the room, and locked the door. This action surprised Monsieur Caillemotte, who enquired who he was."

"Mr. Edward Pendarvis here knows him," replied the minister, smiling, and looking at the invalid, who sat at the upper end of the room, still so disguised as to be incapable of recognition; "you may both lay aside your masques — Drwndwn uncover."

"What!" exclaimed Edward Pendarvis, springing from his seat, "art thou returned, honest fellow?"

"I will spare you the trouble of asking a few questions," said the minister, "that is, if you will be calm enough to hear me. Imprimis, the ladies are well, except the good Lady Elain, who is, perhaps, tired with her journey; secondly, they are now at the house of the mother of Gwyndyr, at Llanwchlyn."

"Ha! then, this is that brave fellow to whom we are all so much indebted," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Have you

been with your leader since you returned?"

"Owain Goch is now no leader of mine," answered Drwndwn; "I but learned that hur was forced out of the Twr Vawr on my road hither — the country is up to see the end of the strife."

"Which way went ye to Llanwchlyn?" said Mr. Lloyd.

"By the plain road, as fast as Pendarvis's horses would travel," replied the son of Ogwen; "we went by Denbigh and Corwen, but kept off the towns — we got to Llanwchlyn at night."

"So soon!" said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I thought the distance more considerable."

"But how fared the ladies, Owain?" said Edward Pendarvis. "Was not the journey, the circumstances of their travel, the place to which they were destined, alarming to them."

"To Lady Elain Pendarvis," answered Drwndwn. "The young lady was sad; but her courage was high; the other

was like an ancient leader; she feared nothing."

"Now, good fellow, speak honestly," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Dost thou believe we need fear any thing for those ladies?"

"St. Elian, no," replied Drwndwn; "at least not for Lady Elain and the other old lady. Owain Goch has set hur mind on the young wench, and hur is mad."

"Did you not say you would provide some means for her escape?" said Edward Pendarvis; "you have deceived me."

"Never," answered Drwndwn. "The chief sent with the coach ten of hur following. What could hur do but come back with the speed of a deer to say, they are at Llanwchlyn. Pursue."

"Thou couldst do nothing better," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "For what thou hast done, here is thy reward. For what thou shalt do, thou shalt be well paid."

He gave Drwndwn a purse of gold, which the mountaineer clutched with delight, and which quite dispelled the rising emotions excited by the reproach of Edward Pendarvis.

"Is it possible for us to reach Llanwchlyn securely?" said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Canst thou conduct us to the retreat of Gwyndyr, without exposing us to any ambuscade or surprise?"

"Hur will do hur best," answered Drwndwn, readily; "as much for love of Pendarvis as the gold. But Gwyndyr will be there first."

"How knowest thou he will make thither?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Hur is bewitched; the girl with the black locks has witched hur, and hur cannot move away," replied Drwndwn; "hur will come nigher and nigher till hur is lost for love; hur is like the moth in the candle."

"Is the way much nearer across the moors?" said the French officer.

"Ay, and the heath is softer than the stone to a hillsman's tread," replied Owain. "Gwyndyr will leave Flint to-night; to-morrow his foot will be on the threshold of Llanwchlyn."

"Order the horse forward," said Edward Pendarvis, "or all is lost. Trust not Julie a moment in the hands of this bloody ruffian. I will declare myself, and raise the country."

"Softly, Pendarvis," replied the veteran; "let us do nothing rashly."

"Mount Owain and myself," said the impassioned youth. "We will conduct Boggerman to the spot. We shall be able to defend ourselves until you come up. I am well and strong."

But his frame instantly belied his words; the hectic flush of passion vanished; paleness overspread his countenance, and he was obliged to resume his seat, filled with anguish and disappointment.

"Be calm, be easy, Pendarvis," said Monsieur Caillemote, who perceived that the feelings of the invalid were too vivid

for the strength of his body. "I have no fears for my old wife; and do you be under no concern for your young mistress. We will soon recover them from the hands of this marauder. Better had the brigand leap into the sea, than lay a finger on Julie Caillemotte. I would not leave one soul of his kindred alive. It would be imprudent to send forward any part of our force, since we know not that Gwyndyr has yet left the country. We must pursue our duties as soldiers before we follow our affections as kinsmen. Let us be certain that the Welsh are withdrawn, and we will follow presently."

"That hur may soon know," said Drwndwn; "the hills are nigh, the moon is down. In three hours hur shall be certified."

"Good fellow, we will confide in thee," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Away, then, to the hills; but wilt thou run no risk from their outpost? Hast thou any sign they know their comrades by?"

" A plover knows the whistle of a plover," replied Drwndwn, with a grin.

" Come, then, I will conduct thee past the guard," said Monsieur Caillemotte, leading the way to the hall. They there encountered Burdet, who regarded the shrouded mountaineer with a keen and curious glance.

" Burdet," said Monsieur Caillemotte, " conduct this good fellow beyond our advance, and give orders that he be suffered to pass at his need."

" Come along, Mr. Honesty," said Burdet, when Monsieur Caillemotte had returned to the parlour; " I'll warrant thee a stout poacher. Thou'rt now out after unlawful game."

Drwndwn made no reply, but pointed forward.

" Art dumb ?" said the English officer. " There's no informer here, man. I know what errand thou'rt on; for what purpose but to snare yon beasts on the hill, could a figure like thine be in an English post."

"Hur has seen the sons of Wales in English posts before," replied Drwndwn.

This reply for some time silenced Burdet, who proceeded to the advanced guard with his companion, and then said, "Now, Corporal Shy, which is your way?"

"Look behind you," replied Drwndwn.

The captain obeyed; but, seeing nothing, again turned round and found his companion gone. Not a shadow nor a trace was left of him, and Burdet, in ill humour that he had been tricked, returned to the hall.

In about three hours, Burdet, being the officer of the night on guard, was disturbed from a short nap, which he was enjoying in the porter's chair, by the re-appearance of the mountaineer, who demanded to see Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Confound thee!" said the Englishman, yawning and stretching himself; "thou'rt like Saint Hugo's ghost; there is no laying thee. Where the

devil didst go, after playing that fool's trick? eh."

The son of Ogwen did not speak; but, as usual, motioned the way to the parlour.

"Rot thy mummery; hast no tongue?" cried Burdet, rising from his seat.

"Hur foot cannot stay for folly," replied Drwndwn. "Where is hur chief?"

"Chief, blockhead!" replied Burdet. "Dost think an English army is governed like a Welsh rabble, or a Scotch Tail? Come along."

He conducted him to the parlour, where he found Monsieur Caillemotte still in company with Mr. Lloyd and Edward Pendarvis.

"Grand merci!" exclaimed the French officer; "thou hast speed of foot, good fellow. What's the news?"

"The hawks are on the wing," answered Drwndwn. Not a man is left on Moel aelir, nor any hill around."

"Then with the dawn we'll get to horse," replied Monsieur Caillemotte.

"This is good news. Thou wilt go with us, Owain, and thy reward shall be worthy thy peril and service." He went to the door, and called the officer on guard — "Ho, Burdet, send down to Coquincourt, and bid him prepare for march by the first ray of morn. Send to Boggerman also. Have your own company in readiness: it is a general march. And hark, Colonel O'Regan will go with us: let him be mounted."

At the blush of morn, Monsieur Coquincourt found his own division prepared for march; and, in a quarter of an hour after, that under Coquincourt advanced on the road leading from Llancoch to Plas Mawr. They here joined, and the French general pushed on a small body of the Dutch horse to reconnoitre and clear the road. Edward Pendarvis was now clad, and mounted in proper style, and on departing shook the hand of Mr. Lloyd with hearty spirit. At this moment, animated with the hopes of speedily recovering his mistress, his

eye again beamed, and his complexion glowed with some portion of returning health, and the military sounds of drum and trumpet, as the little army moved forward, made him forget his feebleness.

CHAP. V.

" Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam?"

The Task.

THE fortunes of Mademoiselle Caillemotte and her mother must once more come under our consideration; and as they were now blended with those of Lady Pendarvis, our readers are reminded that they form part of our record. We must return therefore to the morning when the French ladies left the house of Mr. Lloyd, and proceeded to Plas Mawr for the purpose of being conveyed to Llanwchlyn. On their arrival at the hall, Madame Caillemotte found the family coach of Mr. Pendarvis prepared for their journey, and Lady Elain and her woman already seated in it. There was no time for greeting: the horses were already harnessed, and in addition to the two which

formed the team of the Lord of Plas Mawr's carriage, another pair was added, which had been borrowed or captured in the neighbourhood. Ten horses, similarly obtained, were provided for the escort, whilst Drwndwn, who acted in the capacity of commander-in-chief, rode on the coach-box beside the driver. The sun was rising as the cavalcade left Plas Mawr; the roads were good; and as Drwndwn, fearful of drawing suspicion upon himself, durst not dally in his journey, in a short time they had left the hall behind them. On their starting, Lady Elain took a last look of the house, and clasping her hands together, threw herself back in the coach, where she remained unable to sustain herself, and unwilling to be comforted. Madame Caillemotte, as usual, made use of every effort to arouse and console her, but to no purpose: she continued in a sort of sullen and stupid abstraction for many hours; and even when the coach stopped at some obscure alehouse by the road

side, distant from any town, and the travellers were for a few minutes suffered to alight whilst the horses were fed, Lady Elain refused to avail herself of the privilege, or to refresh herself with any victuals which were offered her.

As they advanced into the heart of Wales, they approached nearer to, or rather got more perfectly among the higher mountains, which were piled above their heads in magnificent desolation. The lakes and cataracts became more frequent, the views more extensive and more grand, and the whole aspect of the country, from the far-seen Snowden to the lofty Arran Ben lyn, which lay before them, excited the admiration of the French ladies in no ordinary degree. But there was one feature of the country which surprised and displeased Madame Caillemotte and her daughter. Unlike the populous valleys of France, those of Wales were beautiful and desolate. In the course of their day's ride through an extensive tract, the number of persons

they met was astonishingly inconsiderable. The country in its local features, and in its destitution of inhabitants, seemed like Judea when her population was carried away captive to Babylon: scarcely a man remained to look upon the beauty of the land. A decayed abbey, a ruined castle, or a deserted mansion, intimated to the travellers that they were passing through scenes which had once been the haunts of men; but at the same time exhibited convincing evidence that their days of pride and continuance were gone by; that they were no longer in the world, but stood as monuments of their by-gone grandeur and importance.

The dark hues of night had fallen over the earth when the cavalcade approached the celebrated lake, called in the Welsh tongue Llyn Tegid, but in English, Pimblemere, or Bala Pool; and as they passed along its shores, the dimly-seen wave rolled upon the beach with considerable fury, driven by a violent south wind rushing out of the hollows of Arran

Ben lyn. The horses, which had been pushed all day to an excessive speed, were now weary, or, as the gentry of the whip say, mashed up, and with difficulty drew the heavy old carriage along the banks of the lake. The wind howled and shrieked among the clefts of the rocks, threatening a storm; and the sullen murmur or fierce dash of the waves, which seemed to encroach upon the road, conveyed no pleasing sounds to the ears of the travellers. At length the carriage stopped, and its inmates could plainly discern that something impeded their progress, for a loud jabbering took place in the native dialect of the escort, and the voice of Drwndwn was heard in active response.

"What is this?" said Mademoiselle Caillemotte, in some alarm; "why do they stay? what is the matter?"

"Open the window," replied her mother.

She obeyed, and the cool air rushing in awoke Lady Pendarvis from a nap into

which she had fallen. The roar of the water was now heard plainly, and Lady Elain, after listening for a moment to the language of the horsemen and Drwndwn, who still remained on the box, cried "The waters are out — we are lost if we tarry one half hour; the south wind will raise the pool over our horses' heads."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, putting her head to the window. "Coachman, why do you delay? Drive on — use your whip."

"The waters are out before us," replied the coachman; "we shall be lost if we go on."

"We are lost already if you falter a minute," said Lady Pendarvis; "use your whip and get forward."

The coachman no longer daring to hesitate, applied the whipcord to his beasts, and followed the track of the horsemen, who pushed boldly forward. The road here descended into a hollow, and the water rose to the breasts of their steeds, and dashed against the sides of the car-

riage; but the doors being tight, kept it out; and in a few minutes, by an extraordinary exertion, the coach gained a higher part of the road. No time was now lost; the horses were lashed to their utmost speed; and although they were frequently obliged to draw the carriage through hollows where the water was up to the axletree, yet they succeeded in passing the lake, and arriving at the little village of Llanwchlyn, at a short distance from its head. The cavalcade now made a halt, and presently the travellers discerned, by the light of torches, which were held by persons who approached, that they had stopped before the gate of an ancient house, the appearance of which displayed the utmost desolation. Drwndwn alighted from the box, and having opened the carriage door, begged the ladies to enter the house, saying they were arrived at the residence of the mother of Gwyndyr, and entreating them to put confidence in him, and lay aside their fears. This charge, however, ex-

cept in the case of Mrs. Roberts, Lady Pendarvis's woman, was unnecessary. Madame Caillemotte was naturally intrepid, and not to be daunted by appearances, whilst the minds of her daughter and Lady Elain were too strongly occupied by other matters to entertain many fears about their present situation. But the waiting-woman, whose head was filled with 'chimeras dire,' had leisure to peruse the stern and desolate aspect of the mansion and the attendants, and to frighten herself almost into fits with the strength of her apprehension.

The travellers were conducted by the torch-bearers, who crowded forward, into a huge naked hall open to the roof, and whose capacious chimney contained a large fire, which lay upon the hearth. Comforts there seemed none, except the fire itself; and necessaries were scarce. A few high-backed oak chairs and couches, beside a long table or dining-board, of as rude a fashion as can be imagined, were almost the sole articles of

furniture to be seen. At the further side of the chimney, in a chair of large dimensions, sat the mother of Owain Goch, whose figure, of superior height, and whose features, of a stern and awful character, threw Mrs. Roberts into a new paroxysm of tribulation. Seventy years and upwards had rolled over the head of the British matron, whose sight had failed her, and whose thin, gray, unbraided hair hung over her forehead, half concealing the loss she had sustained. With more courtesy than so wild looking a habitation promised, the ancient woman rose to receive her new guests; and her domestics, when she held forth her hand, as if to mark that she recognized the footsteps of strangers, parted and receded from before her like the small waves of the shore driven asunder by some giant billow of the mid deep. Her presence excited the admiration of Madame Caillemotte and her companions, who, before she spake, gazed upon her, upon the

attendants, and the hall, with feelings of great interest.

"You are welcome to Lanwchlyn," she said, in a voice whose sonorous and masculine tones bespoke a habit of command. "Gentle or simple, I bid ye welcome to the hospitality of Wales; such as this poor house will afford, is heartily at your service."

"We are very thankful, my good dame," said Madame Caillemotte, taking upon herself her accustomed office of prolocutor; "we are glad, I assure you, to escape from the waters to your hospitable hearth."

"By the whistle of yon wind, I perceive the waters are out," replied the mother of Gwyndyr. "Men and girls! why stand ye idle; bring wood to the fire, and such fare as ye have, as our house can furnish, bring it with honesty and without shame; quick, let not our guests famish. Come forward to the fire; the winds of autumn blow cold."

This request was by no means unnecessary, for in the barn-like apartment in which they were, the verge of the hearth was the only warm spot; and even Lady Pendarvis suffered herself to be conducted to a chair within the nook adjoining that of their hostess without opposition. Madame Caillemotte next procured seats for her daughter and herself on the opposite side of the chimney, whilst Mrs. Roberts, in a state of utter discomfort and alarm, stood near the chair of her mistress. In a short time the fire was replenished with huge logs of wood, and a repast spread upon the board by the damsels of the house, to which the new guests were invited.

"The board is spread," said the mistress of the house. "Eat in peace; your fare may be less dainty than in your own houses, but it is wholesome, and freely given. I will eat with you."

She arose from her seat, and proceeded without assistance to the table, at the head of which she sat down, and the

ladies having joined her, she encouraged them, both by precept and example, to do justice to her provision. Madame Caillemotte, ever at home, did not delay her obedience, but her daughter and Lady Elain were yet too deeply absorbed in their calamities to accommodate themselves to their situation. In her bon hommie, (if we may take liberty to to use the term,) Madame Caillemotte had no idea of the character of her hostess, to whose solemn and usually impassioned manner her own familiar and easy way bore the strongest contrast. She had no comprehension of the tone of feeling which lurked in the breast of the mother of Gwyndyr, a tone so seldom seen in the world; but ascribed her melancholy and vehemence to her privation of sight, and the querulousness of age; and except that she admired her stature and the mould of her noble features, she deemed of her no otherwise than as of an aged woman of middle rank and unpolished manners;

she therefore treated her with that familiarity which expresses somewhat of condescension to an inferior; and her hostess was not slow in perceiving and marking it.

"Not always hath Madeline Gwyndyr treated her guests so poorly," said she with a mournful countenance. "Forty years have not passed away, since I entertained those who now despise me in damasked chambers. But then I was the Lady Madeline, wife of the honoured knight, Sir Madog Gwyndyr, whose banner floated over the castle of his fathers;—now"—She ceased, and fixed her sightless orbs, whilst her teeth were clenched together, and her dark brow lowered with the frown of resentment and chagrin. But in a few moments her countenance cleared, and she almost smiled as she continued. "But now those whom we served, for whom we lost lands and lives, and who left us to despair, now are they driven to want like ourselves; retribution hath overtaken the

ungrateful. — Who would fight for them that fed the courtier with spoils, and left the warrior to starve? Who? alas! even the sons of those warriors. Owain Gwyndyr now upholds the cause of him who deserted us in our need."

The tone, the manner, the enthusiasm with which the mother of Gwyndyr pronounced this deep expression of her feelings, aroused the attention of Lady Pendarvis and Julie, whilst Madame Caillemotte, who could not comprehend the mysticism of her character, perceived that she was no common woman, but one that demanded reverence and secured respect. She therefore laid aside that display of condescension in which she before indulged, and for one of the few times in her life became suddenly thoughtful and silent, inasmuch as she was unable to hit upon any terms which she conceived adapted to propitiate the severe and melancholy matron. She durst not even look upon the features of Madeline Gwyndyr, whose glazed eyes

still seemed to glare with unearthly speculation, but continued to eat her meal in silent thought, endeavouring anxiously to penetrate a character which to her bore somewhat of an alarming singularity. She was startled from a deep reverie by their hostess pressing them to eat. "Well do I know ye eat like those in security," murmured the heavy voice of Madeline, "like those whom peace and plenty have made dainty and delicate. Had ye lived on the scant and watchfulness of war as long as I have done, your craving would have spoken deeper."

"Well do you speak, Dame Madeline," said Lady Pendarvis; "but scant, and watchfulness, and war are evils that pass away; all here have felt them, else had we not been at Llanwchlyn; but there are things worse than these; famine and fatigue touch only the body; there are plagues which strike and wither the heart."

"And what heart should be sorer than mine?" answered the mother of Owain

Goch. "Is it nothing to fall from gentle rank and affluence to misery, to abject poverty, save when war and rapine help us to live? Is it nothing for the widow of Madog Gwyndyr to be supported out of the spoils of his country? and to see her son, — but mind ye not, he is a brave and a glorious chief, and his fame is not unworthy of his race; but if it was, who is to blame? Have we not sacrificed our all for the race of Stuart; and what have we got? Scorn, ingratitude, and at last revenge — the revenge of noble minds — a renewed call for our services. Ha! we are revenged, though we die naked on the plain."

"Would it not have been wiser to have abandoned the cause of those who abandoned you?" said Lady Pendarvis.

"What! and have changed the faith we learned in childhood!" cried Madeline vehemently. "No! though reduced to what ye see, the children of our house could not say their prayers backwards to the devil; we could not renounce our

ancient ties, and throw ourselves not the arms of our enemies. The battles we have fought with the Whigs are yet recent, our blood has never settled from the strife. Besides, I have a husband's death to revenge, a fortune to regain ; both of these must be at the expense of the enemies of the Stuart, for by them have we suffered."

" And do you expect that the issue of the war will be fortunate to King James?" said Lady Pendarvis.

The ancient woman clasped her hands, and raised her sightless eyes, but made no reply. She arose from the table, and tottering back to her chair, remained for a considerable time silent. The ladies followed her, and retook their seats, whilst those at the table were speedily occupied by Drwndwn and the escort, who now came from the stables, and commenced a tumultuous attack upon the victuals which were left. They were accompanied by an old man bearing a harp, a regular domestic of the house,

who played on his instrument during the whole time Owain and his companions were at their meal; and substituted the sweet sounds of his music for the harsh and jarring notes of their noisy and somewhat waspish mirth. The music seemed to calm the excitement of mind displayed by Dame Madeline; for her features gradually lost that character of agonizing interest which her conversation with Lady Pendarvis had occasioned, and settled down into a sobriety which bespoke peace and satisfaction. The harper touched his instrument with a practised and delicate hand, and ran over the melodies of his native country with a tone of harmony and facility of execution which astonished and delighted the ears of the strangers. Lady Pendarvis and Mademoiselle Caillemotte, who, as our readers are informed, were both mistresses of the gay science, paid particular attention, and the performer, flattered by the notice of so eminent an audience, endeavoured to surpass himself,

and to shew the very utmost that his art could accomplish. Julie thought she had never before heard the harp so well played: she had never before heard it speak so effectively to her feelings. On former occasions it had rung with the music of Italy or France; but though a Frenchwoman, and fond of the highly-wrought compositions then in vogue in the fashionable world, she was sensible none suited the harp so well as the simple, and pathetic, and melodious airs of Cambria.

When Drwndwn and his fellows had finished their meal, and the victuals were removed, the female domestics were allowed to come into the hall, and to seat themselves at a becoming distance from their mistress, that they might enjoy the comforts of the social circle, and listen to the minstrelsy. There is perhaps no country on earth where the people are so fond of music as Wales. All ranks and ages are found among its votaries; and it is rare indeed to find any person who

regards it with aversion or indifference. Lady Pendarvis and her companions were so much taken with the talent of the harper, that they had no mind to retire at present; but that they might afford better accommodation to the domestics, they all took their seats on the same side of the chimney as their hostess, leaving that opposite to the servants, who ranged themselves around the hall with eager and silent expectation, unsatiated by the thousand times they had listened to the melody educed by the same hand from the same instrument. The harper struck the chords wildly, and looked around as if waiting to catch the inspiration of his deity; but his mistress, whose soul had been awakened by her late controversy to the remembrance of warlike themes, chose his performance, and said, "Sing, David Edwards, sing me the 'Warrior's Farewell;' the song recalls to me the parting of Madog Gwyndyr, when he led away his followers to the aid of King

Charles. Sing, harper; the song speaks of a life long of war."

The harper tuned his instrument afresh, and, with elevated eyes, ran over the symphony of a mournful and touching air; he then began to sing, and, with a voice well adapted to his subject, sang the following song:

Hark, that sound! that trumpet sound!
From hill and vale its notes rebound,
And to the warrior echo come,
And leave your flock and mountain home.

Come away! oh, come away!
The martial echo seems to say;
Throw down your staff, and grasp the spear,
For foes advance, and battle's near.

Home, farewell! sweet home, farewell!
I part — no living man can tell,
Who seeks the strife of blood and death,
When he may tread his native heath.

Mountain, and rock, and glen, farewell!
The sparkling lake, the village bell;
Whose morning and whose evening chime
Repeat the tale of youthful prime.

Hours of delight, of love, and peace,
Your reign is past, your transports cease;
With tranquil garb I lay ye by,
And with my arms don cruelty.

"I have seen," said Madeline Gwyndyr, when the song was concluded, "I have seen my whole race summoned to the field, and they have never returned. Last of them, my Owain Goch, parted from me. Shall he return?"

She was answered by a low moaning sound, which was probably caused by the passage of the wind through the wide and comfortless hall, but which she believed to be a preternatural response to her question.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, turning her head in the direction from which the sound came. "Hark! it is the voice of Madog Gwyndyr! he comes from the field of his slaughter to tell me I shall be a childless widow; that my fair Owain shall follow the destiny of his fathers, and fall in war. Is't not so, dark spirit of my husband? Is't not so? speak again."

She raised her gigantic height from her seat, and extended her hand, as if

she would have seized the supposed spirit of her husband, and the sound still continuing, she cried, "Ay, thou sayst it, and so it may be, Madog Gwyndyr, but not for long — not for long — not long will Madeline be the last of her race. No, no, no; there are rocks and lakes; steel and famine."

The language of the mother of Gwyndyr held up to Lady Elain Pendarvis so strong a picture of her own situation, that she became infected with her crazy melancholy, and burst into tears: her sobs were soon heard by Madeline, who said, "Who is it that sheds tears before me? Is there any one hath more cause of sorrow? Is there any one here that has lost father and mother, husband and children, rank and fortune? I had all once. I am bereft of all but Owain."

"It is natural," replied Lady Elain, "for parents to pass away from their children; for that we do not grieve long. We may bear the loss of rank and for-

tune; too well have I learned they make not happiness; but to lose the child of one's love, the only child—"

"Lady Pendarvis, be comforted," said Madame Caillemotte.

"Lady Pendarvis!" cried Madeline; "ay, is it so? Is it the wife of the bold Sir Jorwerth that sits on the hearth of the widow of his friend? Come nearer, Lady Elain; I have heard of you. Sir Madog Gwyndyr and your first husband, for they tell me you are married again, were fast friends; they both perilled their all in the service of King Charles. We lost all; you managed better. I am not envious, Lady Elain; I am glad of your fortune. Sir Jorwerth came out of the strife with a sound body; Sir Madog was left on the field of battle. Sir Jorwerth could marry, live in happiness, and die in his bed; leaving the fortune of his fathers to his son; Sir Madog left his wife and son to subsist on the cold bounty of friends."

"But still you had your son," cried Lady Elain, bursting into a fresh flow of grief.

"Yes, I had him," answered Madeline, wildly; "it was but till the cub grew into the wolf that we received alms from our kindred. The wolf of Ben lyn then left his den, and brought home prey won from the spoilers of his house. The world calls him savage. How was I to educate the son of Sir Madog Gwyndyr? could I form him into a courtier or a scholar without means? his nature — the spirit of his fathers made him a soldier."

"Alas for us!" said Lady Elain.

"Why?" said Madeline; "had not he taken in Plas Mawr, some other must have done it; but no; no other than Owain Gwyndyr durst have lighted the torch of war in Wales. Hark! again do I hear that mournful cry! Dost thou assure me, Madog Gwyndyr, of Owain's death? Dost thou mourn the hero's

fall? Dost thou complain that thy son will die, and thy race become extinct? Ah, woe! woe!"

The harper, for the purpose of assuaging her grief, and tranquillising the frenzied irritation of her soul, struck a few chords of the song he had played; but the fever was yet too high to receive any check from harmony.

"What!" she continued, addressing the Lady of Plas Mawr, with abruptness; "say you you have lost your son? Is the son of Sir Jorwerth dead? Are you too alone in the world?"

Lady Elain answered only by her tears.

"Mourn not; mourn not," pursued Madeline; "those who have sons are not free from care; most of all those whose children are engaged in the business of war. Glory and death walk hand in hand. It is not seldom that we hear of the hero being buried garlanded with the trophies of his valour."

"Weep not, Lady Pendarvis," said

Madame Caillemotte; "let us hope for the favour of heaven; your young Edward may still live."

"And is it still doubtful whether he lives or not?" said their hostess; "mourn not then, Lady Elain; while there is doubt there is hope. Oh! quit not hope; give not yourself to despair; catch at every twig; cling by every branch; never abandon hope; despair has made me her disciple; look what I am."

"Lady Elain's son has for some years been absent," said Madame Caillemotte.

"For many — for twelve long years," said Lady Elain.

"Twelve! let them be twenty, and hope still," cried Madeline. "Let them be thirty, and still hold despair at length of arm. Oh quit not the blue heaven of hope for the dark hell of despair."

"Alas! my hope fails," said Lady Pendarvis; "my mind is weak; I have no strength to support me."

"Yield not, woman, if thou wouldst avoid agony, to which thy fears are

charms," cried the mother of Gwyndyr, "wouldst like to sit and see a lubber fiend ever before thee with scowling brow, and hear his fellows yelling despair into thine ears. Yield not, else thou art mad; believe thy son lives."

"Would that I could!" answered Lady Pendarvis.

"Fear nothing," pursued Madeline; "believe that he lives, hope that he lives; and till thou knowest him dead, the boy lives to thee. The people say Madeline Gwyndyr holds converse with the children of the air. Shall I call down a spirit to tell thee Edward Pendarvis still treads the earth?"

A note sharp and shrill rang from the harp through the hall, and electrified the company, all of whom, except the French ladies, rose from their seats.

"Hark!" cried Madeline, while a kind of prophetic frenzy animated her countenance; "hark! thy son lives; my life on the omen, thy son lives. A viewless spirit announces his being; ever hath the

harp been an instrument whereon the children of air have noted their warnings; ever hath the cheerful tone been for happiness. Rejoice, lady of Plas Mawr, rejoice, the son of thy love is in the land of the living."

Lady Pendarvis clasped her hands together and prayed silently. As our readers have before observed, she was some little tinctured with superstition, which was, perhaps, as much the offspring of her melancholy, as the effect of the national habits and prejudices of her country. At this time science in Wales, and indeed throughout Great Britain, had not generally made such advances as to dispel those prejudices which had arisen in a darker age. A belief in witchcraft *et præstigiis dæmonum* was still prevalent among some of the best informed and most learned men; and little therefore is it to be wondered at that, amidst the retirement of a mountainous and romantic country, and among a people peculiarly inclined by their nature, their habits, and

traditions to entertain superstitions, the mind of a woman like Lady Pendarvis, so enervated by melancholy, should be disposed to admit of preternatural admonitions.* Even Madame Caillemotte and her daughter, educated in France, where the sun of science was fast dissipating the mists of superstition, were somewhat disturbed by the confidence with which all persons present seemed to regard the note of the harp as indicating a superhuman warning; and when they beheld the countenance of Lady Pendarvis change its accustomed sorrowful livery for a garb of satisfaction, which they could not ascribe to any other cause than her chiming in with the general belief, the pity with which they had regarded what they supposed to be the madness of their hostess,

* Among the superstitions of the Welsh, there was none more strongly believed than that 'weal or woe' was announced by the voluntary ringing of the harp; and that which was perhaps occasioned by the instrument being placed in a current of air, where the wind would act upon it, as upon the wires of the Æolian lyre, was ascribed to the agency of disembodied spirits.

turned into astonishment and confusion; and they felt as if they had entered upon a new world, where the inhabitants were mingled and held converse with the spirits of the dead. The lovely Julie shuddered as she reflected on that alliance which would have bound her to this mysterious people, and she inwardly offered up her prayers for a speedy deliverance from the horrors of her situation. Some time elapsed before order could be restored among the domestics, who, though accustomed to the belief of such omens, always trembled at their presence. The harper himself, whose breast was a repository of superstition, seemed for some minutes doubtful whether he should touch his instrument, being perhaps fearful that he should encounter some viewless hand upon the strings which might resent his rivalship. But at length the mistress of the house ordered a clear hall; and the retainers and servants retired, accompanied by the man of song.

"You will sleep hardly to night, Lady

Elain," said Madeline; "here is not the downy comfort and splendour of Plas Mawr, neither can I afford ye all separate beds."

"We shall do well together," said Lady Elain. "How say you, Madame Caillemotte and fair Julie?"

"Tout de bon," answered the mother of Julie.

"Better together than apart," said Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Fear not, young woman," said their hostess; "if the young fear, what terrors shall affright the aged? Fear not, you are under the roof of Madeline Gwyndyr; never hath my inmate suffered wrong: cheerless and melancholy to those who have lived in luxury may your lodging seem, but it is as secure as the closet of a king, or the cell of a priest."

"We shall be quite at ease, good madame," said the elder French lady, with something of her usual gaiety; "the wife and daughter of a soldier have endured worse accommodations than this

good house will afford. We are all much bound to you for your kindness; and I trust a time will arrive when Monsieur Caillemotte may show his grateful acceptance of your courtesy. Seldom are captives treated so honourably."

"Captives are ye now," answered the mother of Gwyndyr, "for Owain hath sent ye here under that title; but why, I know not. Seldom are women made the spoils of war; but fear nothing, he shall do ye justice, at least if I have any power over his spirit."

She then called one of her female attendants, a tall fair-haired savage, who, but for the difference of garb, strongly resembled an ancient British female. The superior stature, the unconfined limbs, the dishevelled hair, and free carriage of this mountain nymph, would have graced the hall of Cassibelan, as well as that of Madeline Gwyndyr. Seizing a lamp which had been provided for the accommodation of their guests, the girl beckoned them to follow her, which,

after bidding a good night to their hostess, they did, and were conducted by a staircase of immense breadth to an ancient lodging-room on the first story. The chamber was provided with two beds, an old press or wardrobe, and a small table, upon which the savage deposited her lamp, and with a broad grin, instead of "bon repos," disappeared. A large wood fire, which had probably been lighted to air the room, blazed in the chimney, and lent an air of cheerfulness to the otherwise desolate and dismal apartment; and on examining the beds, the ladies were pleased to find, that, although coarse, the bedding displayed the national cleanliness, and to persons who had undergone so much fatigue and anxiety as they had, offered a very grateful and comfortable accommodation.

CHAP. VI.

"Hail to the Spirit of the rugged hills!
Hail to the Genius of the murm'ring woods!
Hail to the Naiad of the mountain rills!
Hail to the Guardian of these crystal floods!"

FRANCIS DUKINFIELD ASTLEY.

A GOOD night's rest, which the ladies enjoyed, notwithstanding the novelty and unpleasantness of their situation, and the scenes which they had witnessed, restored their spirits, and they descended to the hall refreshed both in body and mind. They found their hostess fixed in her chair, as if she had not stirred from it during the night, but her countenance exhibited no traces of that mental fever which she had laboured under on the preceding evening. She was comfortably and cleanly clothed, and her features displaying the remains of majestic beauty, would have made an excellent counterpart to the picture of the blind Belisarius.

In a short time, however, her guests perceived that a cloud hung over her. She saluted them with kindness and courtesy; but she was not, as before, animated and loquacious. Her mind appeared to be coiled up within itself, to brood over some secret uneasiness, which she wished to conceal, and to have entirely renounced that ultra candour and sensibility which before induced her to expose her griefs, and parade them to the world. Their morning meal was disposed of silently, and when it was concluded, Madeline excused herself, saying she had business which demanded her presence. But on quitting the hall, she turned round with returning cordiality, and said, "The morning is fine, you are strangers to our country, and would perhaps like to walk."

"Nothing could be more agreeable," replied Madame Caillemotte.

"I will provide you a guide," returned their hostess. "Drwndwn you already know, and he shall attend you."

The broken-nosed hero shortly made his appearance, accompanied by two other men, and the ladies, trusting to his guidance, followed him into the grounds belonging to the ancient mansion of Llanwchlyn. Pleasure grounds there were none, nor any which seemed likely to compensate for their want of ornament by an appearance of profitableness. A few meadows, of a wet and cold aspect, lay around the house, extending into heathy pastures, which ended in peat soil and moorland. The stock of the farm was of a sort well adapted for such a state of cultivation: it consisted of half-a-dozen little Welsh cows, several hundred horned, long tailed, and black-faced sheep (such as at this day are mightily prized upon the table), and about a score of rough hairy creatures that seemed of a mixed breed between the horse and the bear. In addition to these, flocks of goats and geese might be seen picking up an excursive livelihood over the farm, and making out the detail

of a picture, looking at it with the eye of a cultivator, meagre, poverty-stricken, and miserable. The ladies had now also a better view of the house than on their arrival, and found the building to be of much greater extent than they had conceived. It was a random structure, formed of unhewn and unequal stones, and consisted of several piles of building, of more than common height, being at least three stories elevation. An attempt had been made to improve its exterior, by giving it a coat of lime; but the work had been so badly and ineffectually done, that a considerable part of the plaster had fallen off, and left the walls more rugged and forlorn than before. At one time it appeared, from the existing reliques, there had been gardens and an orchard attached to the mansion; but neglect had suffered both flowers and trees to be choked with weed, to rot away, and be trampled on and destroyed by the cattle. Such was the home view of the residence of Gwyndyr — all was

misery, wretchedness, desolation. But the ladies had merely to raise their eyes, to turn from Llanwchlyn to the country around, to contemplate the work of the Deity instead of the labour or idleness of man, and their eyes were fascinated with the beauty of the scene. Hill and vale, wood and water, the rugged rock and the tremendous mountain, the glassy lake and the precipitous cataract were spread before them — the picture of the sublime artist, whose sketches are beyond imitation. The lofty Arrenigs, the barren Ben lyn, the treble-peaked Cader Idris, were all within sight, surrounding the landscape with an outline and an horizon of indescribable magnificence. Every step they advanced, some new beauty opened upon their eyes, or some deformity (for deformity has the power of exciting interest) aroused their wonder. The clear lake of Bala, whose waters were now fallen within their accustomed banks, with its gently-rising shores, exhibited a picture of repose which charmed

the imagination, whilst the rocky rampart at its head, the towering Arran Ben lyn, frowned over the crystal mirror in all the horrors of desolation. At a distance, on the side of the mountain, Drwndwn pointed out to the ladies the mountain retreat of Owain Goch, Corndochon.

"That is the wolf's hold," said Drwndwn, with a grin; "there be few hunters durst track hur to earth. Let Owain Goch get there, and hur will set Callimot at defiance."

"Caillemotte!" exclaimed the elder lady of that name. "How Caillemotte! what mean you?"

"Does hur not know the news that's come from Llancoch?" said Drwndwn; "it has followed us speedily."

"We know nothing," said Julie, with great earnestness. "What news have you? tell us, good man, it concerns us nearly."

"Then the dame did not tell ye?" said Owain.

"She told us nothing," answered Madame Caillemotte; "she was sad and silent this morning, much more than last night."

"No marvel," said Drwndwn; "hur is too near Owain Goch to be glad of the news. Truth to tell, Callimot is down upon Llancoch with his Orange-men, and the chief is like to be hard pushed."

"Mon mari! merveilleux!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, with unbridled satisfaction.

"Julie, ma bru — êtes-vous éveillé? Julie! mon cher enfant, entendez-vous? vous êtes en sureté. I give you joy, Lady Elain; once more are we free and safe."

"Not yet — scarcely yet," replied Lady Pendarvis, whose spirit was neither so buoyant nor so sanguine as that of her friend. "Rejoice not too soon; the chances of war are many and hazardous."

"Chances! ma chere amie!" rejoined

the mother of Julie, with an air of invincible confidence. "La Caillemotte will soon give a good account of the Jacobites. These mountain soldiers are ignorant of the art of war, of which he is a complete master. We shall see them presently dropping in over the hills at a quick march.— Courage, friends, our captivity will be short."

"Best hide hur gladness from the mother of Owain Goch," whispered Drwndwn. "Hur passion up, and the steel to hur hand. Further, silence every where is best; Gwyndyr's followers are jealous for their chief."

Drwndwn took the opportunity of urging this advice as they walked upon the shore of the lake, his two comrades having descended towards its margin, where they remained some time out of ear shot.

"What is become of your party, then?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"They are at the tower," replied Owain; "they will hold it as long as they can, and then take to the mountains

— there was some hot work before the town was won — there will be hotter before the tower's lost. The chief sent off a messenger from the field to hur mother, that hur might not hear news worse than the truth."

Further conversation of so interesting a nature was interrupted by the return of the stragglers, who threw themselves on a knoll beside the party, and gazed at them. Like two hounds, awaiting the arousing command or caress of their master, the mountaineers looked wistfully into the faces of the ladies, apparently eager to shew their attention and obedience. At this moment a bird got up at a considerable distance, but it was soon descried by the hawkeyed hillsmen, one of whom (both being armed with fowling pieces) levelled his gun, fired, and the bird fell. Whilst Madame Caillemotte and her companions were yet in astonishment at the shot taking effect so far off, the sportsman fetched his game, and ran grinning with it to Mademoiselle

Caillemotte. The bird was quite dead, having received one shot in the middle of the head.

"A good shot, Gruffydd," said Drwndwn; "and a fine bird, fit for a lord's table."

"What call ye the bird?" said Madame Caillemotte, holding out her hand in a defensive posture, as if afraid that it would bite her.

"In English, hur calls it grouse," answered Drwndwn; "hur has eat grouse?"

"Grouse!" said Madame Caillemotte; "oh yes, and goose too; they are both very good."

Even Lady Pendarvis could not help smiling at the ignorance of the French lady; but she covered her amusement by turning to Gruffydd, and giving him a piece of money, an example which was followed by Julie, and which made the mountaineer show his white teeth. Madame Caillemotte, fearful that the jealousy or dislike of Gruffydd's comrade

might be awakened by this partiality, drew out her purse, and giving him two pieces, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "There, young man, Gruffydd is the sportsman of those two ladies; you shall be mine. What is his name, Monsieur Owain?"

"Bwa bach, in the Saxon tongue the little hunch-back," replied Drwndwn; "when a lad, hur fell from a crag and broke hur back."

"Hur name is Jeuan," said the man, who disliked that cognomen which accurately described his personal deformity. "Where fell Owain when hur broke hur nose?"

"Monsieur Jeuan," said Madame Caillemotte, "I retain you as my sportsman in ordinary whilst we remain in your department, and I will wage somewhat, that you are as good a shot as Gruffydd. We shall see which hath his game-bag best stored."

"Ha, Gruffydd will not bet," said

Drwndwn; "Bwa bach is the best shot in the chief's following; hur would hit a shilling as far off as the stars."

"Is this true, Gruffydd?" said Julie Caillemotte; "can you not shoot with Jeuan?"

"No man can shoot with Jeuan," answered Gruffydd, shaking his head; "hur shot is mortal."

The hunch-back grinned at the involuntary recognition of his superior skill as a marksman; and the party bent their steps homeward. They were proceeding along the bank of the lake, when, at a little distance from them, they heard the notes of a harp; and on turning a projecting bank, overgrown with broom and heath flowers, they beheld, reclining on a sunny sward, the old harper, who, when he saw them, ceased his melody.

"Ha, de bon heure, here is our musician!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, seating herself beside him. "Play: cease not for us. Lady Pendarvis, Julie, be seated; music is better heard in such a

scene as this than in the salon of a professor. What kind of harp call you this? the tones are sweet, but it is unlike the harps now used."

"Telyn, the old harp of Wales," answered the bard.

"And have you regular music?" said Madame Caillemotte; "do you play by note, or by ear?"

The old man did not reply, but a smile of gentle contempt passed over his furrowed countenance as he began to play one of the beautiful airs of his country.

"Ha! I suppose you have some science," said Madame Caillemotte; "very beautiful! very fine indeed! wonderful! exquisite! melodious! touching! ah, I am ravished! Do your hear, Julie? mark that swell, that fall."

Whilst the harper played, she continued to utter such ejaculations as the foregoing, whilst Mademoiselle Caillemotte and Lady Pendarvis listened with silent pleasure to the magical tones of

the mountain harp. Drwndwn and his comrades lay in front of the bard, and gazed upon his ancient visage with feelings of rapture and reverence, the melody thrilling through their souls. Even the hard large grey eye of the hunchback, whose feelings had hitherto appeared cynical and stony, was moistened with delight, and he grinned and breathed short and hard, enchanted by the wizard of the harp.

"This piece of music is by some foreign composer," said Madame Caillemotte, when the harper ceased; "that science is not so far advanced in this country as to produce such chefs-d'œuvre as this."

"It is mine own, lady," answered the bard, with conscious elevation. "My fingers are now stiff with age; I play not as I used; the patrons of music are gone away; the nobles of the land — the princes of Wales have left us; the office of the bard is no more."

"Chut, chut," replied Madame Caille-

motte with great naïveté; "you play very well; don't disparage yourself. I have heard worse performers whose pretensions were greater."

"The gate of the noble was formerly ever open to the harper," continued the musician, without noticing the icy commendation of Madame Caillemotte; "his strains were thought worthy the ears of lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen; now —"

"Ha! now they run after Lulli and the Italians," said the elder French lady; "but courage, friend, there are some of the ancient school who prefer the tones of the old minstrelsy to all the fantastic improvements of the new."

"Say you the piece we have just heard is your own composition?" said Julie Caillemotte to the harper, with a voice full of friendliness.

"It is, young lady," answered the minstrel; "it is one of the last airs of one of the last harpers of Wales. Soon will his head be low."

"May he live long to teach others his delightful art!" said Mademoiselle Caillemotte. "The strains we have heard were beautiful, and displayed a profound acquaintance with those tones which vibrate along the heart. I shall count another day of happiness, since I have heard so exquisite a melody."

"Your praises overrate my poor abilities," replied the harper, modestly. "The minstrel who touches the feelings of others must have a heart capable of tender impressions; mine is a stone."

"Minstrel, misfortunes have broken down your spirits," said Lady Elain, "but they cannot pluck out your heart; they cannot steal the treasures of your melody; the music that is within thy soul may not be ravished away like the gold within thy purse. Sorrow and the heavy hand of mishap may for a moment deaden the sound, but the chord will full soon ring out clear, and make harmony as beautiful as ever."

"The chord has been struck too

rudely," murmured the old man, with a gentle shake of the head. "I am unfit to sing the songs of my youth."

"Point du tout," cried Madame Caillemotte, who had no capacity for entering into the sentiments of the harper. "Madame Gwyndyr and her domestics have too long lived in melancholy. We will exert ourselves to expel these megrims; you shall sing some songs that Julie will teach you, and I will help her out; and she will instruct you in some of the Italian music."

"I am too old to learn any music but that of my country," answered the old man, with a sigh; "I am too old to desire to learn."

"Despair not; days of peace may come again," said Lady Elain; "hours of joy that may demand your harp in the restored hall of your lord."

"Never, never," returned the minstrel, with sudden animation; "the day is past; Owain Goch can never sit in the seat of Sir Madog Gwyndyr; Owain Goch

can never represent the princess of Gwynedd. The house of Gwyndyr is fallen; I saw it fall when I beheld the morion of Sir Madog cleaved by the sword of a foe. Oh! that his fate had been mine on that fatal day."

The harper seized his instrument, and with trembling hands ran over a fierce and hurried tune with an earnestness and vehemence which appeared at once to give vent and ease to his feelings; for the music became gradually slower and softer, until it subsided into an indefinite touch of the strings, without connection, though not without harmony. The ladies could not forbear regarding the harper with eyes of curious admiration; for his mind seemed entirely abstracted from what was around him, and to be absorbed in the contemplation of matters of, to him, a higher and more interesting character. In him Lady Elain Pendarvis, who was a great enthusiast after the manners and feelings of generations

gone by, saw, or thought she saw, the last representative of those minstrels of chivalry, who, attached to noble families, followed their fortunes in both prosperous and evil times; and who, after having hung over the bed of death of their beloved patrons, only endured life to emblazon their glory and their virtues. The high talent, the elevated tone, the reverend aspect, and the dignified manners of the minstrel, preserved a strict resemblance to the half historical, half fictious personages which filled the imagination of the lady of Plas Mawr; and his poetic eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," begat some portion of awe as well as of admiration in her breast, and she resolved, if ever she returned to her home, she would offer him an asylum there. Fraught with this idea, she turned to the harper and said, "Minstrel, if any thing but good should befall the last remnant of the house of Gwyndyr, seek Plas Mawr; if I live thou shalt not want comfort in thy grey hairs."

"Noble is the house of Pendarvis, noble, thrice noble, is the Lady Elain," answered the grateful musician; "when the walls of Llanwchlyn are green, the chimney dark, and Lady Madeline's chair empty; when fair Owain is with his fathers, I will seek a shelter under the roof of Plas Mawr. Long may the generous heart live; long may the race of Pendarvis flourish."

"You speak like a seer," said Lady Pendarvis; "know you the future? what likelihood is there of Edward Pendarvis being yet alive?"

"I am no prophet, lady," answered the harper; "experience and judgment alone guide me."

"Would the Lady Elain hear hur speak?" said Drwndwn; "hur is the son of the widow Ogwen, who knew what was to come; the son of the widow Ogwen, who said Watkin Pendarvis would be childless."

"Ha! I remember the fearful denun-

ciation," answered Lady Elain; "are you the widow's son?"

"Hur is Owain, the son of Ogwen," answered Drwndwn.

"Speak," said Lady Elain; "said thy mother ought of my boy's fate?"

"Did hur not?" replied Owain; "did hur not say Edward Pendarvis would return to reclaim hur right? ay, ay, many a time; and hur will return, and soon; the hour's at hand."

"How know'st thou?" said Lady Elain; "the speech of thy mother was perhaps but conjecture."

"Hark! and ye shall hear," replied Drwndwn; "it was the last time hur saw the widow that hur spoke, when the fear of the law drove hur to the hills with Owain Goch. Ogwen's heart was bursting, but hur eyes blazed as hur thought of hur persecutor, Pendarvis. 'Hur now is master,' said Ogwen; 'hur now triumphs, the heir of Plas Mawr is lost. Pendarvis thinks the lad dead and gone; but Jorwerth shall come back; the house

shall not fail. Jorwerth shall return to pull false Watkin out of the seat of his fathers.' "

" Peace, peace," cried Lady Elain, whose superstition was almost mastered by her indignation at hearing her husband so vituperated; " I will not hear words so offensive."

But Owain, without paying any attention to her anger, proceeded: " Hur once and again said to hur mother, will Jorwerth Pendarvis indeed come back, and when, or does the widow Ogwen think more of shewing hur passion than the truth? 'Truth!' she cried, 'it is the truth of heaven. It is as true as that King James shall lose his crown; and that's strange. In the same war that rives Britain from King James, Jorwerth Pendarvis shall regain Plas Mawr.' "

" Merveilleux!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, incredulously; " said she any thing else?"

" Hur said many things," replied Owain. " Did hur not say Watkin Pen-

darvis would be childless? Is not hur saying true?"

"Ha, my friend," replied Madame Caillemotte, "it is possible that one may guess the truth and be no prophet."

"Sink not the name of the widow Ogwen," cried Drwndwn, passionately, "what hur said is true. Folk say Jorwerth Pendarvis has been seen in Wales since the war begun."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Lady Elain, falling insensible to the earth. The two ladies flew to her assistance, and having sprinkled her brow with water from the lake, she revived. On recovering her recollection, she burst into a passionate fit of tears and said, "Who said Edward Pendarvis was alive and in Wales? where is this deceiver? Ah, fellow, make thy words good and I will load thee with gold. Where gottest thou thy news? In the name of heaven and humanity, hold me not in suspense. Is it true that Edward Pendarvis has been seen of late? Though thou art rough

and followest our captor, yet be not savage and ruthless; oh relieve a mother's heart, as thou didst love thine own mother."

The fervency of this address somewhat disconcerted Drwndwn, who durst not make an open confession in the presence of the followers of Gwyndyr, lest it might get to his ears, and his conduct with regard to Edward Pendarvis draw down upon him the weight of Owain Goch's revenge. He had been anxious, however, to relieve the oppression under which Lady Pendarvis laboured, and had therefore revealed to her what he pretended to be the prediction of his mother of her son's return; although to the words which she had used, as known around Plas Mawr, he had added a new prophecy of the deposition or abdication of King James. But the incredulity of Madame Caillemotte ruined his good intention, and he perceived that, unless he came nearer the mark, he had laboured in vain; and he therefore threw out

that insinuation which so highly excited the feelings and passions of Lady Pendarvis. Her sensibility, upon which he had by no means calculated, brought him into a new dilemma, and he was a long time before he could hit upon the means of extricating himself without entirely destroying those hopes he had raised; at length believing that if he said he had received his information from the vicar of Llancoch, he should appease the passion and confirm the hopes of Lady Elain, without in any manner endangering himself, he replied to her passionate address, by saying that Mr. Lloyd had told him Edward Pendarvis had been seen within the last three months."

"Seen where? seen by whom!" exclaimed Lady Elain, raising her hands in astonishment; "not by Mr. Lloyd! the worthy vicar would have informed me of such an event, if even my son had been barbarous enough to forget his mother."

"Good truth is it hur believes," replied Drwndwn; "but folk say Edward Pendarvis follows the steps of hur fathers,

that hur is the follower of King James, and hur may well keep in the dark for fear of the treachery of hur kinsman Watkin."

"Thy tale is false," returned the Lady of Plas Mawr; "it bears the image of falsehood; why did not Edward Pendarvis appear when your party was uppermost, if he were a partisan of King James?"

Owain shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Hur can give no account of whys and wherefores; all hur knows is what hur has said, and if it's not true, the more shame rests on the knaves that made the tale, but hur believes it for all that."

"But there is no likelihood, there is no probability in thy story," said Lady Elain. "Is it possible that Edward Pendarvis should suffer me to wear away so many years in deploring his loss, and he in health, and able to communicate to me tidings of his existence? never; I cannot believe it."

"The truth is easily known," replied Drwndwn; "but send to Mr. Lloyd and see."

"And how is that to be done?" said Lady Elain; "he shall be well rewarded that will bear my message to Llancoch."

"Drwndwn is already tired of a quiet life," said the broken-nosed hero; "with Lady Madeline's consent, hur will bear the message to Llancoch hurself, and see what the chief is doing; if hur cannot return, hur will contrive some way of sending Master Lloyd's answer."

"I will ask the dame's permission instantly," said Lady Elain; "if money or entreaties can buy thine absence, thou shalt have liberty to go. Come, friends, let us hasten to the widow and beg her charity."

The ladies arose from their mossy seats, and willing to gratify the eager impatience of Lady Pendarvis, made all possible haste to regain the mansion. They found Madeline in her usual station; and from the cloudiness of her counte-

nance, both Madame Caillemotte and her daughter augured unfavourably of her answer to Lady Elain's request. She did not seem to remark their entrance, but sat sternly silent, wrapped in a mood of more than common melancholy; whilst her attendants, who respected her changes of mind, stole about the hall with as noiseless a tread as possible. From this dismal reverie she was aroused by the lady of Plas Mawr, who, with a high voice, and great emotion, related to her the tidings which she had received from Drwndwn, and begged her permission for his instant departure.

"I can ask this of you, Dame Madeline," exclaimed Lady Elain, "with the better grace, since you are also a mother, and can conceive my feelings at my son thus rising from the dead; say then that Owain shall go directly; bid him make speed of foot to relieve the suspense of a mother's heart."

"Peace! peace!" interrupted the widow of Sir Madog, "he cannot go."

"Cannot go!" cried Lady Pendarvis, in the highest astonishment.

"Be at peace, woman," replied Madeline, sternly; "he shall not go. Owain Gwyndyr hath set him at Llanwchlyn; the soldier must not quit his post."

"Oh heaven! this is indeed strange and barbarous!" cried Lady Pendarvis.

"Why, yes," answered the old woman with a grim smile; "here we are all barbarians; 'tis much that here you should expect civility."

"But if Owain may not quit Llanwchlyn," said Lady Pendarvis, "let some other, I pray ye, bear my message to Mr. Lloyd; some one of inferior worth to ye, a shepherd, a cow-boy will serve my turn."

"What should we do with shepherds, and cow-boys, that have neither sheep nor kine?" answered the blind woman; "here all are soldiers, and we have not a child to spare."

"Ruthless woman, your ill fortune is deserved," said Lady Pendarvis, in bitterness of heart.

The mother of Gwyndyr put her hand in her breast, and the hilt of a dagger revealed itself to Lady Elain, who nevertheless did not retire; but the laws of hospitality prevailed over the workings of revenge, and Madeline drew her hand, unarmed, from her bosom.

"Why should I expose the life of my child," said Dame Gwyndyr, in as calm and steady a tone as she could command, "to satisfy you that your son is alive; woman, your soul is dead. Were Owain Goch to neglect me as long as the son of Sir Jorwerth has done thee, though my heart should burst and my brain madden to recall him, I would not see the wretch, though he knelt at the threshold of my door a year for pardon. Weak, foolish woman! take counsel, seek not him that loves thee not; thou wilt better bear the absence than the presence of an ungrateful child."

This retort put the finishing stroke to the trouble of Lady Elain, who burst into tears and lamentations. Julie hastened

to console her, whilst her mother, stung to the quick at the inhumanity of Dame Madeline, was only restrained from assailing her with reproaches by the remembrance of Drwndwn's caution, and what she had herself perceived of her violent temper, from exciting which she feared dreadful consequences. She could not help regarding the ancient crone, who sat muttering to herself, with new curiosity and alarm; and she fancied that under the noble exterior of their hostess, she could detect a lurking cruelty and bloodthirstiness. And her suspicions were strongly confirmed by the expressions which occasionally Dame Gwyndyr uttered aloud, as if unconscious or careless of the presence of the ladies.

"Owain Goch in danger!" she exclaimed, grasping fiercely the side of her chair, "and I must be troubled about the lives and the cares of others! I must peril any chance to satisfy another's anxiety; no, let her rest in the same fear as I do; not a hand that can raise a knife

or pull a trigger for Owain's defence shall quit his post. Must others' fears be removed at our expense?"

"I meant not that," replied Lady Elain; "would your son were as secure as I wish him?"

"Ha! Pendarvis is a Whig, an Orangeman," returned Madeline, "a deserter, an apostate, a rebel."

"I do not wish to diminish the number of those that guard your house," said Lady Pendarvis, "but at least suffer me to hire some messenger in the village who will do this errand."

"None, not a soul," replied the inflexible woman; "now do I fear treachery; Drwndwn cannot read, and you would send some note to the enemy of our undefended state. Ho, Owain."

"Hur is at hand," replied Drwndwn, who stood at the door.

"Come hither," said Dame Gwyndyr. "These women would corrupt thee with gold, and sell us to the foe. See thou do them no office, however small, as

thou wilt answer thy chief's vengeance and mine — dost thou hear?"

"Hur hears," answered Owain, retiring.

"And think ye not to triumph in the downfal of Owain Goch," continued Madeline, to the ladies; "your lives will be caution for his, and I trow ye are good bail. The Prince of Orange will scarcely put your lives in jeopardy to cut off a poor mountaineer?"

"Madame, you mistake," replied the wife of Monsieur Caillemotte; "King William will consult his own glory and the interest of his people; against these powerful requisitions, the lives of a few women can weigh nothing. The lives of myself and my daughter are heartily at his service."

"Full soon have ye fallen into this courtly cant, which means nothing," cried their hostess; "but the trial will come when your note will change."

The kindliness of disposition which the widow of Sir Madog Gwyndyr evinced

to her guests on their first arrival, seemed now entirely departed. The ill news which had reached her from her son, and for which she seemed to be quite unprepared, broke up the sunny quiet of her thoughts, and threw her into a fever, to which she was unhappily too much accustomed. She now feared for the life of her son, and a hardened and inhuman carelessness for the feelings of others, and a jealousy of treachery, were induced by this dread of the privation of her last and only comfort. Her mind exhibited an image of the ocean, upon which, in a calm, one may peacefully slumber, but which winds lash into fury, and cause to threaten the mariner with destruction. And it was as vain to fight against the rage of the hurricane, as against the violence of Madeline, whom opposition excited to greater lengths, and whom submission alone could calm. For the few words of anger which passed between Lady Pendarvis and her of Llanwchlyn were fixed in

her mind, and might have caused some act of blood, if the remembrance of her country's hospitality, and the fear of staining her name with the breach of it, had not interposed to prevent it. As it was, however, she could no longer bear the company of Lady Elain and her friends; but confined them to their own apartment, and charged Drwndwn with the duty of holding them under guard. Upon this, Lady Pendarvis relapsed into sickness and despondency, from which all the endeavours of Madame Caillemotte and Julie could not arouse her. On the night of the third day of their close confinement, Drwndwn made his appearance at the door of their chamber, which he entered cautiously, and closed after him; and whilst the ladies were yet in suspense of his intention, he approached them and said, "Hur is going to Llancoch, and will bear hur message to Master Lloyd."

"Heaven be praised; then Dame Madeline relents," said Lady Elain.

"Not hur," replied Drwndwn; "Dame Madeline would slit hur weasand if hur knew. But the son of Ogwen cannot lie here idle, and Jorwerth Pendarvis be in danger. Hur lives; the son of Sir Jorwerth lives; and hur has seen hur with hur own eyes; though hur durst not say so before Jeuan and hur fellow. It was Owain struck the harp to give hur note of it."

At this information, Lady Elain swooned; and Drwndwn, fearing detection if he stayed to relate more, for he heard a noise upon the staircase, quitted the room. The lady of Plas Mawr soon recovered her health and spirits; the existence of her son, which she now firmly credited, being a more efficacious restorative than all the smiles of Madame Caillemotte, and all the cares and attentions of her daughter. The desertion of Drwndwn was not discovered by Madeline until the following day; and she naturally concluded that he had been bribed to his defection by Lady Pen-

darvis. With this she keenly reproached them, and added to their confinement the unpleasing presence of a watch, one of her female attendants, who remained constantly in their apartment.

CHAP. VII.

" Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Several days passed on without furnishing the prisoners with any new occasion of sorrow or joy. The presence of the fair-haired savage that kept watch over them could not restrain Lady Pendarvis from talking of her son, nor Madame Caillemotte of her husband, whose military experience she was convinced would soon enable him to drive Owain Goch across the mountains, and release them from captivity. Nor would she listen to the doubts and fears of Lady Elain, whose ignorance of military affairs and unnerved mind rendered her captious and imbecile. It happened, very unfortunately for the lady of Plas

Mawr, that Drwndwn had been interrupted several times in attempting to acquaint her with his knowledge of the existence of her son; and even when at length he stole an opportunity, the fear of being detected by the person on the staircaise, prevented him from calling the French ladies to confirm his evidence, which he could easily have done, by informing them that Edward Pendarvis and Gaston Delafosse were the same person. Had this discovery been made, the captives would have found a new interest in each other, and a never-ending theme to fill up the dreariness of their captivity. But it was otherwise ordained, and it is our business to relate matters as they happened. As it was, the certainty of Edward Pendarvis's life, and his occupation of some post in the Jacobite interest, gave rise to many speculations among the ladies as to his rank and character. Madame Caillemotte, who prided herself upon the hopes and consolations she had always held out to Lady

Pendarvis as a sort of prophetic foresight, proceeded to say that she was assured his mother would not find him in any situation misbecoming his birth; and although she could not forbear condemning him for entering into the service of the abdicated monarch, yet she highly eulogized that independence of spirit which induced him to seek out his own fortune without assistance from his friends. In conversation of this sort the ladies passed away their time, occasionally relieving the occupation with a look out of the window towards Lyn Tegid, or in making out the figures on the faded tapestry, which constituted part of the remains of the splendour of the castle of Gwyndyr.

On the morning of the fifth day after the departure of Drwndwn, the ladies were awoke by the sound of horns, the shouts of men, and the tramp of a multitude. Madame Caillemotte first sprang from her bed, with the expectation of finding her husband in possession of the mansion; but on throwing aside the cur-

tain of the chamber, and looking through the window, she beheld the wild and disorderly soldiery of Owain Goch, a considerable number of whom were grouped in front of the house, whilst others dropped in from the road. Their appearance was that of a routed force; for although most of them were armed, yet their equipments were torn and travel-stained; they were poor and meagre-looking, and not at all, as Madame Caillemotte thought, fit to contend against the valiant aud disciplined veterans of her husband.

"Rise, rise," she exclaimed, "Madame, Julie! rise quickly. I am a true prophet. Caillemotte has driven the rebels in; the court is full of them, and a dolorous company they are; they have more the look of beasts of prey than people of arms; they are coming in from all quarters. Ma foi! Caillemotte is not far behind; he will put them to a quick march."

"Do you see Mr. Pendarvis among them?" said Lady Elain, timidly.

"No; I do not observe any leader yet," answered Madame Caillemotte. "Monsieur Pendarvis is behind with their chief, as they call him; that boisterous man. Ha, Julie! we need not fear him and his odious love any longer. He will be pretty well tamed, I believe."

"The wolf is to be feared when he turns to bay," replied her daughter; "let us not rejoice too soon."

"Chut! badinage," returned her mother; "we will draw the wolf's teeth by and by. Here they come again. Ah, there is the brigand that commanded the guard at Plas Mawr; Dys-girnin, I think they called him; he had a great hankering to plunder the house, and was little pleased at the order of his chief which prohibited it; he is like a fox that, having alarmed the country, is driven back to his mountain den, and listens for his pursuers."

"Still do you not see Mr. Pendarvis?" said Lady Elain.

"No; the great body is some distance behind; hark to their horns," replied Madame Caillemotte. "The savages believe they are safe, now they have got to their hill fastnessess; but if they prove not mistaken, I will give up all pretension to prophecy. Caillemotte is a hunter not easily foiled."

By this time Lady Elain and Julie Caillemotte had risen, and were hastily dressed by the waiting-woman of the former. Of the three ladies in captivity, Julie, as she had most reason, felt the greatest portion of alarm at the approach of Gwyndyr, who, mad with disappointment at the failure of his plans, and the ruin of his hopes, might, she feared, commit some desperate outrage. And some such proceeding was not unlikely from a man of Gwyndyr's ferocious disposition. Nothing but the fear of what would ensue upon any brutality was calculated to put restraint upon him; and

it was very seldom that he suffered himself to be touched by fear of consequences, however threatening. The mind of Julie was naturally strong, and she usually enjoyed that state of self-possession which is perhaps peculiar to Frenchwomen; but the danger was really imminent, and she could not but wear a countenance which bespoke great anxiety and alarm. Her mother, whose native intrepidity was supported by her conviction of her husband's power, laughed at the woe-begone face of her daughter; whilst Lady Pendarvis sought topics of comfort for her relief. Mrs. Roberts, the waiting-woman, was also no little concerned at the advance of the chieftain and his followers; being, as she supposed herself, too precious ware to be passed over in the crowd; and she could not behold the grim and savage figures in the court without consternation. Whilst at Plas Mawr she had received several evil glances from Dysgirnin, and she was convinced he would renew his amorous inclinations when he found her

more in his power. She did not, however, dream of rending her beauty from her cheeks, or of imitating the conduct of those vestals who threw themselves into the sea to avoid contamination, but resolved, with a little fluttering at the heart, to resign herself to the fortune of war. Whilst the several captives were thus engaged, the music of the horns approached, the buz of the multitude became stronger, and the number of soldiers greater, indicating the advance of the chief himself. By and by came Gwyndyr, accompanied by Watkin Pendarvis, Will Watch and his bride, who rode on a small pony, and seemed nearly exhausted with fatigue, Rowna and Winifred Jones, and the husband of the latter. When Lady Elain beheld her husband walking beside the chief, like a captive beside his conqueror, she sat down and would look no longer; but Madame Caillemotte, eager to discover the young Edward Pendarvis, whom she supposed to be a sharer of Gwyndyr's

fortune, narrowly scrutinized his ranks; and, through the deficiency of her sight, made some of her accustomed blunders. With palpitating hearts, Lady Elain awaited the sight of her husband, and the French ladies the issue of Owain Goch's arrival; but some time elapsed before any notice was sent them of it. Madame Caillemotte, with a little pardonable curiosity, opened the door of the chamber, and a loud cry, as of lamentation, was presently heard from below. This, they afterwards learned, arose from Madeline on receiving her unfortunate son. The female who attended the captives, on hearing the sound, hastily left the room and descended the staircase, abandoning her charge to their own discretion. In about ten minutes she returned, accompanied by Mr. Pendarvis, who was either really glad to behold his wife, or affected to receive her with great kindness and affection.

"And you here too, ladies!" said Pendarvis, turning to Madame Caillemotte

and her daughter; "I was informed you were at liberty under the protection of Monsieur Delafosse."

"Though Monsieur Delafosse be on the party of King James," answered Madame Caillemotte, "yet, had he been in a condition to afford us protection, we would gladly have accepted it. We have long known him, and can put confidence in him. But the wounds he received, and the fear of treachery under which he laboured from his own party, rendered him more needful of protection than able to afford it."

"Have you seen Delafosse lately?" said Mr. Pendarvis, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"How long is it, Julie?" said her mother; "how long have we been here, ma bonne? We left him at Mr. Lloyd's when we came hither, not a week ago."

The countenance of Pendarvis fell; he saw all his expectations frustrated, and the golden visions for which he had incurred so much guilt fade into air.

How his young kinsman had been warned of his danger he could not tell; but he supposed that Shadow, alarmed at his taking away Apsly from the vault, previous to the entrance of Drwndwn, had removed Edward Pendarvis before the arrival of the assassin. But it was useless to speculate, since knowing how his escape had been effected would not again place his kinsman in his hands. Whilst he was yet ruminating, Lady Pendarvis said,

"You have been among the rebels; have you seen any among them like — like our lost son, our poor Edward?"

This enquiry startled Pendarvis from his reverie, and he replied hastily; "No; how should I? It is too romantic a notion to expect such a discovery among such people. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am assured he hath been among them," answered Lady Elain; "Edward has been seen at Llancoch within three months."

"It is impossible," cried the lawyer. "What man hath abused you with this story? he but practised on your credulity."

"One that loves you not, indeed," replied Lady Pendarvis; "one of the followers of this man Gwyndyr; Owain, the son of the widow Ogwen."

"Drwndwn!" exclaimed Watkin Pendarvis, as if he had been struck with a poignard; and he continued to mutter, "Death and shame! but he knows not; else all were lost. And where," he proceeded aloud, "did this notable fellow get his information?"

"From his own eyes, monsieur," said Madame Caillemotte; "he had seen the young man."

"Seen him!" replied Pendarvis. "Some general resemblance to the family, I warrant ye, backed by the sottish predictions of the old woman, his mother, has made him believe our poor son was disguised beneath some rebel's uniform. Tut, tut; why should Edward Pendarvis

conceal his name, particularly where that name might have rendered the faction such a weight of service? There is nothing feasible in the supposition."

"All this was objected to Owain, and more," said Lady Elain, unwilling to part from her hopes; "but he still asserted the truth of his story, and also that Mr. Lloyd, of Llancoch, was privy to the existence of my son."

"Then will he suspect me strongly," said Pendarvis to himself; "and the villain Shadow will piece out my condemnation."

"Do you yet disbelieve the fact?" said Lady Elain, observing that he did not reply; "Is not the worthy minister sufficient authority?"

"I know not," answered her husband, with a smile of pretended incredulity. "Mr. Lloyd is a good man, but too easy of belief; he knew not Edward Pendarvis, and so must have received his information of his identity from another; thus he may be deceived, and have ren-

dered himself the dupe of some designing man. Besides, it was the duty of Mr. Lloyd to have communicated his knowledge instantly to us; and I have so much respect for him as to think he would have done so; otherwise he would betray a disposition to encourage faction and imposture."

"But the man Owain said he saw Edward Pendarvis," insisted Lady Elain; "why, why should he tell so base a falsehood?"

"Drwndwn is a wretch that would execute any plot likely to distress the house of Plas Mawr, in revenge of that legal conviction which, as a magistrate, I was under necessity to pass upon him," returned Pendarvis. "Has not the villain attempted my life? Has he not bruited it through the country, as a prophecy of his mother, that I shall die childless? Can his present malice, after this, be wondered at? He would raise our hopes and expectations to the height on purpose to torment us with their

failure and disappointment. But let us be careful how we listen to the assertions of this fellow, and we shall cheat him of his enjoyment; his plans will circumvent himself. But at present we must think of other things. I am only come hither to take you back to Plas Mawr — we will depart instantly."

"And we go with you, I hope, monsieur?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"Your departure or stay is with Gwyndyr," replied Pendarvis; "here he is all powerful. When I came to Llanwchlyn I knew not you were here. If he consents, we shall be happy in your company, and I would do much to procure your release."

"I beseech you, monsieur, to use all the arguments you can in our behalf," said Madame Caillemotte.

"That I will do, and also procure you an instant opportunity of speaking for yourself," replied Pendarvis; "allow me to lead you down to the hall, where we shall find Gwyndyr."

He led the way to the hall, where, in a tumultuous throng, stood the chief of Ben lyn, Watch, and Madeline Gwyndyr, the bride of the smuggler having been put in possession of a seat. On the entrance of the ladies, Gwyndyr did not speak nor look, but Watch, casting his eyes on them with infinite surprise, turned to Gwyndyr fiercely, and said, "How the devil came these women here? Is Delafosse with them?"

"Delafosse is in hell for aught I know or care," answered Owain Goch.

"And this is your fine story of the captain's treason, is't?" said the smuggler. "Look'ee, Gwyndyr, I shipp'd myself on this cruise under the royal flag of King James, and, perhaps, to do myself a pennyworth of good beside, but all in the way of fair service, and I'm not to be brought into a piece of piracy like this to please you; so set these women free or I'll fling up."

"It is unmanly and unsoldier-like to detain women prisoners," said Madame

Caillemotte, aroused by finding so powerful an intercessor; "now, Monsieur Gwyndyr, there is not a chance for you in the world to succeed with your enterprize. Monsieur Caillemotte is behind you, and believe me he will not halt until you are his prisoners. Why then will you irritate him, and put a bar against any mercy he might be inclined to show?"

"Stop the woman's mouth," cried Owain Goch. "Watch, you are a fool to blame what I have done in this affair. I know well enough we cannot resist the force of the other side; but while we have these women in our hands, we can make our own terms. I knew, before we left the tower, things must come to this pass, and I would have told you, only I found your humours so nice about detaining them; but here they are, and until we receive assurances of free pardon, not a soul shall quit me."

"You will not detain me nor Lady Pendarvis," said the lawyer; "remember your word and respect it."

"Away, Pendarvis," cried Owain Goch, "I want no teacher — thou and thy wife must abide our fortune."

"This is foul play, Gwyndyr," cried Watch; "and I say, as one of the leaders of this rising, that both Pendarvis and his wife, and these women as well, shall be let go, or some shall smart for it."

"Smart who will, they stir not a-foot," cried the chief; "I am now in the hall of Llanwchlyn — there is no leader here but Owain Goch."

During this conversation, the parties, who severally adhered to the opposite leaders, drew near them. Jones and his wife and daughter elbowed their way to the smuggler, who advanced towards the French ladies, and put himself at the head of the more honorable faction; whilst the savage followers of Gwyndyr crowded behind him with eager looks, like a pack of dogs kept back by the huntsman until his so-ho shall let them loose upon their game. The mother of

Gwyndyr was left alone in the midst of the hall, and seemed to await with impatience some issue of the quarrel.

"Hark ye, messmate," said the smuggler, with a tone of great cheerfulness, "I intend taking this little fleet under my convoy; let us pass, and I'll return and stand out your fortune; but cross our course one inch, and I'll open these bull dogs on the best man here, though it be Owain Goch himself." He drew a brace of pistols out of his belt and cocked them. "Come, women, pluck up your spirits and follow me; Gwyndyr will think better than stay you — he will, if he's wise."

The chief of Ben lyn turned to his followers, and muttered something in Welch, at which many a long gun was handled, and many a knife-hilt grappled with; but undismayed by these signs of contest, the smuggler advanced towards the door, and already had several blades gleamed to the light, when the mother of the chief cried, "Hold, move not a

hand Owain Gwyndyr; let the hearth of Llanwchlyn be sacred and undefiled."

"Ever be it sacred while the stranger respects it," answered her son; "this man proclaims war within my own threshold — I may destroy him as a robber."

"An hur would kill all robbers," cried Rowna Jones; "hur had best begin with hurself and hur band."

"Watch is the brother of your fortune," cried Madeline to her son; "what he does he thinks fair and honourable, and shall the son of Sir Madog do less so than a common runner?"

"Mother! be wise," said Owain Goch, impatiently; "this is no time for quips of conscience; our lives are perilled on this chance, and I will not fling it away; if these women are let go, our heads go after them."

"Monsieur," said Madame Caillemotte, "I will ensure you good terms; suffer my daughter to depart bearing your message to Monsieur Caillemotte, and I will here await the issue; if you

are not satisfied, I will, without a murmur, undergo the severest effects of your resentment."

"Tush! you are an old veteran, that cares not for death," answered the chief. "Your husband might, perhaps, be glad of the chance to rid himself of his wife."

"Barbarian!" exclaimed Julie, with involuntary indignation.

"But you, fair Julie," continued Gwyndyr, "will be something worth, if your father should refuse our demands."

"Madman! fool!" cried Madeline, with jealous fury; "is it the toying of a girl that can seduce thee from duty to thy king and name? Is the wolf of Ben lyn turned to a love-sick boy? Nay, then it is time for me to use what authority I have. Let them begone, Owain Gwyndyr."

"Not now," answered the chief; "I will first know what I am to expect."

"Expect my curse if thou delayest

obeying my command," cried the stern female; "I tarry not."

"Ease your heart, widow of my father," replied her son.

"Dost thou defy me, Owain?" said his mother; "did a son ever defile his own blood and prosper? never. Art thou Madog Gwyndyr's son?"

"Ay, and yours," replied the chief; "but sooner shall Ben lyn dip his black brow into the wave below, than I will consent to part with this maid."

"You know not the bitterness of a mother's curse! think again," said Madeline; "let not the false smile of beauty wrench away the strings which bind thee to my heart; think again, Owain."

"I am fixed as Snowdon," answered Owain Goch, stubbornly, "but not as you say, for love, but for life. The fear of what may befal his darling will bring Caillemotte to reasonable terms. Mother, let this content you. Watch! let us be friends; but they must stay until we try

what peace can be made—they shall rest under your care."

"But who is to bear our demands to the general?" said the smuggler.

"There is no man but yourself," replied Owain Goch; "go and make the best terms for us you can."

"Do not leave us, good man," said Madame Caillemotte; "we shall be an army without a head, if you desert us. Give me pen and paper, and I will myself write to Monsieur Caillemotte, imploring him to grant you favourable terms; you may send my letter by any messenger."

"This will not do," cried Gwyndyr; "we may write to and fro until Christmas. Some one must go empowered by us to treat."

"And why not the lawyer, who is used to such business?" said Watch, who had lately taken up a better opinion of Pendarvis, from finding that the information which he had given proved to be correct; "let Mr. Pendarvis go, and I will be satisfied to wait his return."

"Be it so; but I will have his wife tarry where she is, to answer for his loyalty," said Gwyndyr, who merely consented to this arrangement, that he might gain time, and throw the smuggler and his friends off their guard. He continued, "On condition of free pardon, we will disband, and deliver up our prisoners; these are our terms, or as near as may be. Ho, Dysgirnin; set some one to saddle one of Mr. Pendarvis's horses. Nid neges heb farch." *

"As thou dealest in sincerity, my blessing rest upon thee," said his mother, retiring to her seat.

"Bring meat to the table," cried Gwyndyr; "let Pendarvis eat before he starts again; our journey has been smart enough to give us appetite. Make haste! I fear we have come to a bare house; but we have not lived well enough of late to make us dainty. These ladies may retire to a more private chamber."

* No speed without a steed.

The ladies, at this intimation, returned to their apartment. The board was spread, and as many persons as could sit down to it, without order or ceremony, partook of a speedy and homely repast. In half an hour, Watkin Pendarvis, notwithstanding the fatigue he had undergone, was ready to set off, and after a short conference with Gwyndyr and Watch, upon the extent of his instructions, mounted his horse, and left Llanwchlyn. The policy of Gwyndyr soon became apparent. By some excuse he persuaded his mother to retire with the other women, the bride of the smuggler, and the wife and daughter of Jones; and to lull the suspicions of Watch, and those who adhered to him, a very few, he ordered his own followers to lay aside their arms. This was soon observed by Watch, Jones, and the others, who thence concluded, that all animosities were at an end, and, to recruit their spirits, they made more free with the ale of the chief

than prudence or sobriety warranted. At this moment, on a sign from Gwyndyr, Dysgirnin and his comrades rushed upon them, and before they could recover from their surprise, they were disarmed, and at the mercy of their conqueror.

"What now?" cried the smuggler, endeavouring vainly to shake off the grasp of half a dozen fellows that held him; "are we to have our throats cut? Speak out, Gwyndyr; tell us honestly what we are to expect."

"Nothing more," answered the chief; "your arms are secured, you are now free to go where you like. No harm is meant you, if you'll be quiet, and I've taken a way to make you so."

"Quiet!" said the smuggler, with a sneer, "you made us quiet in a quiet way. You're a better hand at scheming than fighting, after all, Gwyndyr, and I never thought so till now. Then what seek you to do with these poor women? for I guess we are secured on their account."

"Right," answered Gwyndyr; "had you held your peace, as was befitting in my country, you had been at liberty."

"And proved ourselves sneaking, faith-breaking villains!" said Watch. "Give me my arms, and I'll shew you what I'll do."

"No, I've drawn your teeth; you can't bite if you would," returned the chief. "The women go up to Corndochon, a hold that will be too strong for Caille-motte to get into; tell him so, if you meet him. Dysgirnin, keep them under guard till my return."

He left the hall, and proceeded to the apartment of the ladies, whom he found full of anxiety and dismal expectation.

"You will again call me deceiver," said Gwyndyr, as he entered the room; "I think it best for my own and followers' safety that we remove to another place I have in a more secure situation."

"Heaven forbid!" answered Lady Pendarvis; "it is sure not Corndochon, the ruin on the mountain."

"Even so," said Gwyndyr; "ruined men have need to seek ruined houses — I must conform to my fortune."

"Be not so barbarous," returned Madame Caillemotte with animation, and an attempt to conciliate their gaoler; "doubt not of Monsieur Caillemotte acceding to your terms."

"If he does, the walk to Corndochon will only have been breathing exercise," replied the chieftain; "if not, I shall be the better prepared to receive him; there is nothing to choose, you must go, and instantly; your horse will be up by noon."

"Oh, that they were now, with my Caillemotte at their head!" cried the elder French lady, with irrepressible indignation; "I would not say thank you to set me free. Man! be not desperate; I love to see a soldier bold and courageous, but your daring is folly; you may retire from hold to hold — you may fly from rock to rock, but you must fall at last."

"And see you who falls with me?"

said Gwyndyr, seizing Julie's hand; "they may starve me in Corndochon, but this maid must pine also; they may burn the place over us, but Julie feels the flame with Owain Gwyndyr; our blockade will not be very rigorous."

"You deceive yourself," replied Madame Caillemotte; "my general is not to be moved from his public duty by his private affections; you do but increase your own danger. Suffer yourself to be beleagured, and nothing can save you from destruction."

"We shall see," returned Gwyndyr, upon whose mind the words of Madame Caillemotte seemed to make an impression. "But what should prevent me at last from flying with Julie?"

"And whither would you fly?" replied Madame Caillemotte. "Where would you be safe, if you committed the outrage you meditate? Think you King James, who wants not honour and good feelings in a private capacity, would

bear you out in an insult put upon the daughter of Monsieur Caillemotte, or that King Louis would harbour you in France? You are blind; they would deliver you up; they would not, even on political motives, lend a hand to such dishonour."

"There are other places than France!" said Gwyndyr.

"But none where you would meet protection," answered the mother of Julie.

"In the wilds of America I could protect myself," said the chief.

"Tout de bon!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, with a smile; "but it seems to me you would find it difficult to convey Julie from England against her will."

"But not from Wales," said Owain Goch; and taking her to a window which had a western aspect, he pointed to that quarter, and said, "at a short distance beyond the hills is Cardigan Bay; a few hours would bring us there, an open boat would convey us from the shore, and we should soon be aboard some Liver-

pool trader, that would bear us far from fear of danger."

"Romance!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte. "Would you cut the tongue out of Julie's head? She would say who she is, and who you are — the traders would clap you up, and for the sake of the reward they would be sure to meet for your apprehension, bear you back to death. Beside, the shame of abandoning your followers and your mother —"

"Peace, false woman," cried Gwyndyr, vehemently; "get on your travelling clothes; I have no time to spare."

"Monsieur, act wisely," said the elder French lady; "this is one of those epochas in a man's life which, if passed by, can never be recalled. Let us remain where we are, and I will ensure you honourable terms; matters are not yet driven too far to forbid Monsieur Caillemotte allowing such; another step may be fatal."

"Not to me alone; but the issue must be tried," replied Gwyndyr; "so

hasten; I wait until you are ready, and cannot tarry long. Julie, I will assist you; here is your cloak; but the morning is fine; the mountain air will paint your cheeks."

He threw the cloak over the shoulders of Mademoiselle Caillemotte, and put on her hat, a familiarity which pleased him more than her, and said, "Come, Julie, I will help you to climb to Corndochon; the road is steep and painful to tender feet. When you are tired I will carry you."

"Give yourself no trouble, sir," answered Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "I am very well able to walk without assistance."

Gwyndyr smiled, and bowed awkwardly, whilst Julie attended her mother to the door. Lady Pendarvis, who had stood for some time at a distance, as if waiting for the chief to precede her, stopped him as he followed Mademoiselle Caillemotte, and said, "Sir, I would speak with you before we quit Llanwchlyn."

"Be quick then, Lady Pendarvis," answered Gwyndyr; "for my time is precious. What have you to say?"

"Much woe have you wrought me and mine," continued Lady Elain.

"If that be all," interrupted Gwyndyr, "I will hear of it some other time, when I have more leisure; proceed."

"Hold, sir," said Lady Pendarvis; "at least make me the reparation I ask; but a few words."

"Now then," answered Gwyndyr, "what mean you?"

"It is said my son, the lost Edward Pendarvis, is alive, has lately been seen in Wales, and is engaged on the party of King James," said Lady Elain; "Oh, answer me truly, know you aught of this?"

"Nothing," replied Gwyndyr; "no Edward Pendarvis, nor any man that claims connection in blood with the house of Plas Mawr has been of our party, except your husband, Mr. Watkin, and his joining us was all pretence."

"Then it is false; my son does not live," said Lady Pendarvis, mournfully.

"Had he been with us I should have known it; but it was not so," said Gwyndyr; "some one hath beguiled you."

"Your follower, Owain, the son of the widow Ogwen, said he had seen him," returned Lady Pendarvis.

"Ha! where is Drwndwn?" said the chief; "is he not at Corndochon?"

"Four days ago he returned to Llancoch," replied Lady Pendarvis.

"How! without orders to desert his post!" cried Gwyndyr; "the villain shall rue this on his return. Forward, ladies, we must be speedy."

On descending to the hall, Gwyndyr, who had some lurking suspicion that all was not right in Drwndwn's departure, went to his mother, and enquired if she knew any reason for his absence. Madeline recounted what had passed, her suspicions of the ladies' design to corrupt Drwndwn, his flight, which confirmed it, and their imprisonment. The rage of

the chief was indescribable at this recital, and, fearful that his late follower might betray his haunts to the enemy, he hasttened the march of his prisoners and his followers to Corndochon.

CHAP. VIII.

"I give thee thy liberty, set thee free from durance, and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this —"
Love's Labour's Lost.

In modern times the wildest countries have been opened and made accessible by good roads. Messrs. Telford and M'Adam have invaded the solitary domain of the moor fowl, and every place of antiquity and curiosity, be their situations ever so difficult, and every desert region, however bleak and inhospitable, have either already been exposed to the eye of the tourist and the traveller, or are threatened with such exposure. A hundred years ago things were different. The mountains of Scotland, of Wales, or of England were sealed to all but the shepherd or the sportsman, and their hidden fastnesses, where the eagle and the

hawk flew unmolested, were seldom disturbed but by the shepherd's cry, the bark of his dog, or the reverberating report of the fowler's gun. Now misses and masters, seated at their ease in a four-wheeled cabriolet, or on the backs of ambling nags, thread the passes of the mountains on fine limestone roads of a bowling-green surface, and ascend by many a curve to those elevations, sacred heretofore to the foot of the hardy pedestrian. Now, thanks to the spirit of speculation, workmen are engaged in constructing canals and rail-roads over, and under, and through the mountains, which our ancestors, good souls, never suspected would be the resort of any thing but grouse and horned mutton. Is it not true that we are becoming so perfectly a nation of traders, that the moors and preserves, the parks and pleasure-grounds of our aristocracy are all threatened with extirpation? That this is not the desire of the most liberal of our commercial men we are aware; but specula-

tion is so ravenous a whirlpool, that many sober-minded persons are drawn into it before they suspect they are upon its margin.

At the period of our history, the fastnesses of Arran Ben lyn were known to few; they were guarded by abrupt rocks and dangerous morasses, which none but the shepherds and hillsmen durst venture, unguided, to climb or to pass; and the situation of Castell Corndochon, the mountain hold of Owain Goch, perched on the top of a high and craggy rock, seemed to set at defiance the assault of an enemy. The fortilice consisted of two towers, which, from their want of analogy to any order of architecture, were probably of genuine Celtic origin; and their appearance and situation strongly declared that the builder had more regard to defence than ornament or comforts. At this time the whole was surrounded by a wall, ancient indeed, and somewhat crumbling, but still of great strength and thickness, the only

entrance through which was a small and low door on the western side.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Gwyndyr, accompanied by his prisoners, his mother, and the greater part of his band, arrived at the foot of the hill on which Corndochon stood. For a few minutes they halted to give breath to Madeline Gwyndyr, who, having been of late little used to walk, felt the exertion too much for her.

"I fail," said Madeline; "the strength of my limbs is gone. It is not years but sorrow that hath broken me. Now am I about to ascend; may I never descend again, but go onward, if sin hath not forbid me, to reach the gates of heaven."

"Mother, say your prayers when alone," said the chief of Ben lyn; "your sad brow damps the courage of my followers."

"Is the courage of men to be raised or damped by words?" said his mother; "poor courage have your followers if no better. But since their leader has changed

the nature of a warrior for that of a boyish lover, what better can be hoped?"

"Halloo, Jeuan!" cried Gwyndyr; "attend upon her; forward."

Gwyndyr left the side of his mother, who, with the assistance of Jeuan and his companions, began to ascend the mountain, and offered his services with great familiarity to Julie; but she rejected them, and lent her own to Madame Caillemotte. The ascent was very steep and toilsome, and a full hour elapsed, for they were frequently obliged to halt and breathe, before they attained the door of the fortress.

"Are we at Condochon?" said Madeline, seating herself on a rock beneath the castle wall. "Do I sit beside the gate? — yea — this ledge of rock feels familiar to me. I have not been here since my eyes failed. I have not been here since I lost Madog Gwyndyr. Here have we sat in the summer sun, listening to thy harp, David Edwards, which sounded sweeter in the thin air of these heights —

days of joy! ye are gone — all for the future is night — night, black and dismal."

"Keep a look out there to the north," said Gwyndyr to his followers; "we may expect some tidings of the foe. Don't let us be surprised while my mother is dreaming."

"What dreamest thou of, Owain Gwyndyr?" said his mother; "of dalliance and love, when thou shouldst be playing the leader well for King James. Take my advice, son, let these women depart — it will set all straight, and thou wilt then have leisure to think of thy duties."

"Have I neglected them?" said Gwyndyr; "what is left thou wouldst wish done? what done thou hadst rather left?"

"Man, thou art a thrall, a slave to the beauty of this girl," replied his mother; "all that thou hast done in regard to her is folly — stark madness; — thy courage is palsied, and yet thy danger is increased. Say what thou wilt, thou hast

broken the customs of war in detaining women, and art forced to put our safety upon her father's fear of thy despair."

"And is not that a sure anchor to hold by?" said Owain Goch. "What say you, Madame Caillemotte? are we not sure of good terms?"

Madame Caillemotte shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply.

"As a soldier, the Prince of Orange's general can only attend to his public duty," continued Madeline; "he is no Owain Gwyndyr; he is accountable to his prince for his conduct, and that prince is severe in discipline. You have forfeited your claim to the courtesies and rights of treaty, and must expect nothing but death or victory."

"You would drive us from seeking or accepting terms of capitulation," said Owain Goch; "I see well your drift."

"And what terms do ye need?" cried Madeline, vehemently. "Are you not at Corndochon, a post that may be kept by fifty men against a thousand? Have

you not yet, after all your disasters, three hundred followers, free and well armed? Are not the hills open to you where your foes durst not come? what more do you seek? Would you give up the royal cause without striking another stroke?"

"Widow of my father, leave war to men," answered Gwyndyr. "What can be done for King James shall be done — Julie, walk with me."

"Whither?" replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte, drawing back in affright.

"Only a few paces, where we may be out of ear-shot," returned the chief; "I pledge ye my word that no harm shall befall you — these women are such babblers, that what I have to say may not come to their ears."

Julie suffered him to lead her to the distance of one hundred yards, and then stopped. Gwyndyr looked upon her for some time with an air of abstraction, and made several paces to and fro before he addressed her.

"Julie," at length said he, "until I saw you I knew nothing of love, except that I bore my mother and my kinsfolk: you have awakened in my breast a new passion, which is too powerful to suffer any other to contend against it — fame, riches, the love of all who were dearest to me, I have already sacrificed to this devouring love I bear thee — yet thou canst not love me in return?"

Julie sighed, looked down, and made no reply.

"But you pity me, Julie?" said the chief.

"I do sincerely," answered Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "but our inclinations are not our own."

"I have done what man can do to conquer my love," continued Gwyndyr, with great emotion, "but it is impossible — as well might the fires of Etna be quenched by the mist of night. From my childhood have I been used to have all my wishes granted — judge then how galling I find this check. No one before

durst say no when I said yea; yet you pity me, Julie; that is some comfort."

"Would it were more," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Some men of nurture as rough, and passions as strong as mine, Julie, would have had your love, even against your will," continued Owain Goch; "you are now so much in my power that nothing could save you from becoming mine, but my own heart, which cannot see thine bleed — I would win thee by gentler measures."

"Evil fortune hath already put you in possession of that secret which tells you I can never love you," replied Julie.

"You mean your love for Delafosse," answered Gwyndyr; "but love for the dead soon abates."

"Does it so?" returned Julie, with a sigh a little bit affected.

"Yes, very soon," said Gwyndyr; "you will soon cease to think of my gallant comrade with pain; you will not

forget him; his remembrance will be dear to you."

"Ha —" sighed Julie, with a mixture of seriousness and roguery.

"But the recollection of your dead lover will be no bar to your having a living one," proceeded the chief, triumphantly, for he thought he had already shaken her resolution; "and perhaps, Julie, inferior as I am in comeliness and address to Delafosse, you will not reject the man who loves you as I do — as I, Julie, who for thy love am ready to sacrifice not only friends and kindred, but name and fame, station and honour — nay, to become the creature of thy will; give me thyself, and make me what thou pleasest."

Mademoiselle Caillemotte was considerably surprised at the fervent declaration of the chief, but, happily for her feelings, which would otherwise have led her very strongly to commiserate her admirer, she could not avoid mixing a good deal of distrust with her pity and admiration;

she was therefore cautious not to reveal the existence of Delafosse to Gwyndyr, whose ignorance of it was evident, and with the natural tact of her nation fell upon an expedient for satisfying Owain Goch without tainting her honour or conscience.

"I do not know that Delafosse is dead," replied Julie, "except from your word and his disappearance. How should I fulfil those vows we made together, if I admitted of any new attachment with such precipitation. This cannot be, some time must elapse before I can be satisfied that he is gone for ever."

"I tell you, Julie, your hopes deceive you," returned Gwyndyr, fervently. "The worm now feasts on the heart of that brave man. My follower, Drwndwn, had he not left his post, would have sworn to you he had seen Delafosse dead; believe this, for it is truth."

Though Julie knew better, yet the stern and pathetic words of the chief

drew tears from her eyes, and she covered her face with her cloak.

"I will not stay your grief," continued Owain Goch; "he for whom your tears fall was worthy of them, but grief cannot be eternal, Julie; the time of your mourning will pass away. If you would promise to become mine —"

"Not so; but if ever I should love another than Delafosse," said Julie, raising her head with animation.

"If ever you should love!" exclaimed the passionate mountaineer; "you are sure to love; you are made to love and be beloved; nothing is made without its use, and thine peculiarly is to love."

"Well, sir, leave it to time," said Julie, "and I promise you, on my honour, that if ever I love another than Delafosse" ——

"It shall be me," cried Gwyndyr; "mean you so, Julie? Tell me so plainly that I may connect the love of Julie Caillemotte with the name of Owain Gwyndyr."

"But what is my part of this capitulation?" said Julie; "I cannot enter into a compact which will make my situation no better, whilst you, if you think so, have all the advantage."

"Hear me, Julie," said Gwyndyr, taking her hand, and leading her a little further from the fort; "thou dost promise that if ever thou dost change thy mind, and desire another lover, thou wilt accept of me — Is this sooth?"

"Go on, sir," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Nay, distrust me not," said Gwyndyr; "thou shalt promise me this, and thou art free."

"Free!" ejaculated Mademoiselle Caillemotte, almost fainting with surprise and delight; but, fearful of exciting the suspicion of Gwyndyr, and clipping the wings of his new-fledged generosity, she restrained her emotion as much as possible.

"Thou art free; thou and thy friends,"

continued Owain Goch; "thou shalt go instantly to thy father."

"Then what are your plans?" said Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Bless thee, Julie, for that question," answered the infatuated soldier. "What! thou wouldst know how I should again see thee, and claim thy promise? Well, thus; I am tired of this life on the hills, and would willingly embrace more honourable service. The livery of one king is as good to me as that of another, and if King William will restore the estate of Sir Madog Gwyndyr to me, his son, I will espouse thee and his fortunes, with all my followers, and what interest I can raise in Wales; all faults must be forgiven, and we will do better for the future. Sir Owain Gwyndyr, with two thousand pounds a-year, will be better worthy Julie Caillemotte than Owain Goch of Merioneth."

"Talk not of worth or title, monsieur," replied Julie; "it pleases me to see that you are inclined to give peace to the

country, and to seek a more reputable service than the one in which you have hitherto been engaged."

"Thou art the angel from whom I have learned better things," returned Gwyndyr; "but it is not for nothing; I must have peace for peace; I must have thy promise, Julie."

"I give it you," replied Julie; "I give it you without hesitation, trusting to find you in all things hereafter a man of honour."

"I will be what thou wilt make me, Julie," answered Owain Goch. "Then this treaty is ratified; I would seal it on thy lips, but the place is too public. I will myself conduct you to Llanwchlyn, if Monsieur Caillemotte is not there before us. Lady Pendarvis's carriage will then proceed with you onward; I must await the return of Pendarvis."

"True," said Mademoiselle Caillemotte, who immediately remembered that, if Pendarvis returned before they got away with the news that Delafosse

was alive, all their plans would be broken through. "Then let us lose no time, lest the outposts should have any affair which may interrupt your scheme — our presence will put an end to all contest."

"Now, Julie, remember the faith I am putting in thee," said Gwyndyr, solemnly; "remember what thou hast promised."

"I have promised, and I will keep my promise," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "be equally careful about the execution of your part of the treaty."

"Doubt me not," replied Owain Goch, leading her back to the fortress, where they were received with looks which denoted eager curiosity. But there was no time for gratifying it. Mademoiselle Caillemotte and Gwyndyr had scarcely reached the place where his mother stood, than a horn was blown by an outpost, which was presently followed by a shout from several of the mountaineers who were on the top of the tower.

"Hark! hark to that shout!" said Madeline; "the foe are coming up."

"They are," replied Gwyndyr; "I see horsemen in the valley."

"Up, up, and bestir yourselves," said Madeline; "horse cannot harm ye while ye may destroy them; blow your horns, and march."

A buz of emulation and courage ran through the crowd around the chieftain, and Julie watched with anxiety his heaving breast and flashing eye, which denoted the rising of his mettle. But after gazing some time on the invaders, he waved his hand, and commanded silence.

"Stir not a foot," he said; "let not a man quit his post?"

"Why, what would ye, son?" exclaimed Madeline, furiously; "why not attack the horse before the foot come up."

"Good mother, be quiet," answered Gwyndyr; "you cannot see; the foot are close behind; the horse are pushed onward to draw us into fight; we must be cautious."

"Cautious! aye," cried his mother, "but not cowardly; I say, set on. If there be a true kingsman among ye, forward. Owain Gwyndyr, stain not thy name and lineage. Where is thy ancient mettle? has this dainty maid talked it away? Set on, for shame, or I will myself command thy followers."

Another buz proceeded from the mountaineers; but it was silenced by the chief, who said, "At present be all still; Owain Gwyndyr will not fail ye when there is danger. Mother, you bade me set these women at liberty; I then disagreed with you in opinion, but now I incline otherwise; they are free to go."

"What! the tears of this baby-face have more power than the words of thy mother!" cried Madeline, with irrepressible chagrin: "but wherefore go they now? What is in the wind?"

"In a word; peace," replied Gwyndyr; "we have no chance to fight."

"Peace!" cried Madeline, wildly; "peace! with whom? not with the Orange-

men? not with the Whigs? not with those who have driven King James from the throne?"

"What others?" said Gwydyr.

"Others! talk not to me," cried his mother; "you will not make peace with this scum of rebels whilst you are free to fight?"

"What boots it to fight when defeat is certain?" said her son; "I will not peril life for nought, were it to save King James's head instead of his crown."

"Traitor! false to thy king and to thy gallant name," said his mother, with great emotion; "I had hoped to hear thee spoken of as a soldier of reputation — the pale cheek of a green-sick girl hath ruined thy fortunes and thy name for ever. Get thee gone and make thy peace, and beg to be her slave upon thy knees; that is the hidden secret and design of thy soul. Away with thee, and leave thy mother, thy sightless, helpless mother to languish the few hours of her life upon the rock of Corndochan."

"You speak wildly, mother," answered Gwyndyr; "I mean not to leave you; you shall return to Llanwchlyn."

"I return to Llanwchlyn!" exclaimed the widow of Sir Madog; "away, I renounce thee. Llanwchlyn shall never behold this body quick again."

"You wrong yourself and me too, thus to oppose me," said Gwyndyr.

"Wilt thou set on against the rebels?" cried his mother.

"I have taken my resolution," answered the chief.

"Ay, so it seems," returned Madeline, scornfully, "and a worthy one in good sooth; to sell thy king and country, thy followers, and thyself, for the kiss of a wanton."

"Woman!" ejaculated Madame Caillemotte, with great indignation, whilst the fair brow of Julie was crimsoned with shame, and Gwyndyr was thrown into a paroxysm of fury. Though not much distinguished for delicacy of feeling, yet the aspersion of his mistress by his

mother, of which he was conscious she was not worthy, seemed to arouse his innermost soul. For some moments he could not speak; but when he did, the hardened and savage mountaineer could scarcely restrain his tears, as he said, "What devil urges you to cast mire upon the fairest fame in the world? Has the maid wronged you that you would stab her to the heart?"

"Has she not?" answered Madeline, fiercely; "has she not robbed me of my son? has she not robbed the king of his soldier, and these people of their leader? Yea, and though I bear her no malice otherwise, I would stab her to the heart to free thee from her toils."

"You wrong her by thinking she was a party to the framing of my resolution," said Gwyndyr, more calmly; "what I have fixed on, I did so because it best agreed with my circumstances and interest."

"False! utterly false!" cried Madeline; "your interest is that of King

James; you have none other. Why talked you so long together, and so privily, if she was no party to your desertion; at all events you set it before her for her approbation. Your falsehood is apparent, as clear as the light of heaven to the good sight. Your design is to sell all things, and the price is this girl; her art hath won thee, and her art will betray thee; she is a Delilah, and thou wilt be a Sampson."

"Julie! let not the hasty words of my mother cause ye anger or shame," said the chief; "she is staunch to the Stuarts, though they left us in poverty when we needed their help; we lost all for them; they would not lend us a cross to save our house from beggary. But I am not of my mother's turn: I can remember neglect and repay it. I never have fought for King James any further than it served myself, and I now disclaim him."

"Go on, apostate!" cried his mother, with fearful indignation; "go on, traitor

and rebel! disclaim not alone thy king, but the mother that bare thee; discard thy name, and take that of some French Jack-a-lent that will sound more gracious to thy mistress's ear. Scorn me and all thy kindred; make our manners and our feelings, when thou art perfect in thy new ones, a subject of mirth for thy proud lover. Away! unless thou stayest to see my heart break."

"You are mad," replied Owain Goch.

"If not, thou wilt make me so," returned Madeline. "Ha! this day is a sad one. Sooner would I have borne thee a corpse to the grave, when I best loved the sight of thine infant face, than have witnessed thy shame this day. I have lived too long — my thread is spun — I have loved thee, Owain."

She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed convulsively, whilst Julie and Lady Pendarvis also burst into tears, and Madame Caillemotte, with her accustomed benevolence, approached the sorrowing woman, and began to comfort

her. But she had mistaken the feelings of Madeline, who no sooner found that her grief excited the pity of those she deemed her adversaries, than her pride took alarm. Hastily wiping away her tears, she raised her head and said, "Owain, I have lived too long for thy happiness and my own honour; I have become a burthen to those whom I held dearest, and a scorn to my enemies: this must terminate."

"Mother, be at rest," answered Gwyndyr, somewhat moved by the despairing tones of her who gave him birth; "you love me, I know; but you are too jealous of me. You would have me love none but yourself: this cannot be."

"True, Owain, thou art awearied of thy bondage to me, and I of mine to the world." She put her hand in her bosom; but happily Gwyndyr observed her action, and plucked it out again grasping her knife before she could harm herself, and he wrested the deadly weapon from her.

"I am not so tired as to suffer you to slay yourself," said the chief.

"What! then it is thy will that I drag out my wretched life still longer?" said Madeline. "What boots it thee, Owain, to be so cruel? I have ever been a tender mother to thee."

"Ay, and I would have thee remain so," said the chief, "and a tender grandmother beside."

"Grandmother!" exclaimed the wretched woman, setting her teeth in anguish. "Cursed be the day when thou hast a child born and I living. Sooner place me among toads and snakes, that will foul me with their loathsome touch, than my finger should be grasped by a brat of thine."

At this fearful exclamation, which made every other female shudder, Julie pointed to the horsemen, who could be seen at the entrance of the valley, about a mile below Corndochon, drawn up, and seemingly awaiting the advance of the foot. Gwyndyr, desirous of getting his

mistress out of hearing of the denunciations of his mother, procured a flag from the fortress, and taking Julie by the arm, said, "Mother! await here my return. I go to deliver this young lady and her friends to the general."

"Go," answered his mother quietly; "thou hast taken thy resolution; I will no longer seek to prevent it. Farewell, young woman; those who are never to meet again should part in peace: this may be our case. Farewell, and be happier than you leave Madeline Gwyndyr. They say you are very fair; but let your goodness excel your beauty, for, believe me, the last will soon decay."

Julie knew not what reply to make to this sudden turn of the dame's feelings, but she was much moved.

"We have to thank you," at length she said, approaching the mother of Gwyndyr, and taking her hand, "for very much kindness during our short stay in your country. I part from you, good madame, notwithstanding what has

passed, filled with sentiments of veneration for your character and sorrow for your misfortunes. Should any opportunity offer of expressing my gratification more strongly than by words, I shall feel happy to use it to your advantage."

"I hear thee, child," answered the ancient woman, whose burning tears ran down her cheeks; "Remember not in anger the harsh words I spoke of thee: they meant nothing but to recall my son. Dream not of opportunities to repay the hospitality thou hast received; I shall need nothing but thy prayers. If thou canst in thy happy hours remember so forlorn a woman as Madeline Gwyndyr, let a prayer rise from thy lips for her soul's health. Farewell, Lady Elain Pendarvis, you will soon be happier, if a son's presence can make you so; take the word of a dying woman. Farewell all. Proceed, Owain, I have done."

Mademoiselle Caillemotte clasped the hand of Madeline Gwyndyr in both of hers, and kissed it. The old woman

threw her arms round her neck, kissed her forehead, and then gently pushed her away. Gwyndyr offered Julie his arm, and they began hastily to descend the rock, followed by Madame Caillemotte, Lady Pendarvis, and her woman, and about a score of the band. That they might get down more securely, Owain Goch led them by a sheep track, which, after leaving the walls of the fortress in a southerly direction, made a turn, and gradually sloped northwardly under the rock of Corndochon. The descent was uncommonly steep, and rendered dangerous by the sharp and broken rocks which jutted out of the ground. Julie was obliged to cling to the Herculean and active person of Gwyndyr, who could hardly be prevented from carrying her down the mountain-side, whilst her mother, Lady Elain, and Mrs. Roberts were each obliged to claim the assistance of some other of the mountaineers, who grinned at their helplessness. Their pace was necessarily slow;

and they had hardly got fifty yards below the fortress, when a loud cry called their attention back. The chief turned his head to the rock, and beheld his mother falling from its height. She had left her seat beneath the wall of the fortress, and, having a perfect recollection of the nature of the ground, had thrown herself down. Gwyndyr and his companion stood petrified with terror and amazement: the body struck upon several sharp points of the rock in its fall, and, in a few moments, rolled down the hill lifeless and disfigured. Her son, uttering a cry of horror, left the charge of his mistress, and hastened to stay its further descent. All his affections for his mother seemed at this terrific moment to revive with tenfold poignancy; and when he reached and saw her without life or motion, when he beheld those awful and majestic features which but a minute before had beamed with animated feeling, black and distorted, he forgot all controversies, and throwing himself upon

the corpse, groaned in the bitterness of his heart. The ladies had followed him with all the speed the declivities would admit, eager to render any service, if it were yet available; and Madame Caillemotte, on arriving at the place where Madeline lay, entreated Owain that he would arise, and suffer her to examine if any remedies could be applied.

"Can you not bleed her instantly?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"Disturb not the dead," said the harper, who, with the other followers of Gwyndyr, had come down to the seat of mourning; "the widow of Sir Madog died before she touched the earth."

"Villains," cried Gwyndyr, springing from the body, and drawing his sword, "why did ye not stay her when she approached the rock? Could you not see her meaning? Ye were wont to know the sign on her face. Why failed ye, then?"

"Turn not thy grief upon thy followers, Owain Gwyndyr," said the harper;

"I saw this deed; I was nearest the Lady Madeline; but I could not hold nor help her."

"May thine arm be withered!" answered Gwyndyr.

"Her foot to the rock was like the spring of a fawn," returned the harper; "yourself might not have prevented this woful deed."

"Myself!" exclaimed the chief, "talk not to me; ye were eager enough to consume her bounty, but slow to save her from danger."

"The name of David Edwards will never go down to his after-comers with this character," answered the harper; "but peace to thy mind, young Owain, thou hast wherefore to grieve."

"Hur saw it was the Lady Madeline's will to die before Owain Goch left Corndochon," said Jeuan, approaching the body.

"Thou didst see it was her will to die!" cried Gwyndyr, furiously; "thou

didst see it! Then why didst thou not tell me thy thought? Why didst thou not watch her and prevent it?"

"Hur prevent it!" replied the dwarf; "did Jeuan ever hold up her hand against the will of Lady Madeline?"

"Fool, idiot," cried the chief, savagely striking the unfortunate Jeuan, and then spurning him down the hill, as a boy would a foot-ball or a hedge hog; "thy ghost attend thy mistress with better care."

The dwarf rolled down the mountain side for a considerable distance; and was at length stayed in his career by a hollow break or ravine, where he lay motionless. Several of his comrades would have followed him, but they were recalled by Gwyndyr.

"Whither do ye go?" said Owain Goch, in a tone which made every heart quake; "will ye leave the body of your mistress to attend on a slave? You will soon forsake your leader. Come back, or ye shall follow him in his own fashion."

"The Lady Madeline must go to Llanwchllyn," said the harper.

"To Llanwchllyn!" replied Gwyndyr; "ay, she said she would never return there alive. Fool was I to think her words were but practice. But who will bear her thither?"

"I will take charge of her," answered the harper, "the enemy will surely give us no interruption."

"That they will not," returned Madame Caillemotte; "but if it is Monsieur's will that we proceed to Monsieur Caillemotte's quarters, we will provide against all disturbance."

"The link which alone bound me to Wales, and to the faction of King James, is now broken," said Gwyndyr, turning to Julie. "I am now free from all ties, an independent soldier of fortune, ready to engage on King William's party if he will listen to my terms. Go now, Julie, to thy father. Tell him thou hast conquered the only leader in Wales that had power to give his prince dis-

turbance. I would have seen Monsieur Caillemotte to-day, but this untoward chance will prevent me. Desire him to send me assurance of a present truce until the dead can be buried."

" Conclude it done, monsieur," answered Julie, whose swelled eyes witnessed for her that she had not forgot the late kindness of Madeline.

" Tell thy father, Julie," proceeded Gwyndyr, " all that I have spoken to thee, except my love; that at present I confide to thee alone, confident if the name and fortune of our house be restored, Monsieur Caillemotte will not refuse me to thy desire. On hearing from thy father that he is willing to receive us into present service, use his influence for the satisfaction of my demands, and that all former grievances shall be forgot, I will direct my followers to march to his quarters."

" Nothing shall be wanting on my part," answered Julie, " to conclude a perfect accommodation."

"Then farewell, Julie," said the chief; "I must leave ye to proceed alone; your journey will not be far to your friends; I must attend my duty."

The ladies and Mrs. Roberts then quitted the mountaineers, and proceeded towards Llanwchllyn. In a short time they reached the horse, whom they found to be part of the Dutch cavalry, attended by Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, by whom they were conducted in safety to the village.

CHAP. IX.

"He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Comus.

Our readers must now return with us to the departure of Mr. Watkin Pendarvis from Llanwchllyn, on his embassy to Monsieur Caillemotte, for the purpose of proposing terms of capitulation. The lawyer, whose lately enlightened mind had too much subject for reflection to suffer hard riding, trotted slowly along, ruminating the reappearance of his injured nephew, and the consequent ruin of his hopes. The youth was, doubtless ere this, once more abroad; and even if a prisoner in the hands of Monsieur Caillemotte, yet he did not doubt but that officer, when he understood the claims of Edward Delafosse, would be favourable

to the lover of his daughter, and show him all protection. The policy of the lawyer was, therefore, at a stand; he knew not what proceedings to take, and so thoroughly had his bold spirit been subdued by the late events, and by collision with men of a desperate character, that he would willingly have compounded with his kinsman for the enjoyment of the estate of Plas Mawr during life. He was unable to account for the escape of Edward Pendarvis in any other way than by the assistance of Shadow, and he was not without suspicion that Gwyndyr's heart had failed him in the moment when Edward's murder was to have been completed. But if it were so, and if Gwyndyr meant any thing by proposing terms of capitulation to the French general, his conduct also seemed to the lawyer full of mystery; for the basis of any treaty would, of course, be the restitution of his wife and daughter to Monsieur Caillemotte, and the consequent annihilation of those hopes for which he

had done and dared so much. At one time the idea struck him, that Gwyndyr meant to change sides and espouse the Orange party; but then how did his conduct in attacking the French camp, after his evacuation of the tower, and his subsequent measures tally with such a resolution? His penetration was at fault again, and although he was as staunch a hound as ever quested, the scent proved too cold for him to puzzle it out. He was, therefore, unable to adopt any course of proceeding. He did not perceive how any accommodation could be brought about between Sir Edward Pendarvis and himself; and he had no means, if he durst adopt them, of spiriting away his rival by violence. If he should attempt to engage the French general to proceed against him by martial law, as a rebel to King William, he feared he should make no progress, particularly when all things were disclosed, which could not but be the case; and the doubtful situation in which he himself

had stood so long with the Jacobite party, and the character of their envoy, which he now bore, and which he durst not for his wife's sake publicly abjure, occasioned him some suspicions that he might not be held so innocent as he was conscious he deserved to be. He remembered with dismay the conversation he had been obliged to hold with Gwyndyr, and the other Jacobite leaders at the tower, in the presence of Captain Coquincourt and of Messieurs Burdet, Ribaudier, and Du Puy, when those officers were prisoners, and that he had never had an opportunity of explaining to those gentlemen his private feelings afterwards. This conversation, he had no doubt, would be reported to his prejudice, and his affectation of turning to the Orange party would be deemed the making a virtue of necessity, which would gain him neither honour nor confidence. These thoughts, and others of a similar nature, occupied his mind until he arrived at the northern extremity of the lake of Bala; where he

found the advanced guard of Monsieur Caillemotte about a quarter of a mile from the town, the general having there taken up his quarters; he demanded to be conducted to him, and was accompanied by a soldier to the inn where the general was. The open street was filled with the soldiery, busily engaged in eating their morning meal as they stood prepared instantly to march into action. On sending his name to Monsieur Caillemotte, the lawyer was conducted into a large room, where he found the general at breakfast; attended by his officers, and also by our ancient friend, Colonel Teague O'Regan, who, when he saw the figure of his old colleague, held up his hands, and exclaimed "Och! why no! Master Pendarfy, and is it your own self that is coming in at this time of day? Well, and how are ye since I left ye to cross the mountains with the savages?"

"My business," answered Pendarvis, with great reserve, "is with Monsieur

Caillemotte, the officer commanding his Majesty's troops."

"Orange Boven," cried O'Regan, "is your bread buttered on that side? What, now you've given yon wild fellow the slip, the party of King James stinks in your nostrils. Bad luck to the double face."

"I never put on the countenance of a Jacobite but through constraint," replied Pendarvis; "and such a constraint as made that appearance justifiable; the threatened murder of myself, and the ruin of my family."

"Monsieur, be seated," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Monsieur Caillemotte, I presume," said Pendarvis, bowing and seating himself, "I cannot be mistaken."

"You are not," replied the Frenchman, drily. "Before you speak your business you will perhaps refresh yourself."

"Your politeness is by no means untimely," said Pendarvis, with a smile, and eager by a little familiarity to conciliate

Monsieur Caillemotte before they went to business. "My mountain journey with the savages, as Colonel O'Regan calls them, has furnished me with a fair appetite."

"Be good enough to help yourself," returned Monsieur Caillemotte, coldly.

Pendarvis provided himself with coffee, and began to look about him for his old acquaintances, Coquincourt and his brother officers.

"Ha, gentlemen," he cried, with a friendly nod to each; "Monsieur Coquincourt, good morning; I hope I see you well. Captain Burdet, your servant."

"Servant, servant," answered the sporting captain, gruffly.

"Monsieur Ribaudier," continued Pendarvis, somewhat abashed by the ill success of his salutations; "I hope you are better of your wounds; and you also, Monsieur Dupuy; I trust you are well recovered."

Dupuy merely replied with a bow, and Ribaudier, after staring the lawyer

in the face, rose from his seat and straddled about the room.

"By the powers of Mulkelly, they trate you with mighty little ceremony, Master Pendarfy," said O'Regan, bluntly; "it's enough to choke a dog. You see what comes of not spaking out, as I did to ould Shambear. Burn me but I tould him what I thought of the business, and the man has been my friend ever since."

"Colonel O'Regan," replied Pendarvis, with a sarcastic curl of the lip, "I neither seek your concern, nor ask your advice. Though on some account I seem unhappily to challenge the distrust of these gentlemen, yet for my conduct I am accountable only to a court of law; I shall, however, be able to satisfy his Majesty that I have done every thing I could for his service."

"Och, be as proud as Lucifer, for any thing Teague O'Regan cares," cried the ex-governor. "It was only out of charity that I spoke to you at all, seeing as how you were out of countenance at

the saucy looks of these lads. Don't think I'll trouble you again, Master Pendarfy; by the bye though, how is the little mavourneen, Mamsel Julie, and the ould lady her moder? Have you seen them, Master Pendarfy?"

"I have, within the last hour and half," replied Pendarvis, turning to Monsieur Caillemotte, "and they were well and in good spirits, hoping speedy liberty."

"That's well, that's well, however," cried O'Regan; "it was a true bill then as you told us about Och — what's his name carrying 'em off; but you tould us another thumping lie to balance the account."

"Lie, sir!" cried Mr. Pendarvis, rising from his seat in a towering passion.

"Why, did you not tell us, I mane Watch and myself, that the lad Delafosse was dead?" cried the Hibernian; "and he's as wick as yourself, if not so hearty; didn't you tell us that Owain Greendoor had murdered him? can you deny it?"

"Your vulgarity is beneath my notice," replied Pendarvis, again seating himself.

"To be sure it is; don't believe it," answered O'Regan.

"As one of his Majesty's justices of peace," said Pendarvis to the French general, "I have perhaps some title to enquire whether that person Delafosse be in Monsieur Caillemotte's hands."

"Monsieur," replied the general, "in this scene of war, *togæ cedunt armis;* I cannot recognise the title of any magistrate to interfere with my prisoners, much less one in your doubtful situation."

"How doubtful, monsieur?" said Pendarvis, eager to open a way for conversation with the general; "do I not profess myself openly the good subject and peace officer of his majesty King William? Do I not make this profession in the presence of an officer of the Jacobite faction? what can I do more?"

"And didn't you say as much on our side not long ago, Master Pendarfy?" cried O'Regan; "didn't your own

moder's son profess himself a hearty liege man of King James? Ask these gentlemen else; and didn't you give advices about our affairs which, as luck would have it, did neither good nor harm?"

"Of that, there are some will doubt," replied Mr. Pendarvis; "if Monsieur Caillemotte were well informed of the matter, he would be able to tell you that my counsels broke up your confederacy. Were you not withheld, upon my advice, from immediately proceeding to attack Conwy, which, in the sudden fright of your conquest of Llancoch, must have been surrendered?"

"Oh! burn you, so it was," replied O'Regan; "and have you the impudence to confess it? I'll be thump'd into sixpence if I didn't believe your counsel was honestly given; but they say you're a lawyer, and so your saying one thing and maning another's no wonder."

"And did I not join with you and Watch, and push you on, to demand the liberty of Mademoiselle Caillemotte and

her mother?" continued Pendarvis; "did I not urge this incessantly? and did not this urgency beget jars and distrust between Gwyndyr and yourselves?"

"Oh, sure enough, you've managed us as well as Belzebub himself could have done," replied Teague; "and you let us quietly out of the rat-trap down yonder to travel sixty miles and be caught at last."

"I opened you a way from the tower, because I perceived Gwyndyr became desperate, and his fury would have turned upon his fellows," answered the lawyer, who could not well pride himself upon aiding the escape of the Jacobites. "It was my hope that our retreat would have been discovered, but it turned out otherwise. But you will confess that even then I stipulated for my own liberty, intending immediately to lend all the assistance in my power to his Majesty. My wife, Monsieur Caillemotte doubtless already is informed, was secured by Gwyndyr as a hostage for my conduct to

the Jacobites; she was also to have had her liberty, but the rebel has no regard to his solemn promise, and still withholds her."

"And now, monsieur, your errand to me," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"I am dispatched by Gwyndyr," answered Pendarvis, "to learn what conditions you will grant him; or rather to state to you upon what terms he will disband his followers."

"The brigand wants not spirit," said Monsieur Caillemotte, with a smile.

"Och, he's as proud as a turkey-cock in his harem," said O'Regan.

"On condition of free pardon both in life, limb, estate, and liberty," proceeded the lawyer, "the chieftain of Ben Lyn, as he calls himself, will disband his followers, and give up Madame Caillemotte and her daughter."

"Hang the felon!" cried Burdet, "I'd never pull up after riding this far; the next burst will be the last — we shall run into him, I'll bet odds."

"He may perhaps earth at Corndochon, Captain Burdet," said Pendarvis; "the hold is hard by."

"Earth!" replied Burdet; "ay, he has no game for all his swagger; he dodges in every cover, and daren't run a fair chace; but let him earth, we'll soon dig him out, or turn the terriers in to him."

"As a gentleman of this country," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "and by consequence, a neighbour of this desperado, and considering you a friend to King William, what think you, monsieur, of this proposal?"

"In speaking freely, monsieur," answered Pendarvis, "I am exposing Lady Pendarvis to danger."

"Monsieur, no man here will publish your opinion," said the general. "It is plain that Colonel O'Regan is sensible you have all along acted in the interest of his Majesty; and it is therefore free for you to say what you think best for his advantage; and to be plain, monsieur,

unless you come forward to serve his Majesty at all hazards, his Majesty will be little thankful for your service. You act with too great policy, and it seems, from the shyness of my officers, that your unintelligible conduct has left them in doubt whether you are friend or enemy."

"Monsieur, I have been situated awkwardly, unfortunately," answered the lawyer; "I was at the mercy of the enemy."

"In time of war, monsieur, all persons are exposed to dangers and losses," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "but these do not excuse a good subject from standing forward for his sovereign. I apprehend my wife and daughter run as great risk as madame your wife.

"Oh, don't bite your tongue for me, jewel," said O'Regan; "say your say and have done with it; I'd not think it worth repating; I'd be more of a gentleman than to say in one place what I heard in another."

"You ask my opinion, Monsieur

Caillemotte," said Pendarvis, "and I will give it to the best of my judgment for King William's interest. Make no peace with the rebels—Gwyndyr and his party must be reduced — they must be exterminated, or the security of all Wales will never be on a stable foundation; it is plain that others having an interest in the principality, have engaged in this plot; they must be sought out and dealt with according to law: were my own brother engaged in so destructive a treason, I would be the first to expose him to the punishment of his crime."

"Ochree, but you talk fast enough now," said the Irish colonel; "I'd like to hear a drummer play mam and daddy as fast as your tongue rattles."

"Gwyndyr is now secure," proceeded Pendarvis; "his followers are lying in disorder about Llanwchlyn, a little village at the head of the pool. If you could get together a body of light troops and horse, you might dash upon them, and cut off the whole."

"This will not do, monsieur," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "though the rebels have not respected the laws of war, yet we will not break through them. We receive you as their messenger, and you must bear them our answer; we will follow you slowly; a party of horse, sufficient as a guard, shall escort you within gun-shot of Llanwchlyn — Hogenberts to horse."

"Hollo, Mounseer Hog-in-boots, you must get to horse," said O'Regan, jogging the Dutch officer, who had fallen asleep on the back of his chair; but as he did not awake, the Irishman bawled in his ear, "Charge."

The signal for action awoke the drowsy officer, to whom Monsieur Caillemotte gave instructions to prepare the cavalry for march.

"Coquincourt! allons, il faut preparer," said the general, leaving the room.

"Allons, mes enfans!" said Coquincourt, rising and buckling on his sword belt.

"Forward, my boys," cried Burdet, following his example, "harden your hearts, sharpen your spurs, and go along; we'll run the old fox down the wind; let's see who'll have his brush."

"Have you never heard that little tale, Master Burdet, about the man selling the bear's skin or the lion's, I don't know which," said O'Regan, "before he had catch'd him."

"I've heard of the ass in the lion's skin," replied Burdet, pulling off O'Regan's periwig, and throwing it in his face.

"Oh, you barber's bastard!" cried the enraged Hibernian; "you were intended by nature to handle wigs and turning irons instead of the sword."

"Ha! cest vrai, monsieur," cried Ribaudier, bursting with laughter, "he has handled yours ver handsome."

"Go along wid yes," cried O'Regan, "before you're six hours older you'll all be pretty decently handled, or Mr. Pendarfy there'll have lost his pains. I'll

not be far wrong when I say not a few of ye'll have your mouths full of a green sod before night: so bad luck to ye, French, Dutch, and English, ye capering, heavy-breeched, drunken rascals."

"Good bye, old fellow," said Burdet; "if you want the butler's place I told you of t'other day, I dare say it's still vacant. Dad kills his own beef and mutton — famous beef, capital ale, famous beef as ever came into market decked out with rosemary; and a bottle of old sherry at Christmas. Good bye, old buck, you'll think of it, eh? Don't let the place slip; good bye."

"Good bye, and the devil to ye," cried O'Regan.

"I'd forgot one thing, old soul of brass," said Burdet, returning; "dad keeps hounds — harriers — run you a fox though — you shall ride old Cavalier; that is, when dad's not in the field — the old horse will carry you up to your mettle, I'll lay odds."

"D—n your odds and your horse

too," replied Teague. "I'll lay odds my ould horse, that I was fool enough to leave behind me in Ireland, would have played such a foot as neither your Cavalier nor any other horse in your stables would come near to."

"Fifty to five upon Cavalier," cried Burdet. "He was got by old Nol's Arabian, and is one of the fastest horses ever rode after hounds — Out with your pictures — fifty to five."

"A fool and his money's soon parted," said the Hibernian; "I'll keep mine in my pocket."

"Pish, you're no where," cried the sportsman. "But I'll tell you what though, old Barnaby, don't you be offering odds, and then pulling up; that sort of work won't do."

"Won't it, by St. Patrick?" replied O'Regan; "why then it must, for I'm not going to be plucked by any gambler in England; no, nor in Wales, that's what I'm not, and I'm not afraid to tell you so, nor ashamed either."

"Well, good bye," said Burdet, after a moment's deliberation whether or not he should resent the ill language of the Hibernian. "I'll have this over again when the sport's ended. Before I go, fifty to five, I return alive; there's rhyme for you."

"I'll not bet," answered O'Regan; "I'd have no chance; you'd perhaps make the bet sure, by running away."

This retort so nettled the sporting officer that he again pounced upon the wig of his adversary, who struggled hard to retain it: the strength of Burdet, however, obtained the prize; and he instantly stuffed it in into the fire, and stamped upon it with his heavy boot until it was consumed.

"Oh, you blackguard!" cried O'Regan; "the only wig I had in the world! you that are gentlemen knock him down."

"What a confounded smell the old louse cover makes," said Burdet.

"Oh, you pick-pocket!" cried the Irish colonel; "because I wouldn't let you rob me of my money, you must steal the only cover I had to my bald scalp! What'll I do? where will I get another? is there never a barber in the town?"

"None," answered Burdet; so there's a good opening for you, if you dislike the butlership."

"Get along, you spalpeen," cried O'Regan; "it's some comfort you'll have neither wig nor head soon."

This delectable conversation was interrupted by the return of Monsieur Caillemotte, equipped for march, who said, "Captain Burdet, you will remain here with a division in charge of our prisoners, whom I don't think it proper to take forward with us. This place will also serve to fall back upon in case of any accident."

The English captain received this order with a very blank countenance, and muttered, "Stop here! I'd rather lose a fox after a twenty miles' run."

There was, however, no remedy for his disappointment; and he beheld the troops drawn up; heard the general, or signal to march, beat; and beheld his comrades depart with great chagrin.

Our readers will, perhaps, think it necessary that we should now say something of Sir Edward Pendarvis, he being a person of no mean interest in our history, and we hasten to accommodate them, by relating his situation since his departure from Plas Mawr. Though much recovered from the effect of his wounds on their first setting out, and exhilarated in spirits at the expected recovery of his mistress, he soon discovered that he had not strength to undergo the fatigue to which he had been accustomed. His wounds were pretty well healed; but the motion of the charger on which he rode, and for which he had relinquished the easy paces of the minister's pony, occasioned him great pain and weariness. A slight fever, which was the consequence of his exertions,

forced him to halt for the night at Ruthin; and Monsieur Caillemotte, eager to come up with the Jacobites, left Boggerman and a few horse with him, whilst he proceeded on his march. Drwndwn, who could not be persuaded to leave his new master, procured guides for the French general from among the respectable yeomanry of the neighbourhood, who were heartily wearied of Owain Goch and his freebooters, and ready to lend every assistance to put them down.

By the attention of the hostess of the Lion, (the inn at which our hero lodged,) and the application of such cordials and restoratives as she recommended to the handsome young soldier, he so far recovered from his indisposition as to be able to mount his horse the following morning, and proceed upon his march; but his journey was necessarily slow. He was constrained to stop at Corwen, and take several hours' rest before he entered upon the last twelve miles of his

march to Bala. The ride of four-and-twenty miles from Ruthin to Corwen, had tried him very hard; and if his mind had not been occupied by the loveliness of the scenery, and the anticipation of a speedy meeting with his Julie, he must have sunk beneath a sense of fatigue. On his arrival at Corwen he found that Monsieur Caillemotte and his troops had stopped there a short time to refresh themselves, in the expectation that they might soon be called into action; and their departure did not precede his arrival more than two hours. He had, therefore, no doubt of overtaking them at Bala, whence he concluded they would not advance that night. His spirits still remained good, but his appetite failed him; and by the persuasion of Drwndwn, he threw himself down on a couch, and slept soundly for several hours. On awaking he took a little refreshment, and again got to horse. It was night when they arrived at Bala, where they found the foot-soldiers of the little army

as much distressed with their long and toilsome march as Edward Pendarvis himself. Monsieur Caillemotte had made all inquiries possible of the townspeople respecting Owain Goch and his followers; but they either could not, or would not, give him any information, and he was therefore obliged to await the light of day before he made any further advance into the enemy's country. To secure himself from surprise, the French general occupied two old British stations, one on either side of the town, and threw up some slight defences across the road to the pool and mountains.

The weariness of Edward Pendarvis induced him to retire to bed soon after his arrival at the quarters of M. Caillemotte; but that officer, wishing to examine Drwndwn upon the features of the country before he took any rest, selected the chamber of his intended son as the place of meeting. At this conference, Edward Pendarvis expressed his intention to proceed with the troops on the morrow at all hazards,

and to join in the action, if Gwyndyr gave them an opportunity of fighting; and no persuasions which Monsieur Caillemotte could urge against exposing himself in his present debilitated state produced any alteration in his determination.

"I should be unworthy of Mademoiselle Caillemotte," said Pendarvis, "if I suffered any other man to surpass me in endeavours for her liberation. Besides, I have to repay upon the head of the ruffian Gwyndyr all the anguish she has suffered."

"Well, well, we will feel your pulse in the morning," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "don't talk too much to-night, or you will not be able to rise. I will send the doctor to you to see how you are, and he must give you some cordial, some restorative. You have rode very far to-day; your mind, I know, is excited; but be at ease; they cannot escape us now."

"In every thing but absence from to-

morrow's action I yield myself entirely to your pleasure," said Edward Pendarvis.

"Will Gwyndyr make any stand?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, to Drwndwn.

"Not at Llanwchlyn," answered the broken-nosed hero.

"Llanwchlyn! that is where his mother lives, you say," replied the general, "where my wife and daughter are?"

"Hur is right," returned Drwndwn; "Gwyndyr knows hur would have no chance on the open ground; the chief will make for the hills with hur prisoners."

"Good fellow," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "as you best know the country and the habits of these brigands, you must be early on the scout."

"Hur shall have news before morning," answered Drwndwn.

"Do not put yourself in too great hazard," said Monsieur Caillemotte; all I want to know is, if the enemy are in our front."

Monsieur Caillemotte, after again pressing Edward Pendarvis to surrender himself to rest and calm his mind, left the chamber; and in a few minutes the surgeon of his regiment attended the invalid. He was a thin, spare, elderly man, of an established reputation in his profession, but of slow habits, and an inactive turn; rather fond of the bottle, and dogmatic in his manner.

He bowed to Pendarvis, on entering the room, and cast an inquiring glance upon Drwndwn, who surveyed him with no less curiosity. Having sat down by the bed, he felt the pulse of his patient, and said, "Well, sir, this journey of yours has done you no good; you had better have stayed where you were, much better. I don't like your pulse — very irritable — very irregular — you've fever upon you."

"I think not, doctor," replied Edward; "I am a little fatigued with our march, that's all."

"Very well; and that exertion has brought on fever," returned the surgeon. "You must be kept very quiet, or we shall have to fight all our battle over again. I told you at Llancoch it would be some time before you would be fit for any hard work; and your present condition proves my word to be true; but you young men think yourselves wiser than any body."

"I am obliged by your advice, doctor," said Edward Pendarvis, a little nettled at the plain dealing of his medical attendant; "but I think I am wise enough to know I am in no fever."

"I am sure you think so," said the surgeon, without any change of tone; "but you're quite wrong for all that. You've a fever on you, sir, and you must be kept quiet, without any disturbance; the more sleep you can get the better. I'll send you something that will be of service."

"Harkee, sir," said the invalid, "I am not to be kept here to-morrow. Fever

or no fever, I shall proceed with the troops."

"Very well, sir," returned the doctor, with great *sang froid;* "that will depend on yourself entirely. If you take the medicine I send you, and get early to sleep, and a good night's rest, perhaps you may be able to go forward; but I'll not promise otherwise. Don't let this Welsh fellow gabble too much to you; I'd rather he left you by yourself."

"Diaoul!" muttered Owain, between his teeth.

"And you'd better look out for another horse if you will ride," continued the doctor; "that one you rode is too big, too cart-horsish, too much like an elephant; his paces shake you to pieces; you should have a steady sober galloway, about thirteen hands and a half; it would suit your present weak frame better; much better; and let us have no hard riding."

"I have not ridden hard from Llancoch hither," replied Edward.

"Ah! but you have," cried the imperative man of physic; "I've seen you. You've no right to go beyond a walk; leave galloping to those who are well; you're not in a state to bear the capers of a high-mettled animal; you must be warned, or you'll be worse than you are. Good night; let this fellow follow me, and I'll send you a mixture out of the medicine-chest; you must drink it at a draught."

"Very well," answered the invalid; who, although somewhat vexed, could not help smiling at the positiveness of the man of faculty. "Notwithstanding my fever, I hope I shall soon be able to pledge you in a bumper."

"I hope you will; I hope you will," said the doctor. "Do as I tell you, and you'll soon be right again; at present there's nothing like quiet — being easy. Take the mixture as soon as I send it, and drink it off; it will have a good effect. Good night; good night. Here, you sir!"

"What's hur will?" replied Drwndwn.

"My will is, that you follow me — now — instantly," returned the surgeon, "and I'll give you something to cure the captain."

"Go on; hur will follow," replied Owain.

The broken-nosed hero followed the surgeon to his private room, where he kept his medicines, and waited until the son of Æsculapius had mingled, and inclosed in a small phial, several liquids, the smell of which was very ungrateful to the mountaineer.

"There, my lad," said the doctor; "take that to your master, and tell him he must take it directly, or the ingredients will lose their virtue."

Owain returned with all speed to the chamber of the invalid, and gave him the phial; the contents of which, after in vain endeavouring to detect them by smell, he swallowed in ignorance; and bade Drwndwn to leave him to his re-

pose. Thus liberated, Owain descended to the room below, and informed Monsieur Caillemotte of his intention to depart immediately on an excursion of discovery.

"The countersign is Orange," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Bring our plans to a good issue, and thou shalt have a noble reward."

"Hur worship will not march before hur comes back?" said Owain; "not before day-break?"

"Not unless something urgent presses," replied Monsieur Caillemotte.

The mountaineer departed; having first supplied himself with a flask of brandy, his pistols, sword, and cloak. It was day-break when he returned; and he then bore the information to the French general that he had discovered the descent of Gwyndyr and his band from the mountains to Llanwchlyn, but how they were disposed for action he could not learn. This intelligence induced Monsieur Caillemotte to order the drums to

be beat, and the troops to be put in order for instant march. Their provision was delivered to them as they stood mustered in the street, and they were prepared to fall in and march away, when the arrival of Mr. Watkin Pendarvis was announced. On his return, Drwndwn stole up to the chamber of his master, where he was soon after joined by Monsieur Caillemotte. Pendarvis was still asleep; for, in fact, by the general's command, as our readers may perhaps have suspected, the doctor had administered a soporific potion; and so sound was the rest it occasioned, that when the drums beat for march, and the trumpets sounded the tucket, the gallant captain remained unawakened.

CHAP. X.

" Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends."
Titus Andronicus.

Leaving Sir Edward Pendarvis to his repose, we shall now accompany Monsieur Caillemotte on his march to Llanwchlyn, towards which place he made all the haste that the condition of his harassed soldiers would admit. The distance, between seven and eight miles, was, however, small; and the men, eager to overtake the enemy and bring him to action, for that they supposed to be the design of their commander, made great exertions to push forward. Monsieur Caillemotte, who was entirely ignorant of the country, and feared some ambush of the enemy, ordered the guide procured by Drwndwn to attend him; and the

mountaineer rode beside him, ready to answer any questions, or do any service that he might require. The penetration of the French officer at once discerned that Watkin Pendarvis was not trustworthy; and he gave Hogenberts a charge to have an eye upon him, when he dispatched the body of horse to escort him to Llanwchlyn. As they rode along, Monsieur Caillemotte asked the guide the names of all the considerable hills within sight, their general bearing, and fitness for military operations; and the rapidity with which the veteran acquired, and the tenacity with which his memory retained the information, puzzled and astonished his ignorant companion.

By dint of mettle, or game, as our moderns have it, Monsieur Caillemotte came in sight of Llanwchlyn in two hours from the time of his quitting Bala. He was in expectation that Hogenberts would have halted in the road at some distance from the village; but he was met by a trooper, dispatched by that

officer to acquaint him that the enemy had abandoned the place and fled to the mountains.

"Eh, bien!" exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte; "we have nothing to do but pursue."

He continued his march until he reached the village; and found that Captain Hogenberts had pushed forward after the Jacobites without attempting any occupation of the place. The French general, however, concluded it necessary, for better security, to leave a company in the old mansion of Llanwchlyn; and he halted his troops while the house was barricadoed on all sides but the front, where the door was left open. He was again about to set forward, when a loud cheering at the head of the village, and presently by the whole of the troops, aroused his attention; and in a few minutes afterwards his wife and daughter were in his arms.

"Ha, Madame! ha, Julie!" exclaimed the veteran, enfolding the one

after the other in his embrace; "ma femme! ma fille!"

"Mon mari! mon pere!" cried Madame Caillemotte and her daughter, pressing eagerly forward.

After the transports which such an unexpected meeting awakened had somewhat subsided, Madame Caillemotte introduced Lady Elain to her husband; and he conducted them into the house, where they were joined by Mr. Watkin Pendarvis. Julie, who did not think it would be proper to expose the charge she had received from Gwyndyr publicly, begged her father to accompany her into a private apartment, having somewhat of importance to disclose to him.

"What! are you charge-d'affaires, my Julie?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, when they were private. "Well, what news of your mountain lover? Is he content at last to give you up, and ask my consent in the same way as other people?"

"You speak lightly, but you are near the truth," replied his daughter.

"Very well, ma mie!" said her father; "I'd rather have ye among the baggage than the enemy. What says the man?"

"That he is tired of the life he has hitherto pursued," answered Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "that he is tired of the service he is engaged in. I am charged to tell you, that on certain conditions he will join King William with his followers."

"Conditions!" said the veteran; "what are they? Since he hath released ye I shall listen to them, if they be not unreasonable."

"First, that you pledge yourself for a free pardon to him and his followers," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte, "and receive them into the service of King William."

"Tout de bon," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "this may be done; his Majesty will be glad to quell so dangerous an in-

surrection upon such terms; what further?"

"The chieftain claims to be heir to the title and fortune of Sir Madog Gwyndyr," said Julie, of which, since the civil wars, he hath been dispossessed. He would have you engage to use your influence that he may be reinstated in his right. On receiving a written assurance that you will abide by these conditions, he will order his men to march to your quarters."

"These are his public conditions, Julie," said her father; "now for his private ones; he has forced you to some promise."

Monsieur Caillemotte, with a countenance of great seriousness, made this remark; for he was fearful that the word of his daughter, if not her oath, was pledged to some private engagement; and her countenance, which became instantly of a deathly paleness, assured him he was not mistaken. Julie, our readers are aware, was still ignorant that her

father had seen and was reconciled to her lover; and she therefore knew not what reply to make him; but at length taking his hand, she leaned against his breast and said, "Be not angry; I have suffered much."

"But no suffering, Julie, can palliate the loss of honour;" answered her father.

"I had no other way to escape the hands of the barbarian!" returned Julie; "Oh pardon me!"

"Pardon what, child?" said Monsieur Caillemotte, whose brow was wet with apprehension.

"I know you forbade me to think of Monsieur Delafosse in any other light than that of friend," continued Julie.

"What has Delafosse to do with your private engagement to this man?" said her father. "Julie, — speak; — dally not with my feelings."

"Gwyndyr had by some means learned —" said Julie, holding down her head.

"I know it; he told me so himself,"

said Monsieur Caillemotte, "that you loved Delafosse; proceed."

"He had engaged his follower Owain to murder Delafosse," proceeded Julie, "out of a pretended desire to rid himself of his rival, and believes him dead."

"This is also known to me," replied her father; "the man has related to me all the circumstances."

"Ah! then I engaged," said Julie, with great hesitation, "that if ever I loved another than" ——

"Delafosse," said her father, smiling.

"It should be himself," concluded Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"Ah, ma bonne!" cried her father, clasping her in his arms; "and is this all? Julie! Julie! thy woman's wit has been too hard for the poor mountaineer. How did Gwyndyr treat you?"

"In all but his importunity, well," replied Mademoiselle Caillemotte.

"And you would be no woman if you complained of any extravagance that was occasioned by the enchantment of your

charms," answered her father, laughing. "Well, well, as Delafosse is not slain, we must comply with the chieftain's terms. In every thing I hope to do him reason but in his love. It is well, Julie, your promise to him was that if ever you loved, not married, another than Delafosse, he should be the man, for I have found you a husband."

"A husband!" exclaimed Julie, in great affright.

"A husband! yes," returned her father, gravely; "is it not time for you to be married? You are now twenty years of age, Julie, and lest you should get into any more such scrapes as your ingenuity has just freed you from, I have thought it expedient to accept the gentleman's offer."

"Are you serious?" said Julie, sinking on one knee, and bathing his hand with her tears.

"Rise, Julie! do not let me see this folly," said her father. "The gentleman who offers you his hand is a chevalier of

good family and fortune. He has served with reputation, is handsome and amiable, every way fitted to make a woman happy."

"He may, he may, yet not me," cried Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "oh! for the love of heaven let me not be rescued from one misery to be plunged into another; force me not, if you have ever loved me, to become for ever wretched."

"Beat peace, Julie," replied her father, raising her and kissing her forehead; "though the chevalier is one of those whom I hold dearest on earth, yet I will not force him on you against your inclination; but see him, Julie! at least see him before you discard him; he is a gentleman, do him justice."

"In that respect your pleasure is mine," answered Julie. "There is one thing more, the mother of the chief, a strong partisan of King James, on learning her son's disposition towards peace, threw herself from a rock, and was killed. The followers of Gwyndyr will presently

bring her here, and we engaged they should meet no interruption; the garb and manners of the mountaineers may excite ridicule, if you do not give a charge to preserve decorum."

"I will do so," said Monsieur Caillemotte, leading her back to the hall, where Madame Caillemotte, Lady Pendarvis and her husband, and several of the officers were assembled. He sent one of the latter with orders to the subalterns to treat the escort of the corpse of Madeline Gwyndyr not only with decorum, but respect; and at the same time he drew up a written engagement for the terms of Gwyndyr's accession, and dispatched it by one of the troopers to Corndochon.

"After a heavy thunder storm comes sunshine," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "and not rarely the atmosphere is the wholesomer for it; so Wales, after this little hurricane of war, will enjoy peace; and be delivered from those noxious bands

that, like an unwholesome vapour, hung about her hills."

"Then Gwyndyr surrenders at discretion," said Watkin Pendarvis.

"He does not surrender," replied Monsieur Caillemotte, coolly; "but he enters into the service of his Majesty, he and his followers."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Lady Pendarvis; "the country will be indeed delivered."

At this moment the sound of a muffled kettle drum was heard from without, indicating the approach of the corpse; a mark of respect with which French ingenuity alone would have thought of complimenting so savage an enemy; and in a short time those within the hall beheld through the windows the approach of the body to the door of the house. It was borne on a kind of bier formed of crossed pikes, and supported by four of the stoutest followers of Owain Goch. David Edwards the harper walked before, and Gruffyd, one of Madeline's peculiar

attendants, followed. The body was set down at the door, and was immediately surrounded by the people of the neighbourhood, who, in dismal concert, groaned forth their lamentations. To the best of her ability Madeline had been a kind neighbour; and having no superior or competitor in that wild and secluded district to whom the people could look up, she maintained a sort of pre-eminence or sovereignty over them by her power and her alms, which secured their respect and attachment. No wonder, therefore, that the peasantry, many of whom perhaps had sons or other kinsfolk in the band of Owain Goch, should express sorrow at the death of Madeline, when they beheld the greater part of their subsistence depart with her: and as if the strength of their gratitude, and affection, and regret, was to be displayed by the extravagance of their lamentations, they set up so loud and dismal a howling that the soldiers were struck with astonishment, and the ladies within the house, with hor-

ror and dismay. This scene continued for about a quarter of an hour, and then, as if their grief had somewhat evaporated, the populace ceased their wailing; and forming parties around the house, busied themselves in discourse upon the manner of Madeline's death. During all this time the harper stood at the head of the corpse, answering the questions of different inquirers respecting the unfortunate end of his mistress; as if it were his peculiar function to preside over her obsequies. The crowd having somewhat slackened, the harper entered the hall, and enquiring for the French general, requested to know if it were his pleasure that the body should be brought within the hall.

"Perform your duties according to the custom of your country without interruption," replied Monsieur Caillemotte; "we will give the hall up to you instantly."

And he immediately led the way into another apartment.

The bearers now raised their burthen, and bringing it into the hall, laid it upon the large dining-table, which, for that purpose, was brought into the middle of the room. The face of the corpse was as black as a coal, and enormously swelled, so as to make a most hideous figure; and as if to give the scene a more fearful and melancholy aspect than it already bore, the harper caused the hall windows to be darkened, and the room to be lighted by two candles, whose sickly glare threw the features of the deceased into numberless fearful shapes.

This arrangement was scarcely made, when the harper, who had taken his station at the head of the corpse, was disturbed by the appearance of what he thought a spectre; the dwarf Jeuan, who, halting in the midst of the hall, said, "Where is the chief of the soldiers?"

"Art thou still alive, Jeuan?" said the old man.

"Hur sees," replied the dwarf.

"Truly I held thee killed by the fall thou hadst," returned Edwards; "but what brings thee here?"

"The chief has sent hur to say hur is coming hither," answered Jeuan; "St. Elian! the wolf of Ben lyn is brought low. Hur band is to join with the soldiers."

"Better so than rob the country," returned Edwards; "too long has Owain Gwyndyr lived on the spoil of his neighbours."

"Spoil!" muttered Jeuan, with a fiendish laugh; "hur lived on the mountain, free as the Rhedyn * that waves on it. How can hur bend to be under the will of others? Hur used to take what hur needed, how can hur wait till others give?"

"Pity is it," said the harper, "that Owain Gwyndyr and his followers have to learn discipline so late in life."

"Hur can never learn," said Jeuan; "the wolf may be caged, but hur will

* Fern.

be the wolf after all. Where is this chief of the Saxons?"

The harper pointed to the stairs; but before he could leave the hall the chief of Ben lyn himself appeared and asked the same question.

"They are above," answered the harper.

Gwyndyr ascended the stairs, and, ignorant of ceremony, stood before Monsieur Caillemotte and his company when they least expected it.

"I am here earlier than you thought of," said Gwyndyr to Monsieur Caillemotte; "I have received your assurance, and I throw myself on your honour."

"Monsieur," answered the general, with great warmth; "you have done me great honour by this confidence. I publicly renew that pledge I sent you, and receive you here, and greet you as King William's friend and soldier."

"You shall hereafter find me true," returned the chief; "and that I will do

more for King William than I have ever done against him."

"I doubt it not, monsieur," said the general; "we have now only to await the junction of your followers, and then we retrace our march to Conwy, thence to Ireland, where you will have an opportunity of cleansing yourself from all spots in the blood of the enemy under his Majesty's eye."

"My followers are below," replied Gwyndyr; "we are all at your disposal; but, with your leave, I have a duty to perform that will detain me here a day or two, — the burial of my mother."

"Take your leisure, monsieur," replied Monsieur Caillemotte; "did not affairs call upon me to use all diligence in my march, I would have awaited the termination of this ceremony. We will expect you within seven days at Llancoch or at Conwy."

"Not at Llancoch," replied Gwyndyr; "at Conwy. All past offences, I hope,

will be forgot; the trouble I have been so unhappy as to cause your wife."

"And my daughter, monsieur!" replied the general, smiling; "but she has forgiven you, and so I have no great reason to complain."

"My life hereafter shall witness my repentance," returned Gwyndyr, looking earnestly at Mademoiselle Caillemotte; "but she had never cause to fear."

"Monsieur," answered the general, "I have always done you justice; I have ever said a brave man is incapable of using a woman ill. I had seen you play your part too well in the game of arms to believe you would do wrong to the child of a brother soldier."

Gwyndyr was somewhat confused by this praise, which he was conscious he did not very well deserve.

"We are much in debt to Monsieur Gwyndyr," said Madame Caillemotte, "for a great deal of kindness shown us, if we have to complain of some little

anxiety. Monsieur is a gallant soldier, is of good birth, and has the materiel of a fine man, which will be polished by intercourse with the world; his penchant for the ladies is much in his favour. I am of Monsieur Caillemotte's mind; I have been very easy under Monsieur Gwyndyr's protection; and Julie has not, I believe, sustained much damage from fright. What say you, Julie?"

"I have many thanks to return Monsieur Gwyndyr," replied Julie, "for the care with which he provided for our accommodation; also for his too favourable opinion of me; a respect of which I am conscious I am unworthy."

The roguish girl dropped a low curtsy, and spoke with affected timidity; but the blind love of the chieftain construed every thing in his own favour, and gazed upon her with admiration and delight. All lovers exalt themselves as much as possible in the eyes of their mistress, and Owain Goch could not forbear, on this occasion, of proclaiming to all that

he was of a race worthy to be matched even with that of Monsieur Caillemotte.

"It is unknown to you," said he, addressing the general, "that I am of a noble or rather princely race. My father, Sir Madog Gwyndyr, a lineal descendant from the princes of Gwynedd, was a cavalier of no mean fame; he fell sword in hand, and left his widow and child to the mercy of the conqueror. My mother was a hot royalist, so that our lands were sequestrated, and we were forced upon the world. On the restoration we presented our memorial, but King Charles was ever in too great a hurry to look at it."

"And King James?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Had ever other business of greater import," replied Gwyndyr; "a conference with his priests, or somewhat of like nature, put our memorial out of countenance. We were left to starve, and the man that raised his hand against the father of these kings and joined in his

murder, was suffered to enjoy the spoil that was wrung from us. Not for King James did Owain Gwyndyr ever draw his sword, but to regain his inheritance from the cursed puritan that holds it."

"Monsieur," returned the French general, "you will obtain more redress from the justice of King William than you could carve out with your sword. I see the necessity that has pressed you; but it seems to me this country is the worst place in the world for a man to take law into his own hands. The laws are so well known, and in matters of right between subject and subject, have, even in the worst times, been so ably administered, that there was little room for complaint."

"All that Mr. Gwyndyr had reason to expect," said Pendarvis, "was, that either out of his Majesty's privy purse, or by some parliamentary grant, or by some act restoring the estate on payment of the purchase-money to him

that bought it, he should be recompensed for his losses."

"The villain who has the estate bought it from the commissioners for sequestrations for an old song," returned Owain Goch; "let him account for the rents and profits, and he is paid ten times told. Parliament would have passed a bill for restitution, with many other estates in a like situation, but the libertine Charles would not listen to their desire; the psalm-singing at Worcester rang in his head, and he feared to disturb the puritans."

"King William will not fear to do justice," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I will lay your narrative before him."

"King William is a man of the sword," replied Gwyndyr; "I have better trust in him than in those led by women and priests."

"We have then, for the present, terminated our conference," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Monsieur Pendarvis, you

will, perhaps, be so good as to accommodate these ladies with seats in your coach."

"The coach is at your service," answered Pendarvis: "I will see it prepared."

"Monsieur Gwyndyr," said the general, "if you please, we will descend and look over your followers. I must give directions for embodying them. Are you sure they will remain with us freely?"

"They will follow me through fire and death," answered Gwyndyr.

"I can bear you witness that they are gallant fellows," returned the complaisant Frenchman. "I never had a harder day's work than when fortune drew even between us at the rampart in Llancoch; I thank you heartily for the soldier's greeting you gave me on that day."

Gwyndyr did not well understand this sort of courtesy, and forbore to reply to it. He led the way to the street, where Monsieur Caillemotte found his own

troops still under arms, and the savage forms of the mountaineers ranged in a long double line opposite them. They were all more or less armed, either with their peculiar long gun, or with sword and pistol, or pike. For the most part, they were men of large stature and powerful persons, in this respect presenting a decided superiority over the French regulars; and they also outshone their enemies in that freedom of attitude and flexibility of limb, which much exercise in a mountainous country confers on its inhabitants. The eye of the veteran commander perused their athletic forms with great complacency; for he not only saw a very seasonable reinforcement to his Majesty's forces placed at his disposal, but the service that would be rendered the country by the annihilation of such a band of freebooters.

"Have you consulted their inclinations?" said Monsieur Caillemotte to Gwyndyr; "do they freely enter his Majesty's service?"

"Yes," replied the chief; "they are willing to follow me; all has been explained to them; at first you will find us ignorant of discipline, but we shall learn better speedily."

"I doubt it not," returned Monsieur Caillemotte.

He called Coquincourt, and bade him prepare for march; and then added, "Monsieur Gwyndyr, as you are not with us, I think it better that your corps be divided into four sections, and intermingled with my own troops. I am not expressing any doubt of their obedience; but so large a number without their officer will not be so much under authority as is necessary."

"As you like," replied Gwyndyr, whose mind somewhat misgave him at this appearance of utterly breaking his power; but he had now gone too far to look back, and he lulled his apprehension with a thought of his mistress. "Ho Tarw Trin! Dysgirnin! halloo."

The lieutenants, if we may call them

so, of his band instantly came up, and he continued, "Hark ye, the funeral of my mother detains me here for a few days; I place you now under the power of the general; he will command you, and I charge ye obey him as myself."

"Does not Owain Goch go with hur band?" said Tarw Trin.

"Does the chief desert hur followers?" said Dysgirnin.

"Fools! no," replied Gwyndyr, passionately; "in a day or two I shall join ye at Conwy."

"The band will not move a foot without hur," said Tarw Trin.

"The band will wait till the chief can march," said Dysgirnin.

"I tell ye this cannot be," said Gwyndyr; "it is one article of our treaty that we should all serve under the command of the general, who suffers me now to stay behind, that I may do my duty to the corpse of my mother."

"Hur need not have asked the general's leave," said Tarw Trin; "half

an hour since hur was free on the rock of Corndochon."

"Dysgirnin will serve none but Owain Goch," said the other mountaineer; "when the chief marches hur will march too, not before."

"Dogs!" cried the exasperated Gwyndyr, "do as I would have ye, or I'll send a pistol-ball through your heads; prepare your comrades to march, instantly."

The subalterns retired muttering to the band, and in their native language commenced an explanation, which had so speedy an effect, that the hot blood of the sons of Wales was thrown into fermentation. They broke their ranks, and crowded round Tarw Trin and his companion; and in words which Gwyndyr well understood, swore they would not stir from Llanwchlyn without him; at the same time denouncing their leader as one who had betrayed, and was now going to desert them; and so well aware was Owain Goch of their ferocity, that, bold as he was, he durst not, in their

present heat, trust himself among them, but applied to Monsieur Caillemotte for his advice, and revealed to him the import of their language.

"I see nothing but force," said the veteran, shrugging his shoulders; "when they are surrounded, and see themselves overpowered, they will submit."

"But then, general, they will be of less service to his majesty," returned Gwyndyr; "I shall lose all command; and it will not be easy for any one else to manage them."

"Leave that to me, my dear friend," said the wily Frenchman, squeezing the arm of his new ally, as a man would lay his hand on the paw of a lion, in doubt whether the brute would not bite him; "we must find you a better command, or your rank will remain unworthy of your name; besides, to make these brave fellows into good soldiers, they must be parted and brought into proper discipline. I will do nothing without your

consent, but say the word, and in ten minutes they shall gladly ground their arms."

Monsieur Caillemotte thus courted the chief of Ben lyn, perceiving that Gwyndyr half repented of what he had done, and that he was in a state of hesitation what course to pursue. The French general was unwilling, if it could be avoided, to put this desperate leader at the head of his ferocious band; for although he had no fears as to the issue of any contest which might take place, yet he was not only unwilling that any more blood should be shed, but to lose the credit of having the Jacobites surrendered to him peaceably. Gwyndyr, however, for some moments did not reply, but continued to regard his followers with an anxious and discontented eye.

"Monsieur," said the general, "you need have no fears for the lives of any of your people. I give you my word not a man shall fall."

"We are in your power," answered

Gwyndyr, gloomily; "do as you think best."

Monsieur Caillemotte instantly dispatched an aide-de-camp to Coquincourt and the other officers, with orders to file off their men into a hollow square, surrounding the Welshmen; and with such rapidity was this manœuvre performed, that the mountaineers, who were still engaged in their boisterous and angry conference, did not for several minutes perceive that they were at the mercy of the enemy. Gwyndyr, whose pulse beat with sudden rapidity, turned his back, and walked towards the house, whilst Monsieur Caillemotte mounted his horse, and riding up to the rear of his men, called loudly to the subalterns of the band. His voice occasioned them to look around, and then they first beheld that they were enclosed by an armed foe. Every mountaineer at this sight flew to arms, and (like the infuriated beasts in an Indian royal hunt, when enclosed by the hunters and soldiery of the

prince) glared with eager eyes upon every part of their foes, to see where they should endeavour to burst the barrier, and make a road to freedom. But every foe was firm, and every bayonet fixed; a wall of steel presented itself to them; and they hesitated to begin the work of death. Many a mountaineer raised his gun to his shoulder, but lowered it again, fearful by firing of drawing the enemy's indignation upon himself alone; but the French did not elevate their guns above the charge, awaiting quietly the word of command.

"Lay down your fire arms," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

These words, which were interpreted to the Welsh by Tarw Trin and Dysgirnin, caused a roar of despair to run through their ranks; and they seemed again disposed to put all to the hazard rather than surrender.

"Present!" said Monsieur Caillemotte, and the troops instantly raised their guns to the aim. The Welsh made

a sudden stir, as if they would have burst through their enemies; but in a moment they fell back, and each musketeer grounded his gun. They were cowed, and disheartened, and incapable of making any further resistance.

"Coquincourt! file them off by tens," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "and place them among the people, so that we may have no further trouble."

The French officer advanced into the midst of the enemy, and gave the necessary instructions to Tarw Trin and Dysgirnin, by which their comrades were formed into thirty divisions. Only one of these was allowed to march out of the square at a time; and as soon as they passed the ranks, they were incorporated into the mass of French soldiery, so as to render resistance or escape impossible. In addition to this disposition, their fire arms were taken away and placed with the baggage; and their subalterns, Tarw Trin and Dysgirnin, who, Monsieur Caillemotte had observed, were the origi-

nal cause of the mutiny, removed to the custody of the horse. When this important arrangement was made, the drums beat a march, and the infantry with displayed colours marched from Llanwchlyn. At the moment of their march Gwyndyr, who had retired into the house that he might not behold the reduction of his followers, came forth, and with a melancholy foreboding gazed after them whilst they were in sight.

"Colours flying, drums beating," muttered the chief, "my followers broken and disarmed. We are conquered indeed. What have I done? Ah, Julie! unless thou art true, I am lost for ever."

"You are betrayed," whispered a voice in his ear. He turned round to see who had spoken; but the person had passed to the further side of Lady Pendarvis's coach, which just before drove up to the door.

"Well, monsieur," said Monsieur Caillemotte, riding up to Gwyndyr, "you see we have managed our point without

bloodshed. It is not the first time I have been engaged in little things of this kind. L'esprit du corps cannot long be maintained against musket and bayonet. After this your people will make very good soldiers."

"General," said Owain Goch, "I have put myself and my followers in your hands."

"You have, monsieur, and I see you feel some concern," replied Monsieur Caillemotte; "but doubt not of my good intentions."

"You mean faithfully and honestly to perform the articles of our treaty?" returned Gwyndyr. "I say faithfully, according to my understanding of them, without reservation?"

"Monsieur," replied the general, a little piqued, "I fear you judge of me from that character of levity and infidelity that some of my nation have unhappily exhibited to the world. The articles of our treaty are very plain, and, to my capacity, easily understood. As a man of

honour I intend that they shall be honestly executed."

"You speak fairly," said Gwyndyr. "Pardon me, general; the suddenness of this change makes me doubtful and anxious; yet I believe you will act with honour."

"Doubt it not, monsieur," replied Monsieur Caillemotte; "I have yet to forfeit it. Courage, comrade; you are young, and will see bright days; this moping does not become a soldier. Courage, and do me the favour to conduct the ladies to the coach."

The cheerfulness of the gallant Frenchman for a short time dispelled the gloom of Gwyndyr, who hastened up stairs to attend Julie and her companions. Watkin Pendarvis accompanied him; and offering his arm to Madame Caillemotte and his wife, purposely left Julie to the care of her admirer. Mademoiselle Caillemotte accepted his assistance with good humour, and as they descended the stairs, he besought her to have compassion

upon his most ardent love, and to remember the vow she had made him; and he ventured to press her hand to his lips, a freedom which she either could not, or had not the cruelty to prevent. On reaching the coach, it was settled that the three ladies and Mrs. Roberts should occupy that vehicle, whilst Mr. Pendarvis should accompany the general on horseback. This arrangement being made, the coach departed at an easy pace, protected in front and rear by the horse of Hogenberts. Monsieur Caillemotte also bade Gwyndyr a good morning, and departed; and, lastly, Watkin Pendarvis having ascended his saddle, said, "You are betrayed; you think Delafosse dead; he is alive and well." When he had uttered these words, he put his horse hastily forward, and left Gwyndyr in a state of stupefaction.

CHAP. XI.

" Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son."
Douglas.

Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, after leaving the chieftain to go to dinner with what appetite he might, speedily overtook Monsieur Caillemotte, who rode at an easy pace, attended by several aides-de-camp, in the rear of the coach. The opinion which the general entertained of his professional companion would not allow him to engage familiarly in discourse with him, but he could not avoid speaking on common-place topics without discovering too openly his knowledge of his expected kinsman's character; and he had no mind that the sphere of his infamy should be extended. The confidence, or rather the assurance, of Watkin Pendarvis was not, however, to be rebuked by the reserve of the Frenchman, who,

finding that he put questions to him which he could not answer in the presence of his attendants, requested them to ride on a little before. The truth is, that the lawyer had commenced the general's examination relative to the situation, the health, and other matters of Delafosse, with a minuteness and directness of inquiry which left Monsieur Caillemotte no alternative but to explain himself, or answer his interrogator rudely; and foreseeing that some explanation must soon be called for, he concluded that the present was as fit a time as possible for knowing the lawyer's mind. When his aides-de-camp had put forward, he looked narrowly at Pendarvis, and said, "You were speaking of Captain Delafosse hereafter let us use his proper title, Sir Edward Pendarvis."

The shock which these words occasioned was so great, that Pendarvis involuntarily gave his horse a severe check, which caused the animal to rear, and nearly dismounted the rider. The sud-

denness of the communication left the wily lawyer no time for artifice, not a moment to frame his face to the occasion, but his terror revealed to the general his knowledge that Delafosse and Edward Pendarvis were the same person; and the effects of this revelation were the stronger, inasmuch as he beheld his injured kinsman recognised, and apparently supported, by a man of such rank and authority as Monsieur Caillemotte; and it required little of his penetration to discover that Edward's marriage with Julie was upon the heels of his recognition. Confounded and almost stupefied with the overwhelming revolution of his thoughts, the lawyer could not answer a word.

"You do not seem rejoiced to hear of the safety of your kinsman," said the general.

"You will pardon me if I feel some surprise at the suddenness of this news," said Pendarvis, scarcely knowing what answer to make, and trusting, at all events,

that his practice on the life of Edward Pendarvis was still a secret; "it is so long since the son of Sir Jorweth Pendarvis left England, and he was then so young, that even though Captain Delafosse be the same person, it is hardly possible for me to recognise him."

"You have seen Sir Edward Pendarvis since he came into Wales," said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"I have seen Captain Delafosse," answered Pendarvis.

"Where?" inquired Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Where? I know not, that is exactly," replied the lawyer, in horrible perturbation; "I think it was — yes, at the house of my bailiff, where he and Gwyndyr held me prisoner."

"And did you not know him then for your kinsman?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Not at all," replied Pendarvis, promptly; "but indeed he concealed his face."

"But you have seen him since that time, and knew him," continued the general.

"Excuse me, sir," said Watkin Pendarvis, who had now regained his confidence; "there is no occasion for me to answer your questions — it seems you can reply to them yourself."

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, "this is no time for proud looks, and I am not the man they can be practised on with safety. For your own sake as well as for Sir Edward's, to whom I confess to you I am speedily to hold near relation, I wish to understand you."

"As a man of honour you would not abet an impostor in his claim upon the property of an ancient family," said Pendarvis; "but at all events, I am guarded by the strong arm of the law, which will suffer no military violence in this country."

"Monsieur," said the general, with a sneer, "pardon me; I know that this incredulity is wilful; there are proofs

enough of Sir Edward's right; there are other proofs which will affect you rather awkwardly."

The last sentence he conveyed in a whisper, and the blood instantly forsook the cheeks of his companion; but like his brotherhood of the bar, he was unwilling to give in whilst he had a leg to stand on; and, determined to know the worst, he answered, "I am as ignorant of what you mean by wilful incredulity as I am conscious of having done nothing, the consequences of which I need fear."

"Tout de bon!" returned Monsieur Caillemotte.

"I am not wilfully incredulous, whatever may be your opinion;" proceeded Pendarvis; "but I see no reason for offering the title of my estate to a man, and thanking him to receive it, before he has shown that he has any claim upon my conscience."

"Your conscience!" exclaimed the general.

"What are his proofs that he is the son of Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis?" continued the lawyer; "as you are in his confidence, you are perhaps acquainted with them."

"Your own confession," replied Monsieur Caillemotte. "You have not forgot seeing him in the tower-dungeons; you remember the name of Evans."

"I do remember seeing Delafosse in the dungeons," returned Pendarvis, with consummate assurance. "The name of Evans is not of such cabalistic potency as to call up any thing that shall affright me. It was when I saw the young man in the dungeons that I first heard of his claiming the name you give him, and for that name, however you may misconstrue my feelings, for his resemblance to my deceased kinsman, which I confess he bears, I did afterwards what lay in man to protect him against the murtherous knife of Gwyndyr."

"How came Gwyndyr to be informed

of his hiding place?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"I informed him," returned Pendarvis, "innocently enough; for I then deemed them fast friends. I knew nothing of their rivalship; how should I be able to learn by intuition that the savage sought the blood of his colleague? Gwyndyr himself, ruffian as he is, will declare how warmly, how affectionately, I pleaded for his life; I was willing to entertain the hope that the youth was the long lost heir of Sir Jorwerth; that his presence would restore health and cheerfulness to his mother, and joy to his kinsfolk. Why should I, a man past the hope of children, seek to wrong the orphan of his portion? There is neither sense nor humanity in the belief that such was ever my desire."

"But why not arouse the garrison rather than suffer so base a murder?" said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Delafosse, I understand, was the idol of the soldiers, and much beloved by his other colleagues. Why not communicate your fears to them?

They would have protected him against the fury of Gwyndyr."

"From so many suspicions, under such minute investigation, which I have never contemplated, how am I to clear myself?" returned the lawyer. "I am not a military man, Monsieur Caillemotte; I have no judgment how far one hundred men are a match for five, though the former be superior in discipline. Had I called for assistance, I might have ensured my own destruction, but I could not have secured Delafosse's safety. To communicate my suspicions privately to any apart was impossible. I was constantly watched."

"You might have provided for his safety in the same way that he escaped," said the general: "You were not watched so narrowly, but that you could visit his hiding-place."

"After I had discovered it to Gwyndyr, and opposed his wicked intention," replied Pendarvis, "I was more strictly watched than before; I could not leave

the guard-chamber for a moment; but I am wearied of replying to these general and unfounded suspicions; I must at present be content to bear them; yet I must declare that no man will more rejoice than I shall, if the person calling himself Sir Edward Pendarvis shall, indeed, prove the head of our family."

"When you come to talk with him you will doubt it as little as I do," replied Monsieur Caillemotte. "I understand that when he left the country he was of age sufficient to know many persons in it. The man called Drwndwn was his playmate, and knows him perfectly; Evans, an old servant of the family, will come forward to give his testimony in his favour, and so will many others. But his mother, monsieur! his mother must know him; he stakes his title upon this proof."

"Be sure he proves his title, monsieur," said Pendarvis, "before Mademoiselle becomes his wife."

"It is already proved," returned the general; "had there been any doubt, any want of proof here, your kinsman is provided with sufficient from another quarter. Mark me, monsieur, it will be better for you to withdraw your opposition, which can answer no end; you know the young man well."

"I know him not," replied Watkin Pendarvis. "Am I to give away my inheritance on suspicion?"

"Let me convince you," said the general. "To whom did you deliver the young Edward Pendarvis at St. Omers?"

"I do not remember," replied the lawyer.

"Not remember!" exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte; "Not remember a matter of such importance? It is not so long ago; you must remember."

"My memory holds thus far," said Pendarvis, "that it was to some member of the college."

"To whom did you write upon the

youth's desertion of the college?" inquired the general.

"To whom?" echoed Pendarvis, now visibly alarmed; "I am not certain; I believe to father Grey."

"Was not Sir Edward Pendarvis particularly confided to that jesuit's care?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"He might," answered the lawyer; "but I have no particular recollection."

"Marbleu!" cried the general; "your memory is very bad; but I will quicken it. Grey, the jesuit, is now in Ireland. Sir Edward Pendarvis only left him the day previous to his being made prisoner. They had been long together, and Grey has supplied him not only with a certificate of his identity, but also with your letters."

"There may be a conspiracy between the jesuit and this young man," answered the lawyer; "we are all well aware of what the men of that order are capable."

"Monsieur, you are difficult to satisfy,"

returned the Frenchman, finding that Pendarvis never lacked an answer.

"And before a British jury," continued the lawyer, triumphantly, "how far will the word of a jesuit go? that is, if he durst appear in the kingdom."

"Monsieur," replied the general, "I am not well versed in the laws of your country; but I am so far informed as to know that you are in danger of heavy punishment for sending Sir Edward Pendarvis to St. Omers."

"The statute of Charles was a dead letter in the last reign," replied Pendarvis; "I was fool enough to do as others did."

"Eh, bien, monsieur," said the general; "then you are determined to put us to the trouble of proving your kinsman's right. But suppose, as doubtless will be the case, that madame recognizes him? Will you then acknowledge him?"

"Lady Pendarvis is now poorly, weak of mind, and credulous," answered the lawyer; "besides, the emissaries of Delafosse have already been about her;

among the rest the man Drwndwn, shaping her mind to the hope of again beholding her lost son, and asserting that he had been seen. This she herself told me. I then knew not the meaning of it fully; now I see the policy and dexterity of the report."

"Monsieur," said the French officer, with great calmness, but in a cavalier tone of voice, "I have seen Sir Edward Pendarvis's proofs, and examined them as carefully as was necessary. Several men of honour have done the same; among others, the pastor of your church. We are all satisfied that his right is incontrovertible. I now ask you, as a gentleman, whether you think I am lending myself to an imposture?"

The tone in which this inquiry was made, showed Pendarvis that Monsieur Caillemotte was too serious to be trifled with; but, nevertheless, he did not suffer himself to be disconcerted.

"You ask me this question, monsieur," he replied, "as if the title to my estate

was to be decided with the sword instead of the law. I must decline answering any such interrogatory."

"This is an inquiry which affects my honour," answered Monsieur Caillemotte, "and I must insist upon an answer."

"Your peremptory insist would avail little with me," returned Pendarvis, "if I had not more wit than to cavil at words. I have no reason to look at you in this matter. I do not suppose you would willingly lend yourself to an imposture; but that you are deceived, I am disposed to believe, and shall remain in my opinion until I am better informed."

"Your decision can hurt yourself alone," said Monsieur Caillemotte. "Had you yielded with a good grace, I should have counselled Sir Edward to have treated you liberally. Your perversity liberates us from all ties. — Bon jour.'

Monsieur Caillemotte now ordered the coach to put forward; and in a short time he overtook his little army, the command of which he confided to Coquin-

court, whilst he himself hastened on with the ladies. It is seldom that one sees a general ride post; but on this occasion Monsieur Caillemotte kept his own and his attendants' horses at a brushing gallop; and, in less than three quarters of an hour, they entered the town of Bala. During their little journey, it is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that the hearts of the ladies overflowed with joy; for although the happiness of Lady Elain was still incomplete, and the humane feelings of Mademoiselle Caillemotte were touched with occasional anxiety for the disappointment and despair of Gwyndyr, yet all painful remembrances vanished before the consciousness of freedom and protection. Madame Caillemotte had already forgot the chief of Ben lyn, and every thing about him. She gave way to incessant loquacity; and, meeting with no interruption from Lady Pendarvis or her daughter, rattled away until the coachman pulled up at

the door of the inn. On the steps stood our friend with the deformed nose, who, in reply to Monsieur Caillemotte's question of how the patient fared, said he was yet asleep.

"Ha! there's the man; there is the widow's son," said Lady Pendarvis, with great emotion; "let us see whether he has deceived me."

Madame Caillemotte, however, begged her to be quiet for the present, there being no doubt, as he seemed attached to the army, that they should see him again.

Monsieur Caillemotte, having alighted from his horse, proceeded to hand the ladies from the coach, and conduct them into the house. A private room, apart from the large parlour that had been converted into the guard-room, was instantly provided for them; and the bustling landlady hastened to attend them with all the accommodations her house would afford. The general, having seen his fair friends attended, left them

to seek out Edward Pendarvis. On entering his room, he found Drwndwn at his bed-side, gazing with affectionate solicitude upon the features of the invalid. The countenance of Edward Pendarvis was now of a ruddy and healthful hue, which bespoke a re-invigorated system; and the child-like calmness with which he slept, showed that the potion he had taken had preserved him from fever, as well as alleviated his irritability, and confirmed his repose. The general felt his pulse, which was slow, but regular, and gave hopes of speedy and perfect convalescence.

"Since we left has he stirred?" said Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Little," replied Drwndwn; "hur sleep was heavier some while ago."

"No starting, no rambling," said the general; "I mean no talking in his sleep."

"Hur has twice spoke," answered Owain.

"Indeed!" returned Monsieur Caillemotte. "What said he?"

"Julie! Julie!" answered Drwndwn.

Monsieur Caillemotte smiled, and laying his hand upon Pendarvis's shoulder, shook him gently. "Hola! Pendarvis! debout! Pendarvis! awake!"

The invalid opened his eyes, and stared at Monsieur Caillemotte, without offering to speak, and then seemed inclined to turn once more to his pillow.

"Master Edward," said Drwndwn; "will hur not rise and see the Lady Julie?"

The name of his mistress was electrical: he raised himself on his elbow, and said, "Are you about to march, general? I will be ready instantly. Drwndwn, my clothes; quick!"

"Don't hurry!" answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "we have deceived you. It is now two hours past noon. The enemy has capitulated, and his followers are marching hither."

"And Julie!" exclaimed Pendarvis.

"Is here already," answered Monsieur Caillemotte.

"Let me fly to her," said Pendarvis.

"Not yet; be easy I pray you," returned the general; "by and by you shall see her; but I must first prepare her for your visit; at present she neither knows that you are here, nor that I am inclined to listen to your suit. The girl is not vapourish, but the surprise, though a joyful one, might not be well."

"Do with me as you please," said Edward; "I will rise and dress, and as patiently as possible await your summons. How came I to sleep so long? Your doctor, I suppose, dosed me with laudanum."

"Something of the kind," answered Monsieur Caillemotte; "the truth is, you were not fit for action, and I had no mind that Julie should lose her husband; the doctor acted by my order. We are now just returned from Llan — Llanwch —"

"Llanwchllyn!" said Drwndwn.

"Llanwchllyn," continued the general; "the chieftain has embraced our party, surrendered his followers, and joins us in a day or two himself."

"The villain!" exclaimed Pendarvis; "traitor! murderer! robber!"

"Forget what is past," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "let us be thankful that he has acted thus rather than have covered us with misery and shame. But after all, Pendarvis, what he has done may be excused in the words of your Shakspeare; he may say to Julie, 'Your beauty was the cause.' He has attempted your life; carried Julie away; outraged the relations of civilized society; betrayed his party, — and all for love! Are you a lover, and can condemn him?"

"But how may his treachery to king James be caused by his love?" said Pendarvis.

"Chut! chut!" answered Monsieur Caillemotte, with a smile; "he thinks you are dead; he knows of no other rival; he aspires to rank, and to the hand of Julie, in an honourable way."

"The ruffian's assurance is admirable," returned Pendarvis.

"Assurance!" said the general; "Is

he not as good a baronet as yourself, except that his fortunes are in expectation? Sir Owain Gwyndyr he calls himself, and lays claim to a considerable property in North Wales. I have promised to lay his claim before his Majesty."

"Have you seen my mother?" said Edward.

"I have; she is below with Madame Caillemotte and Julie," answered the general.

"Did she make inquiry of me?" said Pendarvis.

"I have scarcely had time to kiss her hand," replied Monsieur Caillemotte.

"And my kinsman, Mr. Watkin Pendarvis?" said Edward.

"Is resolved to have nothing to do with the relationship," said the general.

"I am grieved for my mother's sake," returned Edward; "he has used me unkindly, but I would have forgot it."

"Forget every thing but happiness," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "I go to pre-

pare all parties to meet you. In the mean time take some refreshment; I have some orders to give, that will occupy me a short time."

He left the chamber and descended to the hall, where he met Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, who had just entered the house. The countenance of the lawyer was dark and perplexed. He advanced a step towards Monsieur Caillemotte, hesitated, and then said, "It is my intention, monsieur, to proceed with Lady Pendarvis."

"When!" said the general.

"Instantly," answered the lawyer; "I go to give orders that the coach be brought out."

"This is scarcely polite, monsieur!" said Monsieur Caillemotte, "the convenience of Madame Caillemotte and my daughter requires to be consulted."

"I shall be happy to escort them to Llancoch, if they are now ready," said Pendarvis; "but I am under the necessity of proceeding instantly, and I shall take my wife with me."

"Monsieur," said the general, "I perceive that courtesy between you and me is unnecessary. I cannot allow the coach to proceed; I take it to be one of the spoils of war, and shall apply it whilst I need it to my own convenience."

"Very well, sir," answered Pendarvis; "then Lady Pendarvis must ride on horseback; I must set forward."

"Of your departure, monsieur," returned the general, "there shall be no hinderance; but gallantry will not allow me to permit madame thus to return to her home, after the courtesy she has shown my wife and child."

"You formerly used the word insist," cried Pendarvis, with a passion he could not master; "now hear it from me; I insist, as the husband of Lady Pendarvis, that she be allowed instantly to proceed homeward under my protection; your courtesy is a pretext."

"And what is your return but a pretext to prevent the meeting of the mother and son?" whispered the general in his

ear. "You talk of proceeding homeward! Tout de bon! Where will you go? Plas Mawr is already in possession of the household of the heir."

"By what authority?" exclaimed the lawyer; "by the power of the sword? We shall soon see if it can stand against the law. Hark ye, sir, I go to conduct my wife to her coach; if I am prevented, you will abide by the consequences."

He attempted hastily to push past Monsieur Caillemotte, but the general caught him by the arm, and said in a low tone, "Stir not a foot, monsieur, or I will place you under arrest."

Undeterred by this menace, Pendarvis threw off the hand of the French officer, and rushed into the guard-room, expecting to find there his wife and the other ladies. Monsieur Caillemotte followed him, and closing the door said, "Burdet! take this gentleman under your care, he is rather unruly, and will not hear reason."

" I wish to know by what right you imprison a British subject, not amenable to the laws of war?" said Pendarvis.

" Monsieur! the king will decide," replied the general, calmly.

" Bear witness, Colonel O'Regan!" exclaimed Pendarvis, "that I am violently put in durance."

" And there you may remain for Teague," replied the Irishman; " I'll have nothing to do with you; you're turned to the prince of Orange, and let him right you."

" Moderation will now serve you in best stead, monsieur," said Caillemotte; " if you continue thus, I shall be obliged to put you under a strict guard. Be at peace, and you may remain here."

" This is certainly conduct I should not have expected from a French officer," replied Pendarvis, whose passion had somewhat evaporated, and given way to his usual accommodating shrewdness. " Your character for gallantry, monsieur,

is much outraged by thus causing renewed chagrin to Lady Pendarvis."

"He! quoi!" exclaimed Monsieur Caillemotte, "do you not put force upon me? am I not obliged to use you thus? give me your word that you will no more trouble me, and you are at liberty."

"I give it," said Pendarvis, "not willingly, I confess."

"I will now conduct you to the ladies," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "be good enough to follow me; they are in the next room."

The French officer led the way, and they joined the ladies in their apartment, where they were taking a slight refreshment. Monsieur Caillemotte seated himself at the table, and handed a chair to his silent and chop-fallen companion. They found Lady Pendarvis and her friends in excellent spirits after their little journey, and eager to pursue their route without delay. The truth is, Lady Elain and Julie had their secret reasons for pushing forward, for the former did not expect

to hear any thing decisive of her son until she reached Llancoch, and the latter believed her lover to be still at the same place. It was no wonder, therefore, if the general was requested to lose no time upon the road, but to hasten his departure from Bala as soon as possible. This he promised to do.

"But before we quit this place it will be necessary for me to introduce a gentleman to you," continued Monsieur Caillemotte; "a gentleman who has offered his hand and fortune to Julie."

"Quoi!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte.

"Is he here?" cried Julie, with great affright.

"What, an offer for Julie, and I not know of it?" said Madame Caillemotte.

"I but told Julie this morning," replied her father, with a smile; "she seems to feel some repugnance to this alliance, but she has promised to see the chevalier."

"Devils!" muttered Pendarvis.

"Ah, ma pauvre!" said Madame Caillemotte, looking with commiseration upon her daughter. "But who is he? What is his name?"

"You shall see him," replied her husband, "and let him answer for himself."

He left the room, and the ladies, with a mixture of pain and impatience, awaited his return. The curiosity of Madame Caillemotte was at its height, particularly as she perceived that her husband interested himself to forward the alliance. Julie, seated on her chair, with her hands and face reclining on the back of it, endeavoured to awaken her spirits, to receive with courtesy the friend of her father; but they were not easily rallied; and her countenance was the index of repugnance. Her face was hardly framed to common civility, when Monsieur Caillemotte returned, accompanied by Edward Pendarvis, muffled up in his travelling cloak. Julie cast down her eyes, whilst Monsieur Caillemotte leading

him forward into the room, said, "Allow me to present to you, ladies, a gentleman who has done me the honour to seek my alliance."

"Delafosse!" exclaimed Madame Caillemotte, as Edward threw aside his cloak; "Delafosse!"

Julie raised her eyes, and uttering a scream, staggered, and fell into the arms of her lover. All present, except Watkin Pendarvis, hastened to her assistance. The shock had been too much for her, and Monsieur Caillemotte blamed himself for having given way to what he had supposed would have been a pleasing surprise. By degrees, however, Julie recovered; and so soon as she was sensible of the happy change in her fortunes, disengaged herself from her lover, and threw herself on the bosom of her father. The veteran squeezed her in his arms, and said, "Eh bien! Julie! how do you like Monsieur?"

"Ah, monsieur!" replied Julie, with great naïveté; "I have liked him very

well a long time; I am happy to see you like him now as well as myself."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Madame Caillemotte; "but no matter."

"I am sure you have no repugnance to make Julie happy," said the general to his wife.

"If giving her to Delafosse will make her so, none," answered madame. "Who is so deserving of her as he who has saved her life and her honour?"

"You do not speak, my son," said Monsieur Caillemotte; "you do not say that you are happy to receive the hand of your mistress."

"I am too happy to speak," replied Edward, kissing Julie's hand with ardour; "I have no room for words."

The sounds had scarcely died from his lips, when Lady Pendarvis stretched out her arms towards him, and fell to the ground. Edward immediately sprang to her assistance: he had been silent at the request of Monsieur Caillemotte, who wished to see if she would recognize her

son, and when she fainted the French officer turned to Watkin Pendarvis, and said aloud, "The mother owns her child."

At this explanation, Madame Caillemotte also nearly went out of her senses with joy, whilst Julie, who needed not the ties by which she was about to be united to Lady Elain to awaken her humanity, bestowed all the tenderness and care which a daughter could pay a mother upon her. The heart of Watkin Pendarvis festered at the sight; he stood still, with his eyes fixed upon the group before him, wishing evil things, as a devil might be thought to gaze upon the virtuous part of mankind; and the sight itself was sufficient punishment to his wicked and covetous mind. A considerable period elapsed before Lady Elain showed any signs of animation. The blood had forsaken her face, which was now perfectly white; and scarcely a breath could be perceived: she was the perfect similitude of a corpse newly dead, but still

lovely, or of one of those majestic pieces of statuary, which the hand of Chantry has endowed with all but life. All the accessible specifics for restoration were speedily applied by the bustling assiduity of Madame Caillemotte; and at length they proved victorious over the malignant genius of the disorder. Lady Elain showed signs of returning animation; but her senses seemed still confused. She opened her eyes, and with fearful haste gazed all around, as if apprehensive that the object she had seen had disappeared. Her son and Mademoiselle Caillemotte raised her gently, and seated her on a chair; and whilst they were doing so, her eye again fastened on Edward; she caught hold of his arm, and putting hers round it, held it fast to her side. Her faculties now gradually returned; she did not speak; but leaning back in her chair continued to gaze upon the features of her child, as he knelt at her feet.

"Mother!" said Edward, at length,

with a tremulous voice, "do you then know Ned Pendarvis?"

She did not reply, but throwing her arms round his neck burst into tears and wept abundantly. Julie wept also, whilst Madame Caillemotte poured forth a stream of congratulations that threatened to drown the rest of the company. Monsieur Caillemotte was much moved at this happy rencontre; and we must do Watkin Pendarvis the justice to say, that he was not devil enough to maintain a stony eye upon this occasion. It was not that he felt any relenting disposition or kindness towards his kinsman, but his remnant, we might say rag, of feeling was wrung by the tenderness of the scene, and by the emotion of his wife, for whom, notwithstanding his other ill properties, he preserved some affection.

"Well, monsieur! what say you?" whispered Monsieur Caillemotte, who had carefully watched the lawyer, and perceived the stir of his feelings. "Is

any other proof necessary? are you satisfied?"

"I am perfectly so," answered Pendarvis, who saw it was best to make no further opposition; "I am ready to acknowledge Sir Edward Pendarvis — I have seen more now than I did before."

"Eh, bien! c'est bien dit, monsieur!" returned Monsieur Caillemotte; "all things will go well."

"Edward!" said Lady Elain, raising herself, "how long have you left your mother sorrowing! but I will not reproach thee; I have thee near me, and I shall die happy. Let me look upon thee; not a feature changed; thy hair scarcely darker than when thou didst leave us; but thou hadst not then this scar upon thy forehead. Thou hast been in scenes of danger."

"Let us forget every thing but that we are now happy," said Edward.

"Ah! that it may be so!" replied his mother. "Mr. Pendarvis!"

The lawyer advanced, and with as

good grace as he could assume, said, "Kinsman! I am your humble servant."

"Oh, if there be any remains of unkindness between you," said Lady Pendarvis, with great emotion, "for my sake forgive each other, and forget what is past."

"Dear mother," replied Edward, warmly, "you shall have no reason to complain of my resentment; let Mr. Watkin Pendarvis behave to me as a kinsman, and he shall ever find me friendly and respectful."

"Sir Edward! you have nothing to fear," returned the lawyer; "I yield up all claim upon Plas Mawr, except that which is allotted your mother by her settlement. You will find no wish on my part to raise any unnecessary cavils. You may command my services in obtaining you possession of the whole of your property; and however my conduct may have been misrepresented, for so I learn it has from Monsieur Caillemotte, no one of your friends will more sincerely

congratulate you on your accession to your estate."

"In finding your son, dear mother," said Edward, "you have also found a daughter. To Mademoiselle Caillemotte —"

"You need not proceed further," said his mother, interrupting him, "I am already in possession of your secret."

"Be good enough to leave the discussion of this affair to madame and me," said the wife of the general; "it will serve us as a theme to talk on for many a pleasant hour. I will relate your history, Monsieur Edward, very particularly, since we first met you at Margny."

A great deal of conversation passed between the several parties, which would be uninteresting to our readers, being merely a recapitulation of what they already know. Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, although envy, malice, and all uncharitableness rankled in his heart, preserved a placid and satisfied countenance; and by the readiness and apparent candour

with which he entered into the discourse, almost induced his young kinsman to believe that he was not so bad as the information he had received from Shadow led him to believe.

CHAP. XII.

"And now to his home doth the Lord John come,
As the sun sinks red in the sea,
Let the bells be rung, and the song be sung,
And the feast eat merrily;
And Heaven thee save, thou warrior brave!
And thy lady blithe of blee."

The Pilgrim's Return.

Monsieur Caillemotte and his friends were aroused from their family party by the arrival of the gentry from all quarters of the neighbourhood, to congratulate him on the favourable termination of his Welsh campaign. Many of these were secret supporters of Gwyndyr, and had abetted him in all his rapine and robbery, but were now forced to change their countenance, and put on an appearance of friendliness to the conqueror. The general, whose penetration was not easily blinded, received a few hints from Drwn-

dwn, by which he was let into the secret of the policy of the vanquished party; but in their reception he made no difference, wishing by conciliation and courtesy to reconcile the malecontents to the government of his master. He despatched them home in good humour with himself and his government, and took care to make such a display of the power of King William, that after this time no disturbance arose in the principality. On the arrival of the troops, Monsieur Caillemotte placed them in quarters for the night, and ordered the followers of Gwyndyr to be put under guard at the little prison of the town. By the assistance of the landlord of the house, another coach was procured, and when dinner was over the ladies in Lady Pendarvis's coach, and Monsieur Caillemotte, Sir Edward Pendarvis, Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, and Colonel O'Regan, in the other, set out on their return, attended by Drwndwn, who considered himself as the body servant of Sir Edward. It

would be tiresome to particularize their journey; it will be sufficient to say, that on the evening of the day after they left Bala, they came in sight of the Irish Sea, and of the towers of Plas Mawr. It was a mild and beautiful autumnal evening, and the gentle breeze invited the travellers to partake of its reviving freshness. The sun was sinking behind Penmanmawr, and with its golden light defined the tops of the neighbouring hills so exactly, that very small objects could be discerned at a considerable distance. Few sounds were to be heard; occasionally, the tinkling of a sheep-bell, or the rush of a cataract, broke the silence; but for some time, no human voice could be distinguished, nor person seen. After gazing upon his beloved country for some time in silence, Edward Pendarvis proposed to alight from the coach and walk, a motion which was soon seconded by all of his companions, except O'Regan, who protested he could not walk so far as to Plas Mawr; and on proceeding to the ladies,

they were disposed to do the same. Owain Drwndwn also descended from the coach-box, and offered his arm to the lady's maid, in imitation of his betters. The party walked slowly homeward; and as they moved along with joyous hearts and cheerful voices, no one could have imagined that any of them carried a thorn at heart. Edward Pendarvis was placed between his mother and his beloved Julie, whilst Madame Caillemotte, who hung upon the arm of her husband, kept them alive with her unceasing gaiety. Monsieur Caillemotte conversed with Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, who, whatever were his thoughts, and they were doubtless not of the most placid or friendly description, carried off his chagrin bravely. Lady Pendarvis listened with maternal delight to the thousand anecdotes and remembrances of her son's childhood. Every hill, every glen, every brook, every bend in the road was rendered classical to her by some feat or accident, some achievement or peril, which his youth

had done or suffered. By degrees the veil which years had drawn over the days of his boyhood was removed, and Lady Pendarvis felt those days return with all their vivacity and freshness. The consciousness of her present happiness threw her into raptures, and she pressed the hand of her son to her heart with ecstasy. They had now attained that part of the road, where the park gate stood, and the coaches were about to enter it, when they met a number of people coming from the avenue, among whom Will Watch was conspicuous. They were in fact the smuggler and his bride, together with Jones, Rowna, Winifred, and several of the smuggler's crew. O'Regan, who recognized them first, popped his head out of the coach window, and cried, "Hallo! brother soldier! is that your own dear self or only your image?"

"Watch! my good fellow!" exclaimed Sir Edward; "I am glad to see you."

The smuggler, who, as our readers remember, imagined his old comrade to be

dead, was struck with astonishment to behold him in health, and with him Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, from whom he had received the account of his death. He halted, in some fear, and then said, "Captain Delafosse! are ye living? I thought you was in still water long ago."

"Captain Delafosse is dead," said Watkin Pendarvis; "the gentleman you see before you is Sir Edward Pendarvis."

"How's that?" cried the smuggler; "Sir Edward Pendarvis! What, the lost lad? the heir of Plas Mawr?"

"Jorwerth ap Jorwerth?" cried Rowna, rushing forward, and seizing Edward by the arm, whilst she scanned his features; "sure enough hur has the features of a Pendarvis; and the word of Ogwen is the word of truth."

"Is it not?" cried Drwndwn, coming forward; "Rowna! Winifred! is it not? Did hur not say so ever?"

"Hur will proclaim it," cried Rowna. "Set the bells a ringing; light the coel-

certh ; Jorwerth Pendarvis is come to hur right."

The whole of the men cheered the new found heir with three loud huzzas, and Watch shook him heartily by the hand, and, in homely, but honest language, congratulated him on his fortune.

"And now," continued the blunt sailor, "let me advise you to lay up in ordinary ; you've weathered some tough gales ; and as you're likely to take mamsel in tow, I suppose, you've the better excuse. But how did ye get her out of the fangs of that hell-wolf, Gwyndyr."

"The story is too long to tell here," answered Delafosse ; "return with us to the Hall, and you shall learn what has passed."

"It matters not for that, captain," returned Watch ; "I've done with all plots and rebellions ; I've cut my cable ; I'll have nothing to do with one party or another ; I've seen enough, and I'm sick. We got away from Gwyndyr when he

made for his hiding-place; the traitor had put us in irons, d'ye see."

"These ladies have informed me of all," replied Delafosse; "of your honour and courage."

"Bless their hearts, I'd have stood for 'em through blood and fire," cried the smuggler. "No, no, captain; King James or King William may win the crown for me; I'll lend a hand no more to this work. I've as much left as will get me a new sea-boat; so I'll get spliced to Kate, and settle down to the old trade."

"My honest fellow," said Monsieur Caillemotte, "you have taken a wise resolution."

"Ay, ay, sir; I wish I'd never hoisted bunting in the cause," said Watch.

"Och! hold your pace, Master Watch!" cried the Hibernian from the coach window; "you never did yourself so much honour by any thing in your life, as engaging in the support of his royal majesty. If you'd been kilt in the cause,

you might have strutted into the shades with satisfaction."

They now parted; Sir Edward Pendarvis having made Watch promise to bring his bride to Plas Mawr on the morrow; and in a few minutes arrived at the Hall; where one of the coaches that had driven forward had already announced them. The servants all came out of the house to meet the son of Sir Jorwerth; and several of the more ancient ones shed tears of joy at the restoration of the long-lost heir. In a short time the numerous tenants of the family came thronging to Plas Mawr, to pay their respects to Sir Edward; and he, although somewhat tired with his journey, was too much gratified with their attachment to refuse them the pleasure of personally congratulating their new landlord. A large table was spread in the hall, the strong beer was tapped, and, for the first time within twenty years, the guests beheld an appearance of the ancient hospitality. Once more Lady Pendarvis

moved among the tenants with a glad heart and cheerful countenance, attending to their wants, and smiling upon their pleasures; whilst the old butler and his fellows, as they moved about with all the celerity their infirmities would admit, whispered into the ears of their rustic friends, that the times of old Sir Jorwerth would come again.

"Friends!" cried a jovial old farmer, rising, goblet in hand, from his seat; "I'll give you a toast. Here's the old fashion of Plas Mawr — a flagon of ale, and as much meat as your knife will carry."

This toast was received with great plaudits, and drunk with great cordiality. Things having proceeded thus far, the gentry, most of whom had been drawn out of the parlour to witness the conviviality of the hall, retired, that they might leave the worthy yeomanry to their enjoyment. Upon their departure, the butler took the chair, and, with good emphasis and discretion, proposed the health of Sir Edward Pendarvis, with the addi-

tional sentiment, that he might be as good a man as his father. This toast elicited several rounds of applause, which frightened the hall from its propriety, and almost made the suit of armour descend from its pedestal. After this, an ancient sportsman, who had seen the fox-hunting days of the old knight, having cast his eye upon the sporting pictures which adorned the walls, rose, as well as his trembling limbs would allow, and in a voice which had once cheered the dogs and imitated their thunder, gave, "The old hounds of Plas Mawr, and may the present lord ride as near their tails as his father."

This toast was received with raptures; and the noise now became deafening. A dozen different sportsmen at once recapitulated the deeds of the olden time, and their individual feats of horsemanship; chases superior to any thing done before, or that can ever be done again, were related; Meltonians would have stood aghast at the recital, and

confessed that they could never have crammed their horses at such hells of places as these gallant sportsmen actually jumped. Opposed to these on the other side of the table, sat a knot of Bacchanalians, one of whom, with the jocose intention of interrupting the pleasure of the Nimrods, roared out the old song, beginning, —

> They talk of their hounds and their hunters,
> Which some folks love more than their wives, —

"Hold thy peace!" cried the ancient sportsman; "if thou want'st singing, I'll give thee a song. Eh, Price?"

"Hey, for the jolly harvest-moon," replied the old butler; "adso, neighbour; it's a long time since I heard ye sing that song."

"It's nigh twenty years since I last sung the song in this hall," said the old sportsman; "Sir Jorwerth would always have the harvest-moon after a day's sport for a finisher."

"Sing! sing!" cried one and all.

The old man, who still retained a sound and mellow voice, did not need much intreaty, and sang thus, —

What time is dear? the harvest-home,
When board is spread, and beakers foam;
When merry lads and lasses free
Revel beneath the greenwood tree,
And minstrels strike the blythesome tune
Beneath the jolly harvest moon.

That time is dear; — the staring owl
Whoops to the chorus of the bowl;
The startled bat with timid flight
Shuns the loud pastimes of the night.
And those who revel think too soon
The setting of the harvest-moon.

What time is dear? the clouded morn,
When hunters sound the wakening horn;
When neither forest, fell, nor flood,
Stays the stout steed and sportsman good.
Regardless of the passing noon,
When lighted homeward by the moon.

That time is dear; — the ancient hall
Rings with the jovial hunter's call;
The hound upstarting from the hearth
Joins in his master's lusty mirth,
While those who revel think too soon
The setting of the hunter's moon.

This song was received as an old favourite with thunders of applause, and was succeeded by several others of a similar character. At length, after keep-

ing up their conviviality until a late hour, the tenantry departed, and left the family of Plas Mawr to their repose.

On the following day, the neigbouring gentry, who had heard of the arrival of Sir Edward Pendarvis, paid him visits, and seemed glad that the country was likely to acquire so fine a gentleman in the descendant of Sir Jorwerth. Not last came Mr. Lloyd, who was received with open arms, and who, in an ecstasy of pleasure, kissed the cheek of the fair Julie, and said, "When, when is the day? when am I to have the pleasure of calling you by a Welsh name?"

"We only waited your arrival, my dear sir," replied Edward; "all is arranged; all the parties are here. We can close the doors, and you can translate La Caillemotte into Pendarvis."

"Would you not have this ceremony conducted with a little more pomp?" said Lady Elain, who thought of her own splendid nuptials with Sir Jorwerth Pendarvis.

"Ah! no, dear mother," replied her son; "Monsieur Caillemotte and I have settled all things. Let us not defer any longer the happiness we have so long expected; besides, public nuptials are out of vogue; and we must pay some little deference to the ways of the world; so let us be instantly joined fast as the priest can make us. What say you, Julie?"

"I am not only willing but wishful," replied Julie; "that the ceremony be now performed. We have repeatedly been separated by disastrous fortune; let us avail ourselves of the opportunity that is now offered of making fortune sure."

It was not the desire of being married, my dear female readers, that induced this candid avowal on the part of Julie, but the fear of further mischance. She knew that Gwyndyr was abroad; she dreaded the effects of his disappointment and rage, and she was desirous of doing that act which must at once shut the

door upon all his hopes before he returned to Llancoch.

"I will marry you directly," said Mr. Lloyd, pulling his service-book from his coat pocket; "you see that I had an eye to business; a little prophetical, or so. But I have first a favour to beg; not for myself, but for one who holds both of you in high respect."

"It is granted," replied Sir Edward.

"It is that you will allow Mr. William Watch and his bride to be married at the same time as you are," returned the pastor.

"Allow! we shall be glad of their company," said Edward; "at least I speak for myself, and I hope no other person will object. Watch has shown himself a brave and good fellow, and we are all under obligations to him which require better payment than ceremony. But where is he? where is his bride? They shall be sent for."

"You will not need to send far," said the minister; "they are on the terrace.

They came with me for the purpose of making this request."

The smuggler and his fair bride were instantly sent for, and the ceremony was performed which made Edward and Julie, Will Watch and Katharine, happy. Notwithstanding that the marriage was conducted in so private a manner, it soon got wind, and the whole neighbourhood was speedily engaged in lighting bonfires, discharging cannon, ringing the bells, and exhibiting other symptoms of satisfaction. At this time two persons of very different nature met in the park, who were going to pay their respects to their new lord; the humane and tender-hearted Shadow, and the bailiff Apsly. Sir Edward Pendarvis had sent repeatedly for the former on the preceding evening, but his timid mind feared to encounter Watkin Pendarvis, who, he had learned, was at the hall. At last he mustered up courage to go, having first ascertained that Mr. Lloyd was also on his way thither; but as he walked the parson had

preceded him. He was crossing the bridge towards the terrace when he perceived Apsly, who had seated himself on the battlement to think over his manners before he entered the presence of his new lord. The hat of the bailiff was in his hand, and, as if he was in the act of making his obeisance, he flourished his chapeau, and, bowing very low at the moment Shadow came up to him, said, "I hope your worship's well; I have the honour to be one of your worship's poor servants."

Evans made no reply, but turned towards the ceremonious officer, and looked him in the face. Apsly, though lost in thought, conceived that the countenance of the gaoler was not that of the lord of Plas Mawr, and, at last, recollecting himself, he said, with a smile of self-applause, "I see I've been talking to a Shadow."

"Art thou going to the hall?" said Evans.

"Yea; dost think I will lose my place for lack of doing honour to his

worship?" answered the bailiff. "I was rehearsing my part before I went on the stage, when thou didst interrupt me. What dost thou seek at the hall?"

"Nothing," replied Evans, "but the sight of Edward Pendarvis."

"Ha! we have seen him in other plight than he is now," said Apsly; "but of that we must be mum; all's right now, I suppose: his honour, Mr. Watkin, is at the hall. What! they made up their quarrel before Sir Edward left the dungeon, I warrant. I don't know why I wasn't left to witness the concord. You saw Mr. Watkin fetch me away; but I was up to him for all that; I knew their disagreement couldn't last long; it was a different thing when his honour expected to have children of his own."

"Nothing can right wrong," said Shadow.

"No; but the excuse would have been stronger," said Apsly. "No matter; what's done's done, and can't be undone; so come along. As thou'rt so

great a favourite with his worship, I'll get thee to introduce me."

Whilst they were yet talking, Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, who had perhaps perceived them from the hall, came forth, and beckoning them forward, led the way into a dark and shaded avenue. Apsly followed him; Evans hesitated for a moment, but proceeded. When they were at a short distance from the house, Pendarvis stopped, and said, in a very low tone, "Evans, fear nothing; you will find me a changed man. Sorry am I for the harsh treatment my passions have given you; but I will study hereafter to make you amends."

"I need none," answered Evans, "I am happy enough."

"You see me now on terms of peace and reconciliation with Sir Edward Pendarvis," continued the lawyer; "that this harmony may remain undisturbed, it is necessary that what passed in the dungeons before ye should be for ever forgotten. You, Apsly, have been silent;

I beseech ye, do not trifle with me. Speak candidly, that I may know how to act; if ye have revealed to any man what then passed, let me know it, that I may the better be able to excuse myself."

"I will make oath, that, except to Shadow, I have not drawn breath upon the matter," said Apsly.

"Thou hast acted wisely," returned Pendarvis. "Go forward to the hall; we will join thee speedily, and it shall not go the worse with thee, that thou hast behaved discreetly."

The bailiff left them, and Pendarvis watched him until he beheld him enter the hall.

"Now, Rice Evans," he continued, "between thee and me the account is more fearful; I think not of what thou hast witnessed, but with horror and dismay. To the fears of detection are superadded the pangs of conscience which never cease to haunt me. I thank God that he hath watched over the boy, and, despite the devil that incited me to

his murder, brought him safely to the seat of his ancestors. But tell me, and speak as if thou wast to speak no more, what is known of my bloody purpose? Say, Rice Evans! does Edward Pendarvis know what a monster I am?"

"Sir Edward knows you were his enemy," replied Evans, who was a good deal moved at the passionate words of Pendarvis, "but he does not know the particulars of what has passed; he believed it necessary to take measures for the preservation of his life, but he knew not that you had twice attempted it."

"Thou hast been considerate and kind," returned the lawyer, with a heavy sigh.

"I had no wish to stick a knife into the heart of Lady Elain," said Shadow; "she has already bled too much."

"Thy humanity shames me," said the lawyer; "I can never enough thank thee, Evans, nor show my gratitude for thy forbearance. Follow me, I will lead thee to Sir Edward."

He led the way to the hall, where he found Apsly awaiting the appearance of the young lord of Plas Mawr, whom he promised to send to them; and immediately after his departure, Sir Edward Pendarvis came forth from the parlour, attended by his bride, and received his old friend with a warmth and affection that almost disconcerted him.

"My good Evans," said Sir Edward, "why came you not last night? I did not, I assure you, send for you out of mere courtesy; I had business for you, a business you must henceforth do the duties of; I can't part with you out of the house, and so you must be steward."

"I hope," said Apsly, who, seeing Sir Edward in an office-giving vein, thought it a good time to mention his own, "I hope," he continued with a bow and scrape that nearly brought his nose to the ground, "I hope — I wish your honours much happiness."

"Ha, you're the bailiff," said Sir Edward.

"At your worship's service," replied Apsly, with another bow; "I make bold to call upon your honour to beg a continuance in my office, presuming to say that your worship's interest shall never be neglected."

"At present, I can promise nothing," replied Sir Edward: "I must make some inquiries among the tenantry before I can confirm you. Evans, you have now the keys; let not our guests lack any thing."

He left the bailiff under great disappointment and chagrin, for he had confidently calculated upon retaining his place, and thought he was rather hardly dealt with in being refused it at the first request. His vexation did not however last long, for he was joined by Rowna and Winifred Jones, who, with many others, had been wandering about the park. The fact is, the whole population of Llancoch was drawn to Plas Mawr, where, at the request of Price, a regale was in preparation for them. The tenantry who had enjoyed the hospitality

of the hall on the preceding evening, spread the report of Sir Edward's munificence, and plenty of people were glad to partake of it. No longer repressed by the harsh countenance of Watkin Pendarvis, nor in fear of his avaricious tyranny, all orders flocked towards the mansion, and before noon the park had the appearance of a review ground, or a fair. The laugh, the frolick, the gambol, went merrily round, and the halcyon days of the old cavalier, Sir Jorwerth, were hailed with delight by all. The Welsh, in their hours of merriment, are by no means a drunken people; they rather resemble the French or Italians, who prefer the amusements of dancing or music to the charms of the bottle; and here one might see barrels of strong ale, which had been brought out of the cellars where they had long lain for the refreshment of the populace, reposing on the turf untapped, whilst each lad wooed his lass, or led her up in the merry dance to the sound of the Welsh harp.

In the gestures of Welshmen also, of the lower classes we are speaking, there is something of an airiness and levity which we do not see in the English; their feet press the turf lighter, and they throw about their arms and legs in a manner that would put the decorum of English rustics to the blush. Even the old people seem to have their hearts in those sports of which they can no longer partake, and with smiles of delight see the pleasures of their youth enjoyed by their progeny. The grim Rowna relaxed her stern features into a smile, although unused to the cheerful mood, at the sight of the gay and merry groups that like fairies 'danced o'er the turf.'

"Winny, Winny," she exclaimed, as from the door of the hall she beheld the dancers, "get hur a partner! Is not hur ashamed at hur years to stand idle, and see hur fellows dance? To it, wench!"

"Hur has no heart," answered Winifred, with a sigh.

"Will hur never forget the smuggler?" said Rowna. "There are shoals of men as good as Will Watch; but hur will never catch a fish with this moping and siking! To it, wench! Arouse thee! Apsly will be hur partner."

"Excuse me, good Mrs. Jones," replied the bailiff, who was obliged to use courtesy to avoid awaking the anger of Rowna; "I never dance: besides, I am too old a partner for Winifred."

"Oh, hur will do for a dance," said Rowna; "Winifred's not going to marry hur."

"Your opinion of me is too good," returned Apsly, with a mortified countenance; "I should much enjoy the amusement; but since I was hunted by those horrible savages that followed Owain Goch, I have never recovered my lameness."

"Then hur may hop," said Rowna; "hur has a stick."

"You had best apply to some of the seamen," said Apsly. "There's Taffarel

and Block, Joe Jolly and Ben Blowhard, that came up with Watch; they're somewhere about; I'll find 'em for you, and they'll be glad of Winifred for a partner."

"Hur won't dance," said the maiden; "spare hur pains."

"Hur shall dance," said Rowna: "diaoul have the mumps! hur shall dance and prance too."

"Hur won't dance," said Winifred.

"Will's marriage seems to have spoiled her merriment," said the bailiff.

"Hur lies!" cried Winifred, furiously. "Will Watch! I hate hur name — hur would not have Will Watch now, if the smuggler was single."

"No, hur will have Drwndwn," said Owain with the deformed nose, coming from the hall door, to which their backs were turned; "here's a honest hand."

He held out his hand to the damsel, which, to the astonishment of all present, not excepting the lover himself, she accepted, and with great apparent vivacity said, "Let us be married directly;

we will not be long behind Will Watch and hur wench. Where is the parson?"

"Hur is in the parlour with the gentlefolks," answered Owain. "Come along, and Will Watch shall see us coupled."

The unceremonious mountaineer immediately repaired to the parlour, where, with the gentlefolks, he found Mr. Lloyd, together with the smuggler and his bride; and, upon his errand being known, Julie proposed that Winifred and her parents should be called in, and the ceremony performed in the presence of all. To this plan Drwndwn instantly acceded, and returned to make his bride acquainted with it; but he found her shy of exposing her feelings in so large a company.

"I winna, I durstna," said Winifred, blushing scarlet; "I canna bear to be laughed at."

"Will hur again play the fool?" said Rowna. "Laughed at! Will not Will

Watch and hur girl laugh at hur if hur durstna go to be married ?"

" I will go," said the maiden suddenly; " go on."

" Go you," said her mother; " hur will seek Jones."

Drwndwn led Winifred forward to the parlour; but she stopped at the door, and could be scarcely persuaded to proceed. However, Watch had heard her, and, opening the door, took her hand, and would have led her forward; but she plucked it away, and with an air of great significance gave it to Drwndwn, who conducted her into the parlour.

" Don't be angry, Winny !" said Watch, with a sly smile; " I'm glad to see thee taken in tow, wench — to see thee put in commission. Owain will make thee a decent husband, if he can manage such a first rate; he'll have to keep his hand to the wheel pretty tight."

Winifred made no reply, but continued to look straight forward, that she might not encounter the eyes of her former

beloved, or of his bride, to whom she believed she afforded some cause of triumph; though the truth was, that even now Katharine beheld her with much greater fear than contempt, and would willingly have exchanged all feelings of unkindness for friendship. In a few minutes the party was joined by Jones and his gigantic spouse, who, on being asked for their consent to this sudden wedding, readily accorded it. The ceremony was therefore immediately performed; and although Winifred did not feel exactly comfortable, yet her pique and spirit enabled her to go through with her part pretty well. At length, when all was concluded, Watch, who stood near the bride, suddenly seized her in his arms, and gave her the first kiss after the marriage, which would certainly not have been an *osculum pacis* on the part of the newly-married couple and Rowna, had they not been overawed by the presence of their superiors. The smuggler laughed heartily at the chagrin of Drwn-

dwn, and told him he must keep a better look out, if he would keep off the enemy."

Sir Edward Pendarvis expressed his intention of making provision for Drwndwn; and after some conversation it was agreed that he should hold the office of head keeper, and reside at the house in the park, which should be furnished, and a small farm stocked at the expense of his lord. This post, with which the free spirit of Owain was delighted, tended also to quiet the emotion of Winifred, who now beheld herself likely to enjoy a comfortable subsistence which she could scarcely have looked for: and her happiness nearly ran over, when Sir Edward said he should confer the house and farm upon Drwndwn for his late services. After making such acknowledgments as their ignorance of compliment would admit, they retired, accompanied by Watch and his bride, who, although treated with great kindness and familiarity, felt that the drawing-room of

elegant people was no place for them, and longed for the ease and freedom, the laugh and the jest of their usual companions.

"I wish thee joy of thy fortune, Winny!" said Watch, when they had reached the terrace: "Owain shall find Kate in game, and I'll send thee fish; we'll be loving friends after all, and my daughter that is to be shall marry thy son when he's on the books; eh, what say'st thou?"

"Hur will have nothing to say about it," said Winifred; "perhaps hur daughter will be a deceiver like hurself."

"No; I'll warrant her like her mother," answered the smuggler; "and Kate never deceived man, woman, or child; she's as true as the needle — she's of a good stock; isn't she, Jones? Thou didst know old Hans, at the Indian Kings."

"Ay, ay," answered Jones, "for as hearty an old cock as ever brewed a can of flip. I say, Watch, you should take

his station on the quarter-deck of the Indian Kings. You'd make a good lush-master."

"Lush be d—d!" cried the smuggler; "I'm not up to the rig, and Kate's tired of it; besides, I must be on the salt water."

"Well; but hur is not afraid of leaving hur wife at home, is hur?" said Winifred; "hur wife is a pretty woman."

"No mischief, Winny," said Watch; "I durst trust my Kate even with Owain, and that's more than he'll do for me. But if Will Watch was to leave Llancoch, what would become of the Silver Salmon? I'll tell thee what, Rowna, thou and I have been out of heart lately; but we'll come to again speedily. Instead of one boat, I'll have two; double the trade, and make all fly. We'll have roaring days again at the Salmon."

"Well, here's hur hand upon it," said Rowna, upon whose fancy the old days of the smugglers thronged with wonder-

ful delight; "sorry's the day when hur left off hur trade to follow the wars."

"I'll follow the wars still, woman," replied Watch; "but upon my own venture. The boat I'll have shall be a lugger privateer, and I'll cruise out now and again upon the mounseers. Though I was King James's man, I could never stomach the lilies."

"Nay, Will, you shall never turn rover with my consent," said Katharine; "I shall some day hear of you being hanged for piracy, or killed in action; and if you must be killed, it shall never be under the black flag."

Tears stood in the eyes of Watch's pretty bride, as she thus expressed herself; and the smuggler, delighted with her affection, comforted her with a few hearty kisses.

"What, thou art afraid of some ballad being made on Will Watch, the bold smuggler," cried her husband, "with an account of his lamentable end? Never fear, wench; I wasn't born to be hanged."

The smuggler now perceiving Blowhard, Jolly, and others of his crew, at a distance, in the park, led his companions to them, and in a short time a dance was formed, which was executed with true nautical activity and enjoyment. The bailiff, Apsly, who still lingered near the house, approached the merry party; and he was no sooner espied by Rowna, who had hitherto stood idle, than she seized him by the hand, and insisted upon his becoming her partner, and joining in the dance. His excuses, his prayers, were of no avail; and the limp which he assumed when he was clutched on by the virago, although he walked well enough before, only made him a subject of derision to the seamen.

"The baily's like a bear in pattens," said Jolly; "tread on his toes."

"He wants to go to school to the master-at-arms," said Blowhard; "give him a start."

"Hur will start the baily," said Rowna, bestowing a kick upon his shins;

" will hur move; it will do hur strain good?"

The bailiff, who felt the pain intolerable, durst no longer refuse his hand to the landlady of the Salmon; but, putting the best grace he could on the matter, by the aid of his stick, hopped away with much vivacity. The smugglers were not, however, yet content with persecuting him; but one of them, watching his opportunity, kicked away the stick with which he supported himself, and he fell heavily to the ground, amidst the roars of his companions. He did not long abide their jeers, but springing up, took to his heels and ran off, pursued by their shouts and derision. At this time the dinner-bell rang, and all the people in the park left off their amusements to pursue another of a more solid, and, to some, more satisfactory description.

CHAP. XIII.

" Hear yon wave of heavy murmur, dashing on
The grave of Dysgyrnin, son of Dysgyveddod,
Sorrowful the bosom from the weight of sin !"
Memorials of the Tombs of the Warriors.

We must now return to the chieftain of Ben Lyn, who, in his solitary house, brooded over the words of Pendarvis, and gave up his mind to a thousand fearful images which threatened his hopes with ruin. Sometimes he would not believe that Delafosse was alive, but attributed the information he had received to the desire of Pendarvis to create uneasiness in his breast; but the natural jealousy of his temper soon turned him to the other side, and he felt that Julie was lost to him for ever. In his most desperate mood, however, he would not believe that she was privy to the existence of his rival; he could not conceive her capable of acting with the art

and finesse that she must use, being informed of that secret. The house, which was occupied by but three living inmates out of its late numerous family, namely, the chieftain, the harper, and Jeuan, the female domestics having fled, appeared to be the abode of desolation; and as Gwyndyr strode from one room to another, as he stopped and gazed upon the bier, and the dead corse of his mother, he almost seemed the genius of desolation marking the havoc of his presence. The harper continued for the remainder of the day in his station at the head of the bier, whilst Jeuan, whose stolid feelings seemed nowise affected, sat on the ground beside him, and busied himself in cleaning the arms of his master. Edwards checked him frequently for his apathy, when Owain Goch was in the more distant part of the house; but the dwarf replied only with a ghastly and demoniac grin, which did not improve the harper's opinion of his humanity.

"Wretched creature!" exclaimed the harper, "hast thou no regret for thy mistress?"

"None," answered Jeuan; "better hur should die."

"Hast thou no feeling for the grief of Owain Gwyndyr?" said Edwards.

"Grief!" cried Jeuan, turning up his horrid features with an expression of comic surprise, which made them more hideous. "Does Owain think of hur mother? No — hur looks on the corpse, — but hur thought is far off, — bury hur quick."

The night at length came, after being wearily expected by the chieftain, and he entered the hall, and bade the harper and Jeuan to take up the bier, and follow him. They essayed to obey him; but their united strength was unequal to the task, and they were obliged to give up their endeavours. Gwyndyr gave a lantern, with which he had provided himself, to Jeuan, and bade him go forward.

"Whither," said Edwards, shuddering with terror; "what would you do with the corpse of your mother?"

"Keep thy tongue still, old fool," said the chieftain; "my hours are marked and numbered, — they cannot await the ceremonies of burial, even if this body could have it, which is doubtful."

"Will you bury the body without prayer, — without a coffin?" said Edwards.

"Will Madeline Gwyndyr be the better for either? said her son. "Beware! you speak to no dreamer — she will lie quiet when in the ground, be sure — go on, Jeuan."

He pointed to the door which led to the back part of the premises, and the dwarf immediately led the way. Raising the stiffened corpse upon his shoulder, the chieftain followed his conductor, whilst the harper, trembling with fear and indignation, slowly followed. On reach-

ing the yard, Jeuan inquired whither he must now proceed ?

" It matters not where," answered Gwyndyr ; " any six feet of neighbour-ground will serve — to the next field."

Again they advanced ; and on arriving in a field next to the house, Gwyndyr laid down his burden, and bade the dwarf return for a couple of spades.

" Alas !" said Edwards, who remained with Gwyndyr, " what need of this haste, this disgraceful burial of the noble Madeline ? Why not await a proper time, and bury her in a manner becoming her name and religion ?"

" Talk not to me, dotard !" answered Gwyndyr ; " thou dost speak to a fiend — to one that may haply requite thy counsel with death. Move me no more — a grave will soon be ready, and five minutes more labour will make it hold two instead of one."

The harper was silenced by this threat, and awaited with an agitated heart the

termination of this agonising scene. By the light of the lamp which Gwyndyr held, Edwards could perceive that his countenance was fixed in a deadly and stubborn obstinacy. His brows were knit, his lips puckered together, and the impatience with which he expected Jeuan's return, betokened a violent and restless fever of the mind. At length the dwarf appeared with the spades, one of which the chieftain took, and began to dig, bidding Jeuan do the like. Gwyndyr worked with silent activity, until the sweat ran from his brow, whilst Jeuan, who preserved his dogged composure, took the matter easily, and threw out the loose earth which had been disturbed by the exertions of his master. It was not long before a grave, sufficiently deep to inhume the body of Madeline, large as it was, was prepared; and Owain Goch sprang from it, and threw down his spade. He motioned to Jeuan for his assistance, and, together, they managed to place the body straight within its narrow cell.

For a moment the chieftain applied the lantern to the visage of his mother, as if to take a departing look, and then muttering the name of Julie, he proceeded to fill up the grave, a work in which Jeuan seemed more delighted to assist than in opening it. They replaced the sods, and stamped them down, so that no one could tell easily that the ground had been disturbed.

"I am now alone," said Owain Goch, resting on his spade, when the work was completed; "soon shall I be better or worse; happiest of the happy, or like this trampled dust."

"Will it please you to return to the house?" said the harper.

"No," answered Gwyndyr; "it hath seen me for the last time. Edwards, thou hast ever been a faithful follower of our house: I give you this dwelling, which is all I have in the world; if all goes well with me this house will be nothing, if ill, I shall not need it."

"I cannot accept this boon," replied the harper, "noble as it is. I have no heir to inherit it; I shall never have any."

"Then whither goest thou?" said Gwyndyr.

"The Lady Elain Pendarvis offered me an asylum at Plas Mawr, if any thing but good should befall the Lady Madeline," replied the harper; "I go thither."

"Our roads lie together," said the chieftain. "I go to Llancoch: thou canst foot the heather; thou canst travel by the mountains?"

"Yes; perhaps not so swiftly as in former days," said Edward, "but I will not lag far behind."

"Come on, then; my foot is now forward," said Gwyndyr; "it must not turn back."

"Jeuan, fetch hither my harp; it rests against the bier in the hall," said the harper; "and see thou spoil it not."

"Hur fears the fiend," answered the dwarf.

"The fiend catch thee, knave," cried Gwyndyr, fixing a look of rage on the dwarf; "go quickly; make every bolt and bar in the house, and bring me the key, or I will send thee to hell before thy time."

Jeuan took up the spades, and slunk silently away; but the harper, who felt for the apparent timidity of the dwarf, followed him to the house, and assisted him to make up the doors and windows. After all things were finished, Edwards provided himself with his harp, and Jeuan with his as necessary instrument, his fowling-piece: they then locked the outer door, which opened into the yard, and rejoined the chieftain. They found him lying on the grave of his mother; but he no sooner saw them than he sprang up, and said, "Now for the Arrenigs; — follow."

The night was not dark, although no moon was visible: the sky was clear, and

the stars bright, so that in a short time the travellers could see with great distinctness the path before them; and Gwyndyr extinguished the light, and threw away the lantern. The experience of the chieftain and his companions guided them, otherwise they would have been in danger of falling headlong over the precipices, or of missing the rude wooden bridges by which the mountain torrents were passed. Frequently, when the shadow of neighbouring rocks shut out the light entirely, they could hear, as they stepped on the frail footing of a rustic bridge, the torrent thundering a hundred feet below them, and they knew that one false step would hurry them into eternity; yet they proceeded without dismay, with courage and confidence. It is not necessary for us to mark out with geographical precision the whole of their route. They arrived on Moel Aelir, the mountain above Plas Mawr, on the evening of the second day after they left Llanwchllyn, that is, on the

evening of the day of the preceding chapter. They beheld the people and the festivities in the park; but as they had crossed a desert region, they knew nothing particularly of the cause. Gwyndyr supposed the rejoicing to be on account of Lady Elain's return, — perhaps for the suppression of himself and band, a thought which gave him no small chagrin. In the course of an hour after their arrival twilight commenced, and the travellers descended to the grounds of Plas Mawr. The chieftain, to avoid being known, shrouded himself in his cloak, and they all cautiously approached the groups of revellers, who, notwithstanding it was dark, continued their amusements.

"I have already told you to keep my name secret," said Gwyndyr to his companions, as they came nigh to a number of people. "Thou, Edwards, as a harper, wilt soon learn the meaning of all this:— thou may'st make inquiry without danger."

The harper took his instrument from his back, and leaning against a tree, struck a few chords, which attracted the attention of the neighbouring rustics, and drew them around him.

"I pray you tell me," said Edwards, "what is the cause of these rejoicings? I am a stranger in your country, drawn from the road by the crowd."

"Has hur na heard that young Jorwerth Pendarvis is found?" replied one of the men; "hur thought all the world had heard of it; it's good news to the tenants."

"The son of Sir Jorwerth!" said Edwards; "can this be true?"

"True! yes, true enough!" returned the rustic; "hur's found and married all in a day — there's more news for hur."

"I thank ye," said the harper, "and will repay you with the little melody my harp will give."

He commenced playing a sprightly Welsh air, which delighted his audience, who insisted he should go to the hall.

At first he refused, but Gwyndyr whispered him to go, and take Jeuan with him, whilst he would await his return in the park.

"Go thou," he whispered to Jeuan; "if thou seest aught of Mademoiselle Caillemotte bring me word; note well what thou seest, and particularly if thou hearest the name of Delafosse. Watch like a cat."

"Like a devil," replied the dwarf, and joined the harper.

They all proceeded to the hall, where the harper was received with great applause by the whole of the company, which consisted of the two newly married couples, and many of the respectable tenantry and domestics of Plas Mawr. Drwndwn, who instantly perceived the harper, caught his hand, and led him to an honourable place; and he had scarcely reseated himself and supplied Edwards with refreshments, before his eye caught the countenance of the dwarf

earnestly fixed on him. Owain beckoned him forward; and cried, "Jeuan, will hur na come and wish joy to hur old comrade?"

The dwarf grinned and went forward; he shook Owain's hand, and drinking a cup of ale in silence, sat down at the elbow of the bridegroom.

"How came ye from Llanwchllyn?" said Drwndwn. "Are the troops coming up?"

"I do not know," replied the harper; "we came by the moors."

"Is Owain Goch with you?" said Drwndwn.

"No," said Jeuan, eagerly, "the chief is not here."

"By St. Elian, it's well hur is not," continued the broken-nosed groom; "hur would not have danced at the wedding of hur mistress."

"Mistress! what mistress?" exclaimed Edwards, whilst the dwarf bent his ear attentively to the conversation.

"Are you come to Plas Mawr and have not heard the news?" said Owain.

"We have heard that Sir Edward Pendarvis is found, replied the harper, "and that he is this day married, but to whom we have not heard."

"Hur will tell you, then," said Owain. "Sir Jorwerth is married to Mademoiselle Julie Caillemotte, that Owain Goch wanted to clutch for hurself, — now, Jeuan! what devil makes hur grin so? It's true, and Sir Jorwerth turns out to be the same young soldier that fought with Gwyndyr at the taking of Llancoch."

"Delafosse!" exclaimed Jeuan.

"Delafosse!" replied Drwndwn; "what, thou hast heard of Delafosse when the ladies were at Llanwchllyn!"

The harper inquired the particulars of these wonderful discoveries; and Owain, whilst he related all he knew, did not perceive that Jeuan had withdrawn. The dwarf stole cautiously away from his

seat, and threading the crowd of servants and people, passed through the door, where he found Gwyndyr, who had, unheeded, watched the proceedings of the assembly from the entrance. Jeuan seized his master by the arm, and led him a considerable distance from the house before he spoke. The chief at length stopped, and said, "Whither would'st thou lead me?"

"Out of hearing," answered the dwarf.

"Nobody can hear us here," said Gwyndyr, "unless we shouted what we had to say."

"If they can hear a shout hur must go further off," said the dwarf; "for hur has that to tell will make hur shout."

"Fool, Owain Gwyndyr is no woman, to cry out either for grief or joy," said his master: "tell what thou know'st."

"Delafosse is Sir Jorwerth, and the woman has married hur," said the dwarf.

"What woman?" cried Gwyndyr, "not — not Julie."

"Julie — Owain Goch's Julie," answered Jeuan.

The chief stared wildly upon his follower until his memory failed, and he took a turn or two to compose himself. At length he stopped, and with a doubtful smile said, "I do but dream."

"Hur dreams not — hur is awake," said the dwarf.

"What dost thou say, villain? Is it true that Julie Caillemotte is married?" said Gwyndyr. "Do not seek to jest, or hell shall not protect thee."

"Did Jeuan ever jest?" said the dwarf.

"Who told thee this lie?" said Gwyndyr; "what fiend invented it to bring my soul to hell before its time? answer me, if thou art not that fiend thyself."

"Hur is fiend enough, but Owain Drwndwn told hur," replied Jeuan; "Owain told the harper; hur will hear the truth full soon."

"Oh, d——d deceitful woman!" exclaimed Gwyndyr, in a paroxysm of

rage. "All is lost, and there is no way now by which I can get revenge."

"Yea — one way," muttered the dwarf.

"How! what way?" said Gwyndyr; "what meanest thou?"

"Murder him," answered Jeuan.

"But how murder him?" said the chief; "how see him, except in open day, or in the house, where his protection or revenge would be certain?"

"Better die revenged than live a daw," said the dwarf.

"Are the doors behind open?" said Gwyndyr, feeling for his dagger: "we will seek some entrance."

He led the way back to the house, and passed over the terrace to the farther or northern angle of the mansion, which was railed off by an iron balustrade from the park. At this turn of the building, a blasting sight exposed itself to the eyes of the chieftain. The windows of the drawing-room, which was occupied by the gentry, were illuminated

by the lights within; and Gwyndyr could see his lovely mistress and her husband, with the other members of the family, within reach of his gun, without the least obstacle for their preservation. The sight was too harassing, the temptation was too strong, to suffer him to hesitate. He called the dwarf to him; but Jeuan was too low to see above the balustrade, and the chief raised him in his arms.

"Now, seest thou?" said Gwyndyr; "there is the villain that has robbed me of my bride; here is thy gun, Jeuan; thine arm is unerring; bring him down."

"Hur is a handsome man," said Jeuan; hur can hit hur fairly; but how shall we get off? first see to that."

"Mind not that, fool," said Gwyndyr; "we shall get off before the deed is known in the hall; the park is clear; none can outstrip thee or me."

"Where shall hur hit him?" said the dwarf, raising his gun to the aim.

"Either in head or heart," returned Gwyndyr; "he sits fairly."

The dwarf took aim; but, finding his gun at half-cock, withdrew his sight whilst he cocked, and then fired. It was the work of two seconds; but one had been sufficient to interpose an object, which saved the life of Sir Edward by his own death. A figure fell; an universal shriek rang through the house, and the assassins fled. In their alarm, however, they mistook the road to the mountains, and plunging forward in the dark, which was rendered still more obscure to them in consequence of their eyes having been immediately before fixed upon the splendid glare of the drawing-room, they fell into a large and deep fish-pond which lay on that side of the house, and communicated with the river. Whilst they were yet struggling, the house poured forth its inhabitants, bearing lights and weapons, and a short time sufficed for the discovery of the murderers. They had just gained the opposite side of the pond; and

Gwyndyr was in the act of dragging his half-drowned follower from the water, when they were discovered. Mad with rage and despair, Gwyndyr dared his pursuers to come forward: he drew his pistols from his belt; and although they would not perhaps have discharged, after having been in the water, yet they served to repress the populace. A shot from among the crowd at length put an end to the fears of the people, and the life of the chieftain, whilst Jeuan, despairing of escape or quarter, again threw himself into the pond, and rose no more. These events were the work of a few minutes, and had been performed before Sir Edward Pendarvis and M. Caillemotte could leave the ladies, who were filled with terror, and get round to the scene of death. They found the body of Gwyndyr pierced in the forehead with a ball, surrounded by the populace.

"It is Owain Goch," exclaimed Drwndwn, as Sir Edward approached.

"Gwyndyr!" replied Sir Edward, beholding the body; "what man slew him?"

"Owain shot him," replied Drwndwn; "hur thought hur had slain Sir Jorwerth."

They bore the body of the dead chief to the hall, where another object also lay, the victim of Jeuan's shot. It was Watkin Pendarvis, who, in crossing the room before the window as the dwarf fired, received the mortal bullet in his heart, and expired without a groan. The two faces, as they lay beside each other, for the domestics of Plas Mawr held the one in almost as much affection and respect as the other, and had laid them on the table of the hall, exhibited the well-known passions of each in death. The countenance of Pendarvis was placid, shrewd, wrinkled, and designing, as if, at the moment he expired, his thoughts had been engaged in planning some artful intrigue, or in disguising some deceitful stratagem. Rage and despair, mingled

with triumphant courage, were pourtrayed on the visage of Gwyndyr, whose corpse seemed sufficient to strike terror even in death. Plas Mawr was now once more converted from a house of joy into a house of mourning; for although no one cared much about the fate of Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, except his wife, who, being ignorant of his foul practices, held him in fond regard, yet her anguish occasioned sorrow and gloom to take the place of revelry, and the company departed to their homes with mixed feelings of satisfaction and regret. To Sir Edward Pendarvis M. Caillemotte expressed no signs of dissatisfaction at this catastrophe; but congratulated him upon that providence which, by one stroke, had removed the two persons who were alone interested to lessen his happiness; and we cannot but suspect that, however the young lord of Plas Mawr felt the unhappy state of his mother, he assumed mourning for his kinsman with no extravagance of grief at heart.

The morning after these events, the troops of M. Caillemotte, which had returned on their march by more easy stages than they had advanced, arrived at Llancoch, where the followers of Owain Goch learned, with fearful regret, the death of their chief. At first, signs of revolt were manifested among them; but the discipline of the French general presently brought them into order, and they were marched on to Conwy, and embarked for Ireland without further disturbance. M. Caillemotte awaited the funeral obsequies of Mr. Watkin Pendarvis, and then prepared for his departure; having consented that his wife should stay with her daughter until the conclusion of the Irish campaign. Before he left Plas Mawr he held a long and serious conference with his son-in-law upon the nature of his political tenets; and although he could not prevail upon Sir Edward Pendarvis to abjure his allegiance to his unfortunate sovereign, yet he obtained a promise from

him that he would enter into no measures which were not adopted by the majority of the nation. Some of our readers, particularly those who have inherited a jacobitical spirit, may cry out upon this engagement as ungenerous, and unworthy of a soldier and gentleman: we can't help it; we merely relate the fact, and appeal to all uxorious husbands whether this conduct were not very natural. Besides, Sir Edward Pendarvis could scarcely be termed a partisan of King James. He did, it is true, undertake to promote his interest, but he held his commission under the French monarch, and received his pay: he had never served in the English army, and was under no obligation to sacrifice his own interest to that of the last of the Stuart kings. It might certainly have appeared to our sanguine and chivalric readers more consistent with the character of a youthful hero if he had perilled his own safety and happiness upon the fortune of the exiled monarch, but we

can hardly blame him for choosing to act otherwise. The fact is, he had been in too many perils of flood and field to seek unnecessary dangers for the purpose of enhancing his reputation; and, as we never heard that he had any personal acquaintance with King James, we cannot suppose that he was at all moved by that enthusiasm which royal countenance and favour begets. It is not, however, our desire to write his apology. He had doubtless good reasons for what he did; and, at all events, as we once heard a man at the bar (alias a barrister) say, in endeavouring to cover up the defects of a deceased horse, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" M. Caillemotte took a gay leave of his daughter, and, in company with Colonel O'Regan, who wished "thousands of good things, including five-and-twenty children to the pretty soul," departed for Ireland. In the next year this gallant veteran was mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne. In one of the onsets with Hamilton's Irish

horse, he received his mortal wound, and as he was carried back by four soldiers to the English camp, he encouraged those who were crossing the river by these words, which were frequently used by him, " A la gloire, mes enfans ; à la gloire." After his death, Madame Caillemotte continued to live at Plas Mawr ; and she survived Lady Elain Pendarvis, upon whose mind and body the numerous disasters she had undergone had produced a withering effect, many years. Upon the effectual settlement of the kingdom (we intreat your forbearance, ladies and gentlemen), Sir Edward Pendarvis laid aside his Jacobitical propensities, and, accepting a commission (of the peace) under the new order of things, behaved himself as a worthy country gentleman and active magistrate. He raised a pack of fox-hounds, which, on all hands, were allowed to equal those of his father, and became a first-rate sportsman. It is recorded of him, that he once took a leap on his chesnut horse, Owain Goch, that

few modern Nimrods would dare to look at; that he could cross a country with a rapidity that would throw out the speed and judgment of the first performer in Leicestershire.

In a short time Drwndwn settled down to his office, as if he had never been engaged in an irregular course of life. Having been a noted poacher, he became (we beg Lord Suffield's pardon) an admirable keeper, and proved that in this respect some importance should be attached to the old adage of 'set a thief to catch a thief.' His wife presented him with a numerous offspring, all of whom, we have heard, were of gigantic dimensions, and all had crooked noses, thus partaking of the peculiarities of both parents. And it was well that the latter characteristic happened, for the peace of the keeper's family; for the smuggler, as long as he lived, continued on terms of great familiarity with Winifred, who could not help regarding him with the tenderness of a first love. It seemed as a punish-

ment upon Watch, for his rejection of the Welsh girl, that his own pretty wife remained childless; but he continued to love her with great fondness. The cottage at Plas y Traeth was rebuilt by Sir Edward Pendarvis, who counselled the smuggler to give no offence to the revenue laws. Whether or not he took this good advice, we are unable to say; but it is certain that one unlucky day he was shot, and his lugger captured by a revenue cutter, which was on the look-out for vessels trading illicitly. This unfortunate termination of the smuggler's career broke up the settlement at Plas y Traeth; and Katharine, a buxom widow of thirty, returned once more to her old dwelling in Liverpool, and resumed her throne as queen of the Indian Kings, which long continued a first-rate house for the resort of seafaring men. The fair widow was attacked by many pursers, masters and mates of merchant vessels, excisemen, and custom-house officers, who wished to take the command out of her hands, but she

remembered Will Watch with too great affection to hoist another flag, and preserved her supremacy and mob-cap to the end of her days. The house still enjoyed its reputation under one of her kinsfolk in the time of the celebrated Paul Jones, who usually resorted there, and was, if we are not mistaken, consumed in the great fire of the Goree, which happened in the early part of the present century.

According to the prediction of the smuggler, the Silver Salmon of Llancoch once more saw roaring days; and although Sir Edward Pendarvis did what was in his power to repress disorder, yet he could not prevent the smugglers and their accomplices from making their common resort to the house of Jones. This tide of success continued until the death of Watch; soon after which the excise laws were put upon a more steady execution on this coast, and the Silver Salmon dwindled down to its original rank, that of the common alehouse of an insignificant

fishing village. This declension of trade broke the heart of Rowna, who died either of grief or brandy, we are uncertain which. Her husband lived a year or two afterwards, dividing his time between his grandchildren at the keeper's lodge, and his old mates the fishermen and remaining runners of the neighbourhood; but was at length drowned in endeavouring to run out a boat to a vessel in distress.

Lawyer Apsly, finding it impossible to obtain a restoration to his bailiwick, accepted the post of exciseman, and behaved therein so kindly and courteously to the smugglers, that his house never lacked a keg of excellent Hollands. He, however, became an object of suspicion to the supervisor, who was a bold and vigilant officer, and who complained that Apsly, with his opportunities upon so notorious a coast, did not procure those advantages to himself and his superior, of which the place and trade admitted. He therefore caused him to be superseded, and put in his place a man of his own

cast, whose vigilance finally led to the destruction of Watch, and the ruin of the trade. Apsly now seceded from all business, probably because he could obtain no situation, and honoured his friends with his company, and paid them with many marvellous stories of his hair-breadth escapes from Tarw Trin and his fellows. He was occasionally allowed to call upon his old friend Shadow at the hall, and, as a standing joke, never failed to compliment him upon the progressive improvement of his appearance. Evans indeed became a lusty, jovial, and free-hearted old fellow: no longer the silent, melancholy, plaintive being he had been, he threw off his moping habits with the restoration of his master; and like an old hunter, that having done the thing in his time, is turned out for the rest of his days, and gets fat and unwieldy, the butler, in the enjoyments of Plas Mawr, increased so prodigiously in size, as entirely to lose the name of Shadow, by which he had been so long designated.

We had nearly forgot our worthy friend, Mr. Lloyd, who, though frequently offered a more lucrative living than that of Llancoch, could never be persuaded to quit his old station. He went on dreaming and forgetting, in his usual manner, for many years; and the last information that was handed down to us, was, that having spent a long time in fruitlessly endeavouring to square the circle, he left his calculations and an injunction to complete the task to the first of his kinsfolk who should have sufficient brains to accomplish it.

And now, worthy reader, for worthy art thou to be called worthy, if thou hast accompanied us so far, we have come to the end of our chapter. We have given such histories and explanations as our researches and means would allow. We confess our ignorance whether any descendants of the family of Pendarvis are in existence; but we rather believe that the males have all died in early years, or in the service of their country; and we

think we have heard that the females married into noble families. There are so many Plas Mawrs now in the neighbourhood of the old one, that it is impossible to distinguish the ancient seat of the Pendarvises from the houses of more modern erection; but in the church-yard of the little village of Llancoch, our readers will find, if they will diverge so far out of the common turnpike road, a small upright stone, rudely carved, and inscribed "OWAIN GOCH."

THE END.

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